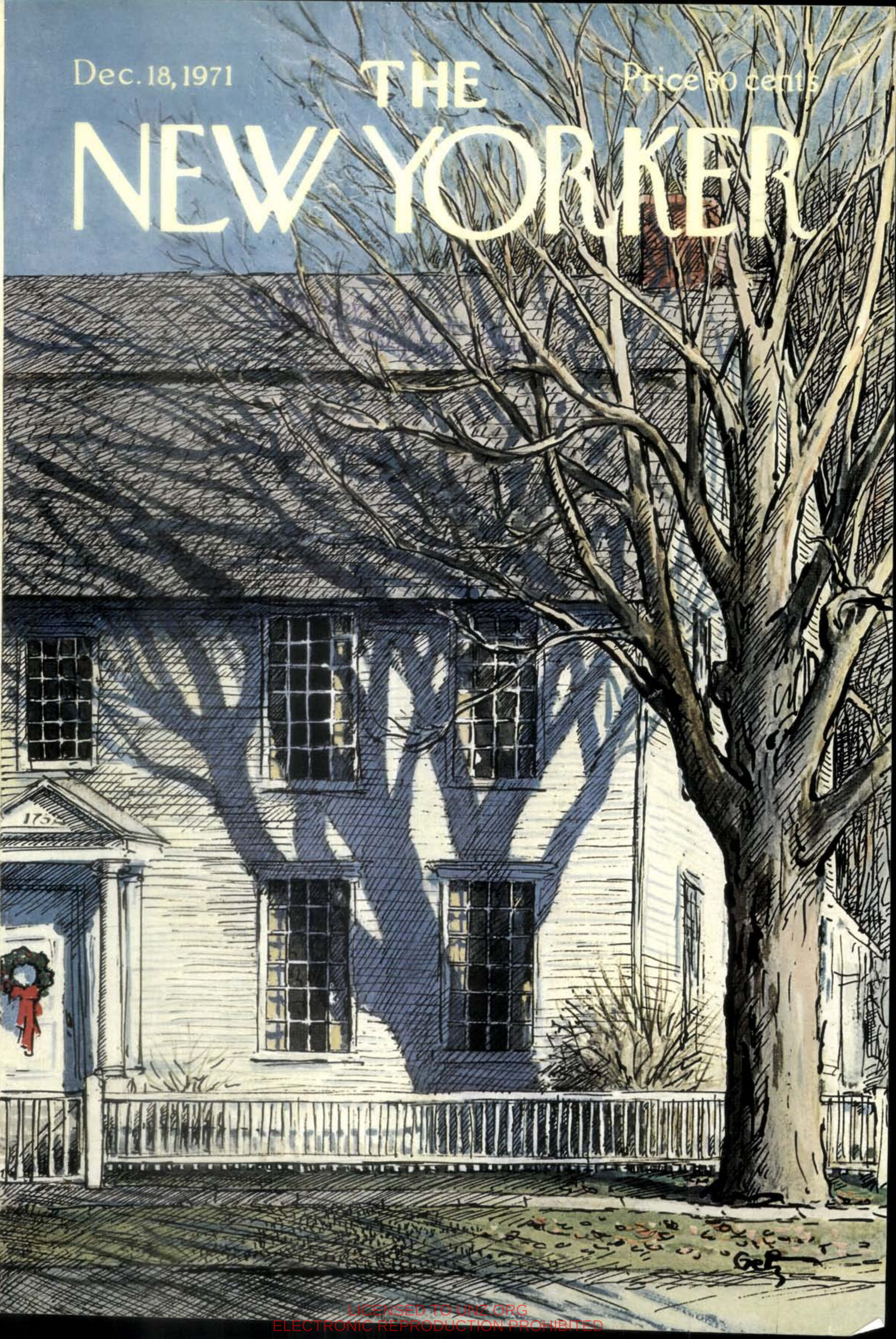
Dec. 18, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



B&G
B&G
1966
SAINT-ÉMILION
APPELLATION SAINT-EMILION CONTROLÉE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BARTON & GUESTIER
ÉLEVÉ DANS SES CHAIS

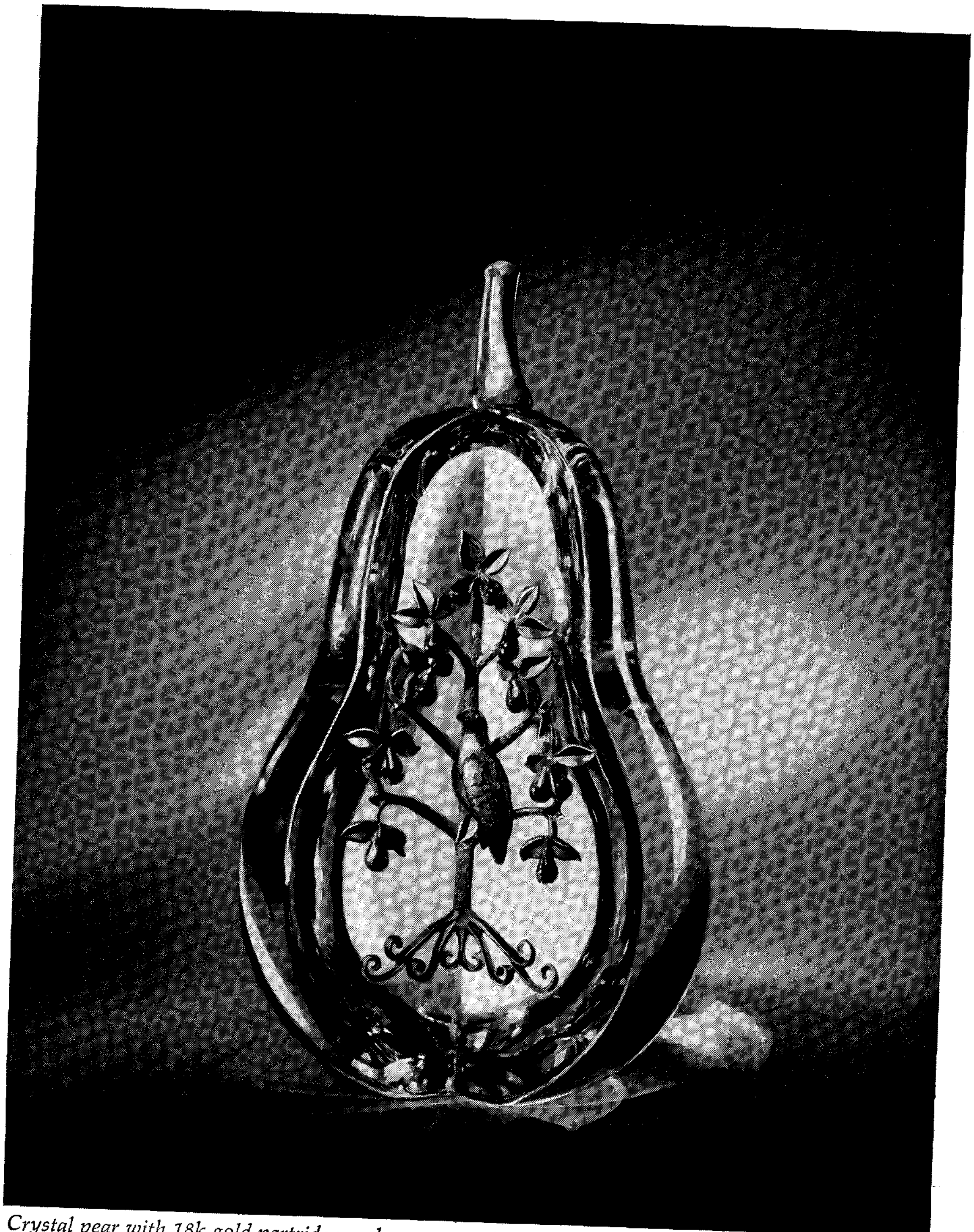
A Loaf of Paté, a Label of Wine and Thou.

B&G. It's all the French you'll ever need. B&G. Two eloquent letters the French have used since 1725 to describe their best–from Beaujolais to Pouilly Fuisse, from Pommard to Chablis–B&G. Could anything be more romantic?

B&G. Love letters from France.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. AND SAN FRANCISCO, CA



Crystal pear with 18k gold partridge and pear tree • Designed by Lloyd Atkins • 5¾" high • $800.00
For 80-page Christmas catalogue in full color, send $1.00

"On the first day of Christmas
my true love gave to me
a Partridge in a Pear Tree."

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022 · (212) PL 2-1441

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of *Melvin Van Peebles*, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The form is nightmare, and the sufferings of the audience, which is manhandled in various ways, are greater—or at least more immediate—than those of the prisoners on the stage. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 22nd St. 673-5470. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Anne of Green Gables—A Canadian musical adapted by Donald Harron from Lucy Maud Montgomery's novel of the same name. The music is by Norman Campbell, the lyrics are by the Messrs. Harron and Campbell, and Gracie Finley is Anne. The director is Alan Lund. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 21, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 2. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 7:30; Friday, Dec. 24, at 5:15; and Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2 and 7:30.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Betty Comden and Adolph Green—In a benefit program of their songs and sketches. (Juilliard Theatre, 144 W. 66th St., at Broadway. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 9. For information about tickets, call 799-2200, Ext. 203.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Paddy Chayefsky's **Middle of the Night**. (Master, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Richard Fariña: Long Time Coming and a Long Time Gone—A harmless (and endless) evening devoted to the poems and songs of the late Richard Fariña. They are recited and sung by three pleasant young men and three pleasant young women. With Jessica Harper. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 473-9698. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Fingernails Blue as Flowers and **Lake of the Woods**—These two plays, the first by Ronald Ribman (with Albert Paulsen) and the second by Steven Tesich (with Hal Holbrook), make up the opening bill in the American Place Theatre's new theatre. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Hajj Malik—A series of scenes that illustrate, in a non-literal way, the life and death of Malcolm X. They are performed with spirit and skill by the Afro-American Studio, a group of black singers and dancers, under the direction of Ernie McClintock. Many of the words are Malcolm's own. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Inner City—A musical with a libretto by Eve Merriam and Tom O'Horgan, based on Miss Merriam's book "Inner City Mother Goose." Helen Miller wrote the music, Miss Merriam did the lyrics, and the cast includes Florence

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"LA-DAH-DAH-DAH-DUM" . . . . *Gilbert Rogin* 32
"THE CARDPLAYERS" . . . . *Morris Lurie* 35
"THE RENT IN THE SCREEN" (POEM) . . . . *Howard Nemerov* 36
PROFILES (DAVE LEFKOWITZ) . . . . *William Whitworth* 38
"HOLDING" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Grant Burns* 40
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 48
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS) 56
"THE BARRACLOUGH FOOFAROUGH" (POEM) . . . . *George Starbuck* 81
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 82
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 90
U.S. JOURNAL: TESUQUE, N.M. . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 93
A REPORTER AT LARGE (MICRONESIA) . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 98
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 116
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION (MANHATTANVILLE COLLEGE) . . . . *Elizabeth McCormack R.S.C.J.* 121
BOOKS . . . . *Howard Moss* 124
BRIEFLY NOTED 135

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, Vahan Shirvanian, Perry Barlow, Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Henry Martin, George Price, Richard Oldden, Alan Dunn, Stan Hunt, George Booth, Syd Hoff, William Hamilton, Edward Frascino, Donald Reilly*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 44, December 18, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

calandre
paco rabanne

For free spirits—Calandre by Paco Rabanne! Parfum: ¼-ounce, 12.00; purse spray, 16.00; ½-ounce, 20.00; ounce, 35.00 Eau de Calandre, 2 ounces, 6.50 Street Floor, **Lord & Taylor,** 424 Fifth Avenue—call WIsconsin 7-3300 (24 hours a day). And at all Lord & Taylor stores.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tarlow and Paulette Ellen Jones. Mr. O'Horgan directed. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 18. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 19. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JAMES JOYCE MEMORIAL LIQUID THEATRE—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30; Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 17, at 7 and 11; and Christmas at 9:30.)

LENNY—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LOVE ME, LOVE MY CHILDREN—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Dec. 19, no performances until Tuesday, Dec. 28.)

THE MASTER BUILDER—Even this shallow, lacklustre production cannot dim Ibsen's blazing play, in a bright translation by Michael Meyer. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

MURDEROUS ANGELS—Jean Pierre Aumont and Lou Gossett in a play by Conor Cruise O'Brien. Directed by Gordon Davidson. Previews through Sunday, Dec. 19. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 20. (Playhouse, 48th St., W. 541-9820. Nightly, except Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

NIGHTRIDE—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

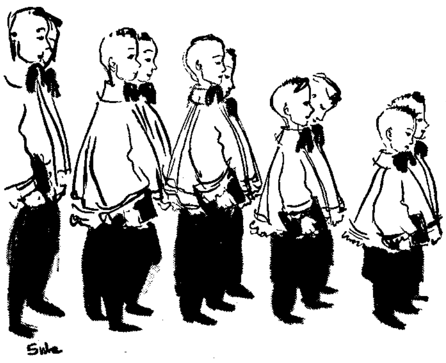
OLD TIMES—A lovely, riddling play by the master riddler, Harold Pinter. With Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, and Mary Ure. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ONLY FOOLS ARE SAD—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON THE TOWN—A valiant effort has been made to bring the 1944 Green-Comden-Bernstein musical back to life, but in vain. The cast includes Bernadette Peters, Donna McKechnie, Phyllis Newman, Ron Husmann, and Remak Ramsay. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag, and marvellously acted by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE PROPOSITION—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Schiller's **MARY STUART**, translated and adapted by Stephen Spender, with Nancy Marchand and Salome Jens. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 18.)

SALLY, GEORGE AND MARTHA—A play by Sam Dann, with Michael Higgins, Katherine Walker, and Gloria Maddox. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Dec. 20, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 2.)

THE SCREENS—Julie Bovasso, Despo, Grayson Hall, and Robert Jackson in Jean Genet's play, translated and directed by Minos Volanakis. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 26.)

STICKS AND BONES—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE STY OF THE BLIND PIG—The Negro Ensemble Company offers us its strongest cast to date in Phillip Hayes Dean's sad (and funny) play about the brief, abrupt love affair of a blind, wandering street singer and a spinster in her late thirties, and about much else besides. Moses Gunn and Frances Foster give splendid performances in the leading roles, and they are well supported by Clarice Taylor and Adolph Caesar. Shauneille Perry directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 26.)

TO LIVE ANOTHER SUMMER—Musical propaganda from Israel. At once peppy and dull, though the girls are pretty and the men can sing. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TWIGS—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

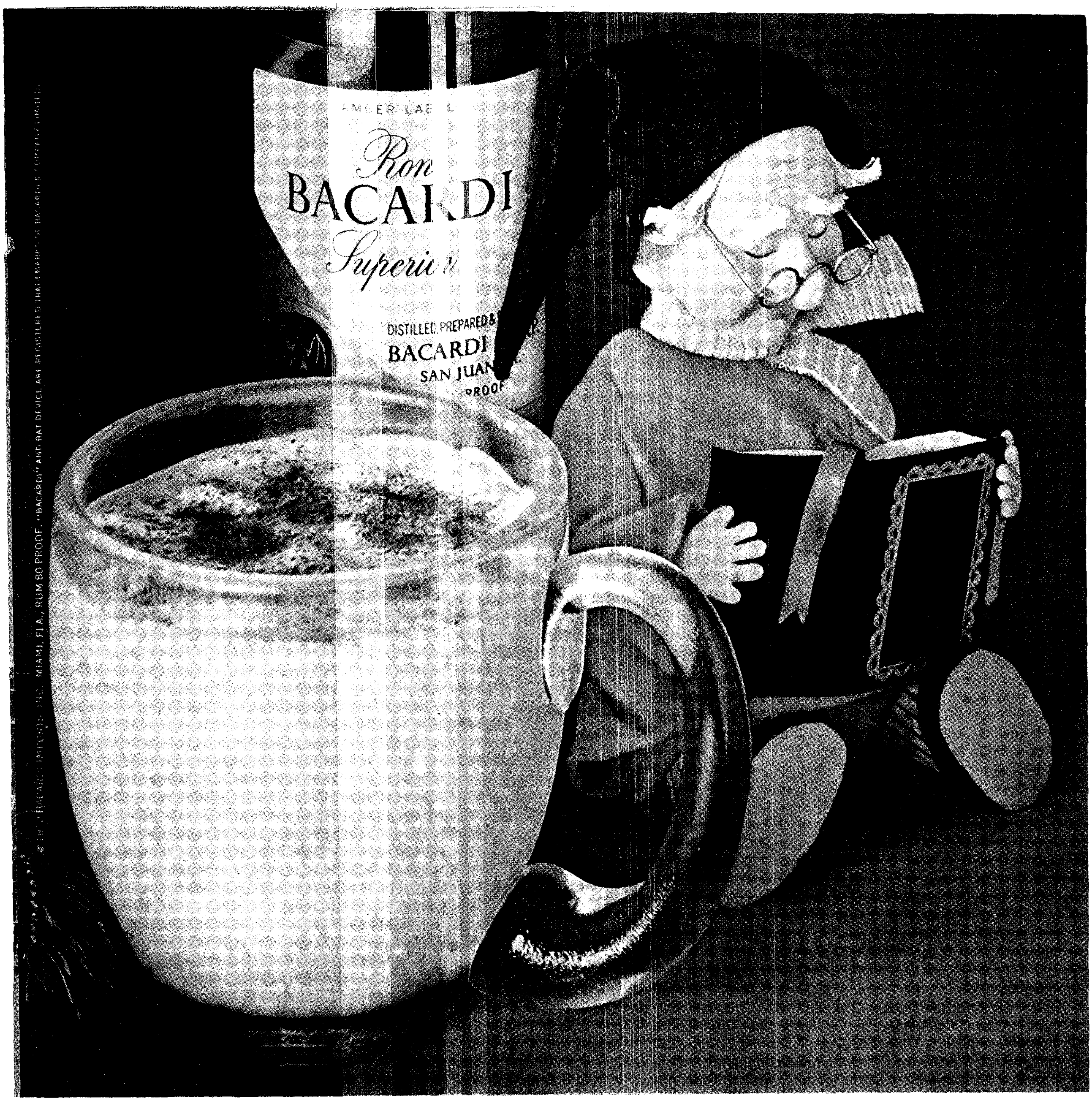
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE WEDDING OF IPHIGENIA PLUS IPHIGENIA IN CONCERT—From London, a musical adapted by Doug Dyer from Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," with a score by Peter Link performed by a rock chorus of women. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,621 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,839 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,017 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR:** 1,525 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 1,265 performances so far. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy musical about their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **1776:** A thin musical retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams, and Jay Garner is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 9. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 15-17, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 19, at 1 and 5;


AMBER LABEL
Ron
BACARDI
Superior
DISTILLED, PREPARED &
BACARDI
SAN JUAN
PROOF
BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA., RUM 80 PROOF. «BACARDI» AND BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.

It's good old Bacardi eggnog time again.

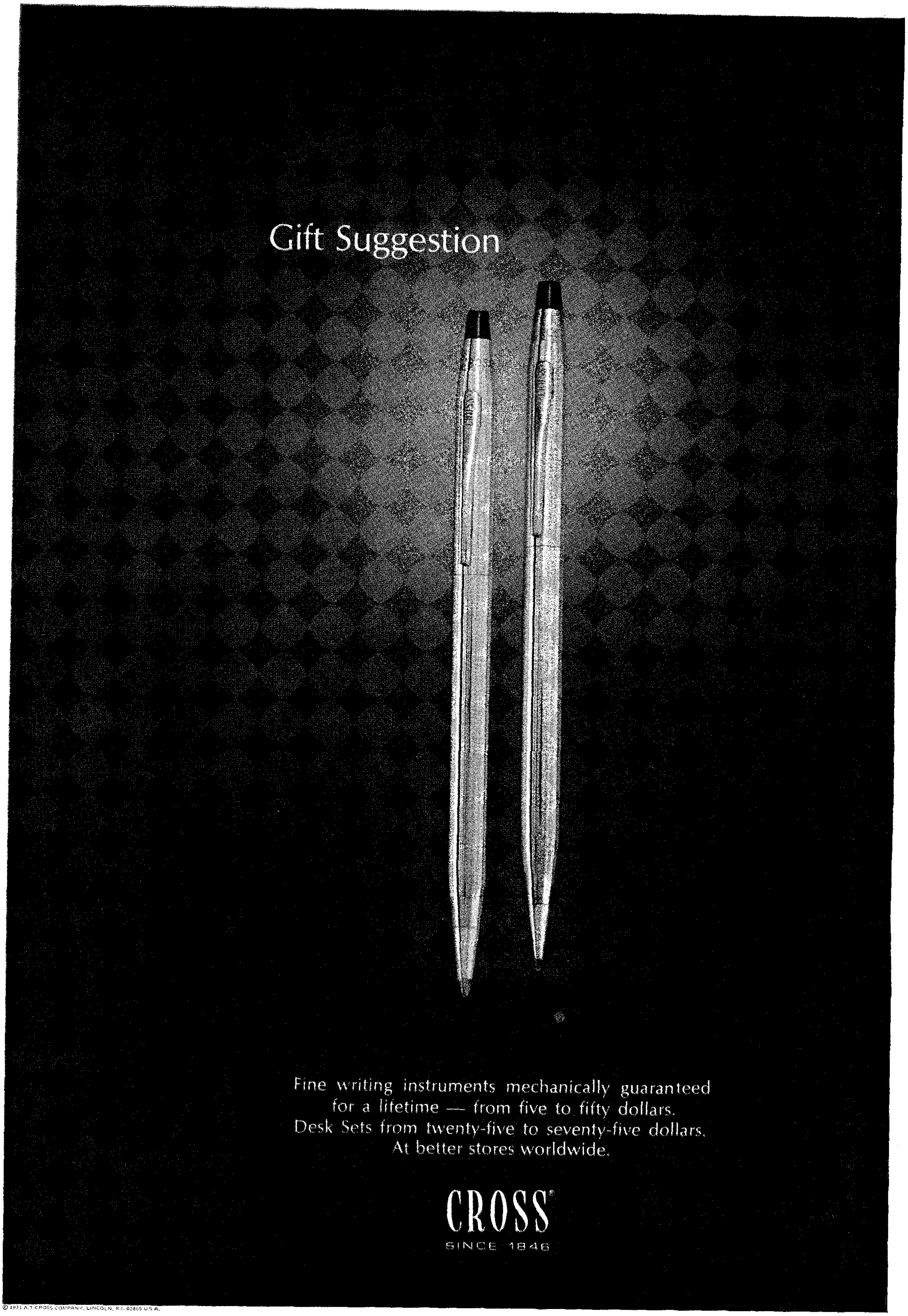
Somehow, it just wouldn't seem like a holiday without Bacardi eggnog. So once again, here are our famous recipes.

Quick Recipe
Stir a half bottle (about 12 oz.) of Bacardi rum into a quart of dairy eggnog mix. Fold in one cup of whipped heavy cream. Chill. Stir. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Makes 12 servings. And every one of them tastes as good as it looks.

Quickie Recipe
Even faster and easier to make. Yet surprisingly delicious. Just blend (in a blender or mixer) 5 oz. of Bacardi and a pint of vanilla or eggnog ice cream. Sprinkle with nutmeg and serve immediately. Makes six servings. An instant Bacardi eggnog party!

BACARDI® rum. The mixable one.

DARK-DRY
Ron
BACARDI
LIGHT-DRY
Ron
BACARDI
Ron
BACARDI



Gift Suggestion

Fine writing instruments mechanically guaranteed
for a lifetime — from five to fifty dollars.
Desk Sets from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars.
At better stores worldwide.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

© 1971 A.T.CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R.I. 02865 U.S.A.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 21-23, at 6; Friday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 5; and Saturday, Dec. 25, at 5.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Dance for Six," "Myth" (première), "Cry," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Suspension," "Cry," "Myth," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Dance for Six," "Hermit Songs," "Choral Dances," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: "Flowers," "Cry," "Myth," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Time Out of Mind," "Flowers," and "Revelations." ... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2: "Suspension," "Hermit Songs," "Cry," and "Revelations." ... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 19, at 7:30: "Time Out of Mind," "Mary Lou's Mass," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

World Festival of Magic and Occult—A three-week engagement by magicians, illusionists, and occult practitioners, including Milbourne Christopher and Aldo Richiardi, Jr. Not for children. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Nightly, except Friday, Dec. 24, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Carly Simon, who sings strongly and distinctively, has been getting around a lot lately, and she will be in this old place through Monday, Dec. 20. Gun Hill Road and comedian George Carlin start Thursday, Dec. 23. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 22.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Also music by one of this city's better piano players, Bobby Timmons, who leads a trio here Thursdays through Sundays. On Wednesday, Dec. 15, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 21-22, the Major Holley duo performs. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Through Saturday, Dec. 18, guitarist Joe Beck will play with a bassist. Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 21-24, a trio consisting of guitarist Steve Khan, vibist David Friedman, and bassist John Miller will perform. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the above musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this new restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. Music from ten to four.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—In the gloom of night, happy notes are still struck on the piano belonging to Marian McPartland, who, helped out by a bass, manages to be both pensive and powerhouse, too. All this, from eight until one, in a modest but comforting chalet. On Christmas, though, Teddi King, a well-remembered voice, will replace her for that one evening. Sundays, seven to twelve, Sammy Price's piano functions instead, recalling the great days of boogie-woogie. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. The schedule: Through Sunday, Dec. 19, Miles Davis's band and comic Chris Rush; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 20-23, Exuma and Rockin' Foo. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 15-19, Al Hanlon and Sal Salvador team up. From Wednesday, Dec. 22, the Chuck Wayne duo will be on the stand. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims has a couple of new sidemen for this gig. Along with regular pianist Ross Tompkins, the quartet includes bassist Johnny Williams and drummer Walter Perkins. Mondays belong to Clark Terry's seventeen-man band.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson looks happy as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Tuesdays through Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Mondays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn hot.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Thursdays, Nina Sheldon sits at the piano and sings. Fridays through Sundays, Dee Dee Bridgewater sings with a trio. Music from nine until closing. Sundays get folkish, with performers dropping in from four to eight. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Through Saturday, Dec. 18, singer Novella Nelson is here with a trio. Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 19-21, a group called Jazz Corporation plays; Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 22-26, Rita Da Costa will sing.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Larry Coryell, who has a lissome guitar, heads his quartet here through Sunday, Dec. 19. The Archie Shepp quintet arrives Tuesday, Dec. 21. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—A pianistic center of activity. Bill Evans, glassily confident, directs his trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesday, Dec. 21, Junior Mance, just as confident but not so glassy, arrives with a foursome. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp can attune itself to Poulenc or to Porter, alternates with the regulars. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In the room the jazz buffs come and go, talking of Charles Mingus—who is here with his quintet through Sunday, Dec. 19—and Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who brings in a sextet on Tuesday, Dec. 21. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Dec. 19, trombonist Conrad Janis will sit in. The rest of the week, a banjo entertains in this squarish establishment, whose theme song ought to be "Ha-ha-ha and a Mug of Beer," or something.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Grape, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Homage to Dionysus. They've taken the old Yellowfingers and done it up with purple grape-lamps and added a festive board. Same good sound system, same big drinks as before. Open from three on Sundays and from five other days. Closed Mondays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—Beginning to pull itself together after an initial identity crisis. The Mixed Feelings, a quartet with two girl vocalists, sets out to please everybody and—*mirabile visu!*—it just about succeeds. When it isn't playing thirties pop, fifties jazz, seventies rock, or some mixture of its own, records spin. Supper. Eight-thirty to two, every night but Sunday and Christmas.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by Clint Holmes, who sings with a group called the Bacchanal. On Monday, Dec. 20, five people known as Bourbon N' Spice will turn up. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* Among the *brau*-beaters is a set of *schuhplattler* dancers; i.e., a great plenty of corn gets husked during the evening. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The feet of the posse designated La Zambra have their ups and their downs, all precisely attuned to the demands of flamenco: a familiar but endearing old formula. Roberto Ledesma, a Latin-American firebrand, supplies a solo tenor and operatic gestures. On Thursday, Dec. 23, Marcelo and his Spanish Ballet succeed La Zambra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out on a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Doc Severinsen, leader (with flourishes) of a jazz band *cum* floor show, checks out on Wednesday, Dec. 15. Next evening, along come the Golddiggers, who are straight from air time (that's how show business goes now), as the choral sector of the evening, and Rick Daniels, new boy in town, as the tenor sector. No nights off for anyone. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas move out at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas. (The band is usually an absentee-landlord proposition, but Mr. D. will guide it himself, from the piano, on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16. The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture.* . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** Enzo Stuarti comes on at ten during the week and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. It's not necessary to cross oneself when he does "Ave Maria," for the Cross itself appears on the ceiling as he sings. Burt Farber and Mark Monte, who go with the lease, are in charge of most ebullient orchestras. No happenings on Sunday, Dec. 19, and Wednesday, Dec. 22, is the last night until the ensuing week. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9** (PL 9-3933), the revue called "Look Me Up," which sets to at eight and eleven, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP,** a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Ellington, now surely to be known as the Iron Duke after his tremendous stand of one-nighters and such all the way around the world, has Harry Carney and a few others of the famous band in tow. A set apiece during dinner and supper, and the opportunity to dance to their music afterward; the rest of the dance tunes, which begin earlier, are on tape, and mercifully calm. Sundays are dead ducks.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—All those potatoes and almost no meat, except when Sy Oliver sets his band in flow through a bunch of arrangements with noticeably high-relief ornamentation. Music between six and two, Mondays through Saturdays, and, luckily, most of it Oliver's.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** begins a holiday on Saturday, Dec. 18, but until then this fair copy of a royal palace offers up dinner and supper concertos by Peter Nero. He, assisted by such non-rock instruments as reeds and his own piano, beats rock at its own jolly game, especially when he is further assisted by such heavenly bodies as Gershwin, Bacharach, and J. C. Superstar. In between times, George Cort's band has the courtiers twirling on the parquet. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE,** whose décor makes it yet another haven-on-earth, that master violinist Gunnar Hansen is conducting his this season's Grand Tour of the Continent, which goes on until long after the theatre. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . ¶ And in the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli are on double guitar as soon as the clock strikes nine-thirty. No Sundays or Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

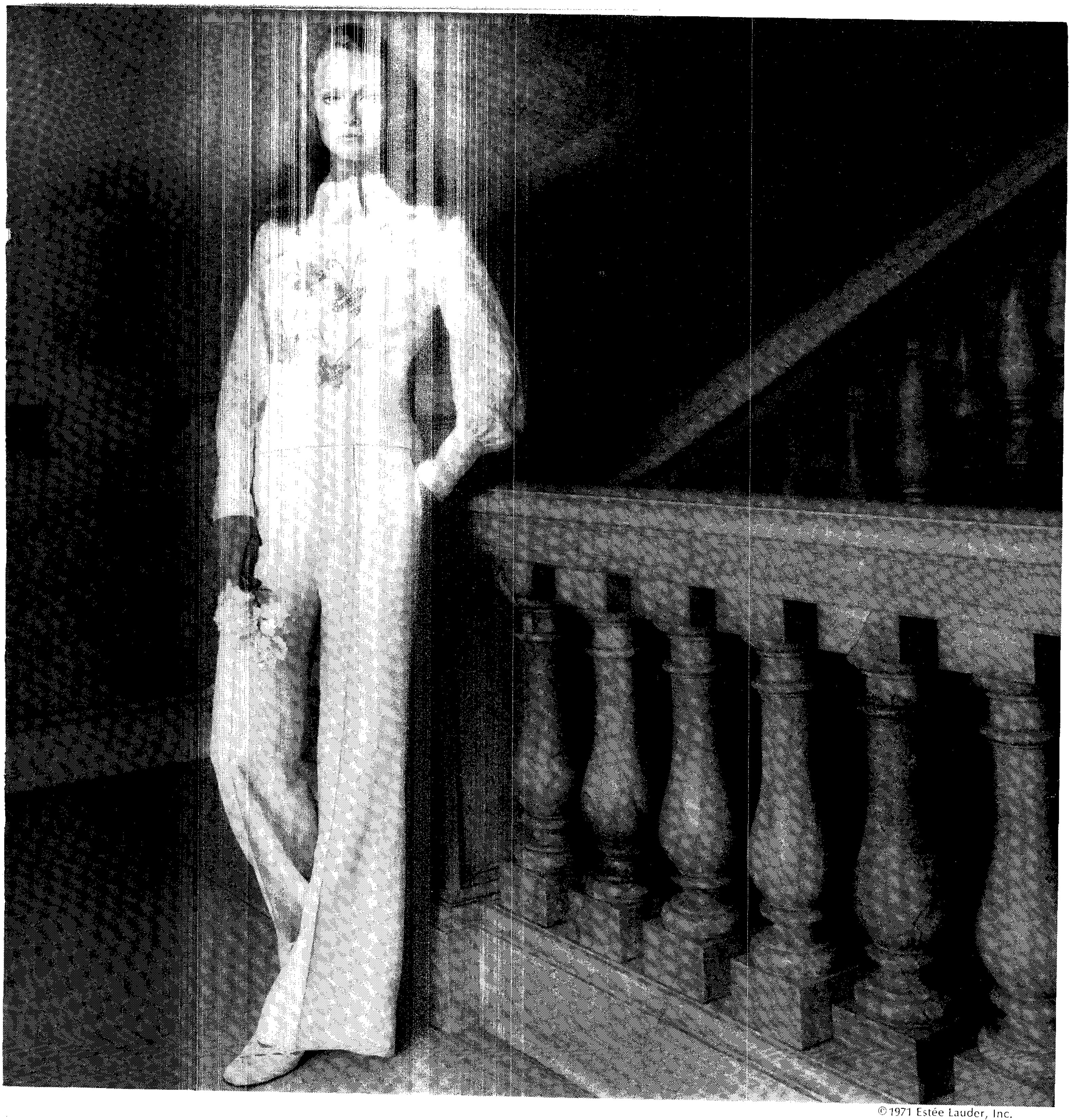
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It's a big, wide, wonderful world that Bobby Short sings about—charming, gay, heedless, even headless and headlong at times, and it does sound great while it lasts. Mr. S. is, naturally, on piano; Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his faithful running mates. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Christmas. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary in all this, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddle-deedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays, and closed Thursday, Dec. 23, until after New Year's. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after nine-thirty, sits Jacques Kayal, a vocal pianist to whom French, as it is to all Moroccans, is a second language; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160); An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. Closed Christmas. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays and Christmas. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The spirit of Merry Charisma and of Old Nick, too, abounds as Bette Midler, who must have spent a whole week ascending from infant prodigy to infinite prodigy, begins her song recital. Never before around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268): A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? No Sundays. . . . **LIMELIGHT,** 91 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (OR 5-2212): A new kibbutz, not just for native dining but for native (plus other Mediterranean) music, comprised of various ouds and ends and made most noteworthy by the pungent trumpet of Yakov Uriel. Singing, too, and dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays and Christmas, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, from eight-thirty to one-thirty for an audience often made up of crowned heads. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on



©1971 Estée Lauder, Inc.

Estée is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder

estée
estée

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by the young Juilliard undergraduate Ray Onley. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. Closed Christmas. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE,** 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): This bookstall, a sister to the one detailed above, is fair of face, being all of a summery green and white. Against one wall sits Jerry Scott, whose voice and piano have the sound of a comforting country houseparty. Nine until two through the week, ten until three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the stint. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S,** 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Residents made homeless when Goldie's New York expired will find Wayne Sanders, half of the piano duo that ruled that roost, in session from nine until two, every night but Sunday, in the same sort of refuge.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas. Some are likely to close early on Friday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—A show of paintings, some of them early ones, which is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

DOMINGO ALVAREZ—Illuminated glass and mirrored forms of architectural scale; through Jan. 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24, noon to 6.)

ARMAN—Frozen garbage in plastic and accumulations in concrete; through Jan. 4. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Twenty figurative bronzes and twenty-five drawings; through Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Jan. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAUDIO BRAVO—Magic Realist paintings of figures and objects; through Jan. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYDNEY CASH—Small abstract glass sculptures; through Jan. 1. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Two photographic paintings of heads, each nine feet by eight; through Jan. 5. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT CROWL—Figure studies in pencil; through Dec. 30. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

JAMES H. DAUGHERTY—Oils, pastels, watercolors, and drawings from 1914 to the present by this eighty-two-year-old artist who was an early painter of abstractions in New York; through Dec. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GENE DAVIS—Two exhibits of paintings consisting of vertical stripes; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

JAMES DENMARK—Welded-steel sculptures, along with related paintings and drawings, by an Afro-American; through Jan. 4. (Acts of Art, 15 Charles St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent abstractions in the "Ocean Park" series by the prominent West Coast painter; through Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOIS DODD—Paintings in which landscapes (mostly in Maine) are reflected in house windows, often along with the artist; through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

NANCY DROSD—Large stuffed figures made of painted vinyl and caricaturing contemporary types, some suspended from the ceiling; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

DON EDDY—Photo-realistic paintings of automobiles in parking lots, wrecking lots, or on isolated streets; first one-man show here by this California artist. Starts Saturday, Dec. 18. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 24.)

JACOB EPSTEIN (1880-1959)—A retrospective of sculptures, watercolors, drawings, and one oil by this New Yorker knighted in England and renowned for his monuments and portrait sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG (1877-1960)—A hundred and fifty drawings covering the career of this famous illustrator; through Dec. 31. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RED GROOMS—Three-dimensional landscapes and portraits, including a Groomsian conception of Rembrandt and his wife; through Jan. 6. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

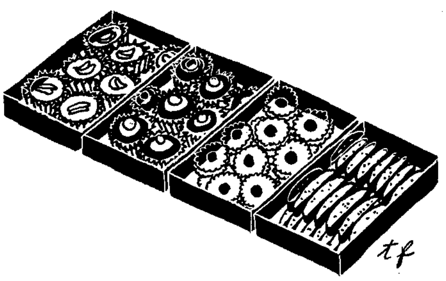
NANCY GROSSMAN—Figures and heads covered with leather, zippered or stitched; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Figurative paintings and still-lifes; through Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GARY HUDSON AND MICHAEL TODD—Floating areas of color against a background of squares by the first, and tall brushed-aluminum abstract sculptures by the second; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM HUNTINGTON—Abstract constructions in various kinds of wood; through Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCEL JEAN—Small surreal compositions done between 1935 and 1948 by the historian of Surrealist painting; through Jan. 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)



PAUL JENKINS—Eleven large paintings by this specialist in flowing pigments; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF—Color paintings composed of diagonal and horizontal structures; through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD LEWIS (1918-71)—Constructions in various materials, including wood, copper, and nails; through Jan. 1. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—A showing of monochromatic paintings based on a geometrical scheme and running concurrently with his show at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARIO MERZ—A simultaneous showing at two galleries of sculptures with neon lights; through Jan. 5. (Weber and Sonnabend, both at 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

MARY MISS—Two constructions in wood, one in chicken wire; starting Saturday, Dec. 18. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

GEORGE MITTENDORF—Twenty-five lightweight aluminum sculptures drawn into the shapes of "S" and "U" by wires; through Jan. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES—Her things; through Dec. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

TETSUO OCHIKUBO—Abstract watercolors, color lithographs, and etchings; through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

RAY PARKER—A selection covering fourteen years of painting by this abstract colorist; through Jan. 24. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, except Dec. 24, from 10 to 4.)

STEPHEN PORTER—Geometric sculptures in steel, aluminum, and copper; through Dec. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

JAY ROBINSON—Large abstract paintings with streaks of gold leaf; through Dec. 28. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

REUVEN RUBIN—Oils, watercolors, drawings, and graphics by this popular Israeli artist; through Dec. 31. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

WILLIAM THON—Watercolors of Maine and European landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

DIANNE NELSON TULLIS—Still-lifes, interiors, and portraits in collage; through Jan. 15. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

PAUL VAN HOEYDONCK—Chrome-plated figures representing the theme of the astronaut, also collages of women; through Dec. 31. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN WESLEY—More paintings of everyday objects with a comic-book slant; through Jan. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

OSSIP ZADKINE (1890-1967) **AND VALENTINE PRAX (MRS. OSSIP ZADKINE)**—More than seventy sculptures and a number of drawings by the former, and thirty paintings by the latter; through Dec. 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **COOPER,** 100 Prince St.: Watercolors by Joseph P. White and objects and correspondence by Luis Camnitzer, plus a work apiece by Forakis, Quaytman, Kuehn, and others; starting Saturday, Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EMMERICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian art and Navajo blankets, Sioux beadwork, and other art of Indians of the United States; through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GORDON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An educational exhibit dealing with various aspects of printmaking, using examples going back to the fifteenth century; through Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: American still-lifes of the nineteenth century by, for example, William Mason Brown, Harnett, and Peto; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HUTTON,** 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich,

Taller skyscrapers to save space.
Lower buildings for a view of the sky.

More parking spaces.
No more parking lots.

Respect for civic law.
Freedom to do exactly what I want.

Varied neighborhoods.
Neighbors who are just like me.

Better garbage collection.
Lower sanitation costs.

A place to walk my dog.
Dogs prohibited.

Living space to raise my family.
No noisy kids for neighbors.

A city that's easy to walk around.
A city that's easy to drive around.

Better school systems for everybody.
Lower school taxes.

Immediate end to air pollution.
More power stations.

More jobs for city dwellers.
No commercial zoning near dwellings.

A place I want to come home to.
A place that's easy to get out of.

Lower rents.
A fair break for landlords.

Visually varied street planning.
Practical grid systems for streets.

Cleaner, faster subways and buses.
Lower bus and subway fares.

No parades disrupting traffic flow.
More parades promoting civic pride.

More and better sewage treatment.
No treatment plants in my neighborhood.

Solutions in ten years.
Solutions now!

The ideal

The ideal city will happen when people with different—even opposing—ideas can work together to build an environment that balances human diversity.

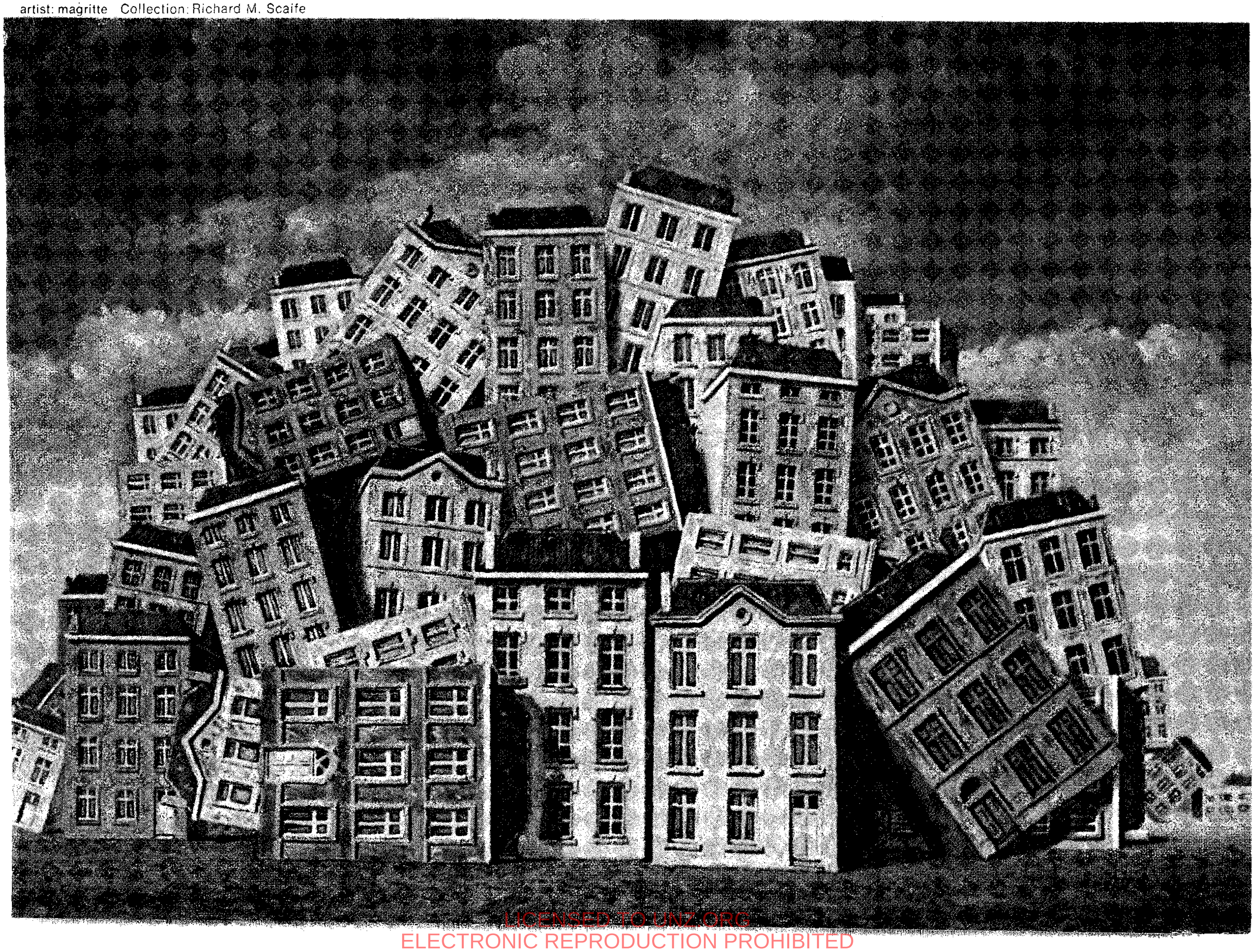
The real

Our cities are threatened with chaos to the degree that groups and individuals ignore their interdependence on one another.

There are no simple solutions to urban problems. Because modern cities aren't simple places. They're concentrations of diversity—different people with different attitudes, backgrounds, skills. Their interaction makes a city stimulating; their interdependence on one another makes the city workable. We must find solutions that respect human diversity and balance it in a mutually supportive environment. Not a simple problem. But the solutions are worth working for.

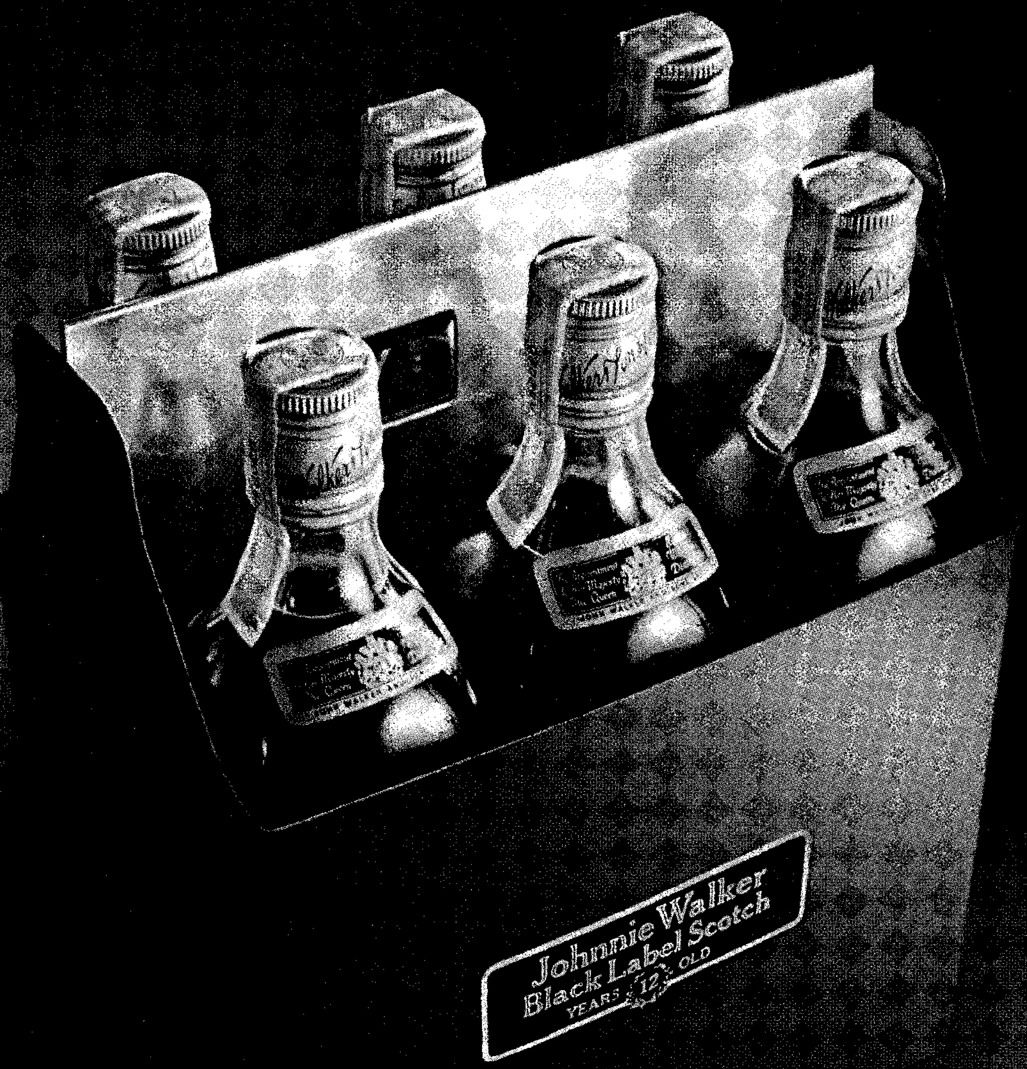
Because the city is the future.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany



artist: magritte Collection: Richard M. Scaife

Johnnie Walker® Black Label 12 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Bottled in Scotland.
Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y., N.Y. Prices may vary according to state and local taxes.


Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

Christmas gifts, $60 and under.

Johnnie Walker Black Label Six-Pack, about $60. Sold separately, about $10 a fifth.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings on the theme of the American Indian; through Dec. 31. . . . **LERNER-MISRACHI,** 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Twentieth-century paintings by D'Arcangelo, Bellmer, Berman, Chagall, Dali, de Chirico, Ernst, Kandinsky, and de Kooning (to name several); through Friday, Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Abstract paintings on paper by Manny Farber, photo-realist paintings by Robert Bechtle, enamel paintings on glass by Richard Roth, and cartoon drawings by John Fawcett: through Jan. 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Works by important Europeans and Americans, including Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Miró, Rothko, Arp, and Nevelson; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERIDOT-WASHBURN,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of tinsel paintings, a folk art popular in the nineteenth century; through Thursday, Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROKO,** 90 E. 10th St.: A homage to the Tanager Gallery, which occupied this address from 1953 to 1962. The works shown are by its artists, who included Perle Fine, E. de Kooning, Alfred Jensen, Lester Johnson, and Alex Katz. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: American landscapes done in the twentieth century by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Kline, O'Keeffe, Pollock, and a number of others; through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by four contemporary Yugoslav primitives; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WESTBETH,** 155 Bank St.: One-man shows by six painters, a sculptor, and a printmaker, who are residents of this West Side artists' community; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: American folk art consisting of carvings, decoys, trade signs, and weather vanes; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

NOTE—During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of small paintings and sculptures, prints, and drawings: **ADAM,** 21 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays, open Tuesday evenings until 7:30. . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.; closed Friday, Dec. 24. . . . **MELTZER,** 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, from 2 to 6. . . . **ODYSSIA,** 41 E. 57th St.; closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; closed Mondays.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred paintings and a hundred prints by Josef Albers, exemplifying the work of this leading abstractionist from 1920 to the present; through Jan. 11. A complement to this show is his exhibit at the Goldowsky Gallery, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. . . . ¶ The new Costume Institute showing comprises thirty complete costumes representing a variety of high-fashion clothing for women during the past two hundred years. . . . ¶ The European Paintings Galleries, just reopened, house about seven hundred paintings arranged by national schools. . . . ¶ Five new galleries highlight the Museum's collection of American paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the early twentieth. . . . ¶ The André Mertens Galleries for Musical Instruments hold eight hundred instruments, the west wing devoted to the European examples and the east wing given over to the Far and Near East, Oceania, Africa, and the Americas. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1909-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; through Jan. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays—except Christmas—11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Closes Friday, Dec. 24, at 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty sculptures and ten paintings by John Chamberlain, best known for constructions made of crushed automobile parts; starting Wednesday, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Twenty-five shaped canvases, monochromes, reliefs, and serial compositions by Robert Mangold, a Minimalist; through Jan. 2. A complement to this exhibit is his show (ending Saturday) at the Fischbach Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three hundred and fourteen art objects produced in fifty-seven North American Indian tribes during the past two hundred years. The works include masks, headdresses, tobacco pipes, totem poles, war clubs, knives, shields, chests, and bowls. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Fourteen sprayed canvases and eleven color studies by Jane Kaufman, a participant in the Whitney's recent "Structure of Color" exhibition; through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Forty-three paintings, most of them religious in theme, done in colonial Peru by unknown Indians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Jan. 23. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, 15 W. 77th St.—Approximately a hundred costumes collected from areas extending from the Balkans to Siberia and from Vietnam to Lapland, representing both regal and peasant dress worn by men and women. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, except Christmas, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Seventy-five pieces of stained glass ranging in size from small panels to windows more than sixteen feet high, from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by Michael Mazur and Paul Gedeohn concerned with problems of visual perception; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac, plus a slide presentation, with a taped narration by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of William Blake's art and writings, centering on five books done in illuminated text; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Six drawings by Albrecht Dürer, saluting the five hundredth anniversary of his birth and accompanied by a small group of sixteenth-century drawings; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ A dozen watercolor illustrations by Blake for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso;" through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9:30 to 5. Closes Friday, Dec. 24, at 3.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 24, from 11 to 5; Saturdays, except Christmas, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Twenty dolls of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including German Kewpies, French *bébés*, and early American rubber dolls; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Thirty Currier & Ives prints of farm and country life and sporting scenes, plus a sleighing tableau of the late eighteen-sixties; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and incorporates a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Friday, Dec. 24. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Five years of work by the European conceptual artist Benar Venet, who has promised to retire; through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Sculptures from the Society's collection, mainly marble or plaster portrait busts but also bronze and wood carvings and furniture. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, except Christmas, and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

UNITED NATIONS SINGERS—Donald Read directing three concerts of carols. (General Assembly Building Lobby, First Ave. at 45th St. Friday, Dec. 17, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 20-21, at 12:30.)

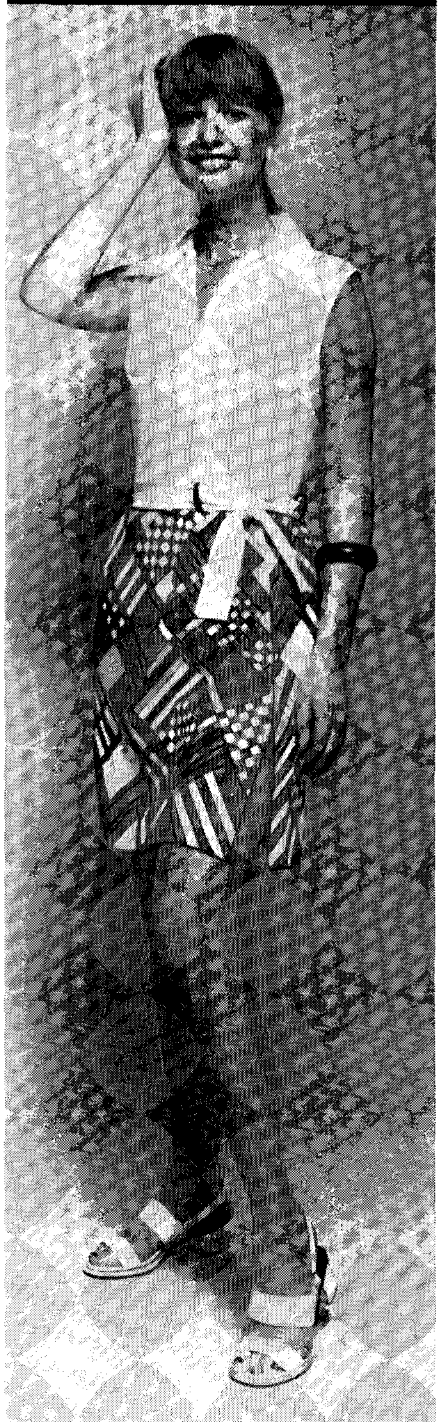
CAMERATA SINGERS AND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Abraham Kaplan directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Joanna Simon, alto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; and David Wilder, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIRS—Ralph Hunter directing a program of Christmas music by Charpentier, Bach, and others, plus Christmas carols. (St. Vincent Ferrer Church, Lexington Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 7:30. For tickets, call 535-5350.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA: David Randolph directing the fourth in a series of five performances, with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2:30.) . . . **HARLEM PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA:** Karl Hampton Porter directing, with Betty Jordan, soprano, and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3. For tickets, call 865-5280.) . . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** T. Charles Lee directing, with Johanna Meier, soprano; Carolyne James, contralto; Leo Goeke, tenor; Michael Devlin, bass; Frances Cole, harpsichord; and the Orches-

Two to take away.

For golf or play!



Our polyester knit culottes in a bias plaid of red/blue/white/gold for 28.00* Topped by a zip-front Ban-Lon® shirt of white nylon knit for 15.00* Both in sizes 10 to 16.

Peck & Peck
Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.
*Slightly higher on the West Coast

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8.) . . . **SING-IN AT PHILHARMONIC HALL:** With Allen Sever, organ, Joan Summers, soprano, and Hubert Berberich, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Franco Tagliavini, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Robert Nagy, Mario Sereni, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, James King, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Franco Tagliavini, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Sandra Warfield, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Andrea Velis, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Nedda Casei, Franco Tagliavini, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 24, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Ion Buzea, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Andrij Dobriansky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2:30: "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Andrea Velis, and William Walker. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka.

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in English. Staged by George London, with *the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by* Theodore Bloomfield. (Juilliard Theatre, 144 W. 66th St., at Broadway. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16, at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein directing a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; and the Camerata Singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Wednesday, Dec. 29.

Empire Sinfonietta—Aaron Copland conducting, with James Richard Smith, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Daniel Shulman conducting, with Theodore Edel, piano. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a concert of early-baroque music, with Jean Hakes, soprano; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Robert White and Michael Best, tenors; Thomas Paul, bass; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Friday, Dec. 24, at midnight; and Sunday, Dec. 26, at 3: With Isaac Stern, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, viola. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 27, at 7:30: With Benita Valente, soprano, and others.

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with Beverley Rinaldi, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano; Melvin Brown, tenor; Edward Pierson, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing an all-Mozart program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Philip Cho, tenor; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Janus Chorale of New York—Robert Hickok directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Leonard Shure—Violin, cello, and piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 9.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2:30.)

E. Power Biggs—Organ. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

Note—The New York Chamber Soloists Piano Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Dec. 20, *in the order that written applications are* received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera Studio—A benefit program performed by artists of the Metropolitan Opera and the Metropolitan Opera Studio. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Dec. 20, at 9. For information about tickets, call 799-2200, Ext. 203.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears—With Albert Brooks. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, all at 8.)

Johnny Mathis, Vikki Carr, Peter Nero, and Percy Faith and His Orchestra—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.

Archie Shepp's Quartet—In a program of his recent works. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Emitt Rhodes and McKendree Spring—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3.

Laura Nyro—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 24, at 7:30.

Modern Jazz Quartet—With Paul Desmond. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 25, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8: Knicks vs.

Cleveland. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8: Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 1.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 19. at 1.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 19, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Minnesota. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Final day Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 12:30. . . . LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 5. Post time will be 11 on Friday, Dec. 24. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 19. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Final night Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Dec. 25, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting Holst's "The Planets." (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

FRULA—A company of Yugoslav dancers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2:15.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 1 and 3:30, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 23-25, at 2:30.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "Bravo the Clown." (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0391. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2:30.) . . . KING'S PLAYERS: "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2:30.) . . . NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER: "Young Mark Twain." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1.) . . . YOUNG WORLD FOUNDATION: "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, and Friday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 3:30, and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 20-23, at 2.)

FESTIVAL OF FILMS FOR CHILDREN—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 15-16: "Alakazam the Great." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 19, and Wednesday, Dec. 22: "The Big Bad Wolf." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24: "Scrooge." (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Afternoons at 4 and 6. For information about tickets, call LT 1-2311.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Why I Want Peace," a showing of fifty-nine paintings, chosen from entries in an international children's contest. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, except Christmas, 11 to 2; Sundays and Christmas, 11 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, *Central Park W. at 81st St.* (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Star of Stars." (Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 24, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays, except Christmas, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2:30, and 4. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30, and on Friday, Dec. 24, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all *free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.*)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Tuesday, Dec. 21), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions Friday, Dec. 24. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

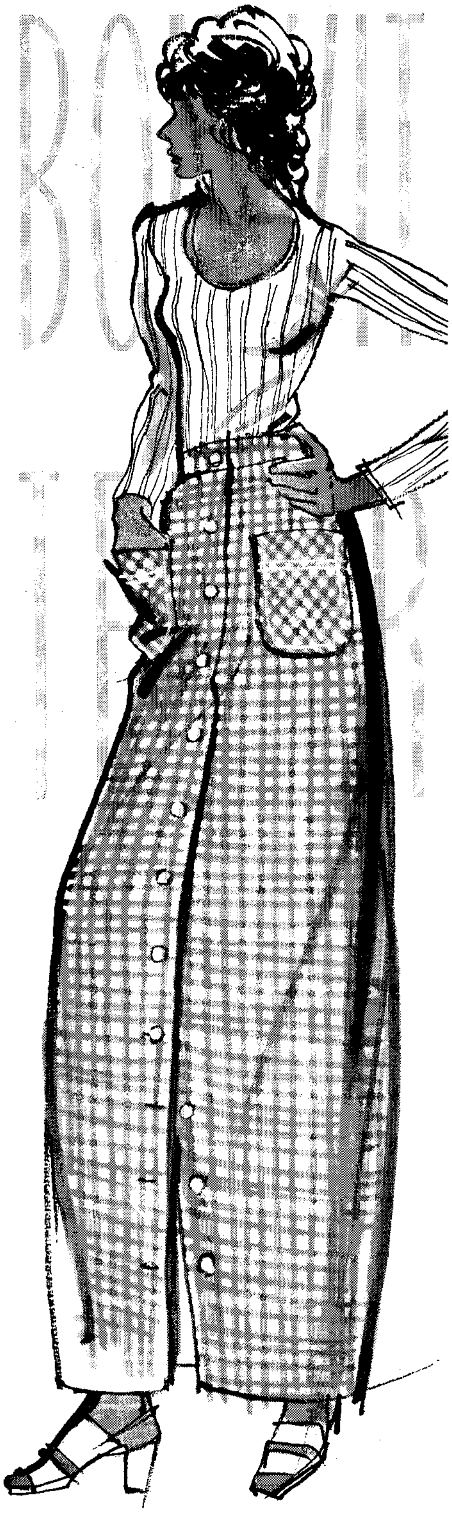
AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8: Modern drawings and watercolors, from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 10:15 and 2: Miniatures, *objets de vertu*, and watches; from various collections. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 17, at 2: Chinese works of art, from the estate of Julie Freemont and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 10:15: Ethnographical art, including Navajo and Zeni silver and turquoise jewelry, Oceanic and African sculptures, and carvings from the Pacific northwest coast; from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2: Chinese furniture, decorations, and paintings; from various collections.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Thirteen programs in a series of films directed by Otto Preminger. Dec. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Advise and Consent" (1962), with Henry Fonda and Charles Laughton. . . . Dec. 16 at 2: "The Cardinal" (1963), with Tom Tryon. . . . Dec. 16 at 5:30: "Saint Joan" (1957), with Jean Seberg and John Gielgud. . . . Dec. 16 at 8: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959), with James Stewart and Lee Remick. . . . Dec. 17 at 2: "Carmen Jones" (1954), with Harry Belafonte and Pearl Bailey. . . . Dec. 17 at 5:30: "In Harm's Way" (1964), with John Wayne and Kirk Douglas. . . . Dec. 18 at 3: "Exodus" (1960), with Paul Newman and Eva Marie Saint. . . . Dec. 19 at 2: "Porgy and Bess" (1958), with Sidney Poitier and Dorothy Dandridge. . . . Dec. 19 at 5:30 and Dec. 20 at 1: "Skidoo" (1968), with Jackie Gleason and Carol Channing. . . . Dec. 22 at 2: "Hurry Sundown" (1967), with Michael Caine and Jane Fonda. . . . Dec. 22 at 5:30: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965), with Laurence Olivier and Carol Lynley. . . . Dec. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970), with Liza Minnelli. . . . Dec. 23 at 8: "Centennial Summer" (1946), with Jeanne Crain and Cornel Wilde. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at noon: "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6 and Dec. 21 at 2: "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 5:30: "Carriage Trade" (1971), directed by Warren Sonbert. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, Cocteau, Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Cornell, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (no Mondays). . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. No showings Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 20-22.

CHRISTMAS AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—Sundays, from 2 to 5:30, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 59th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

Look what Bonwit's has for your holiday check list

Before packing for southern climes, pick up our long navy and white gingham check skirt! Acetate and polyester knit, 34.00 U top in white polyester ribs, 18.00 Both washable, easy-care ideas are Vivo's designs for 6 to 14 sizes. Add 1.25 outside delivery area. Miss Bonwit Bonwit Teller Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and all Bonwit stores



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"200 Motels."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 15: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" and "Shall We Dance?"
Dec. 16-18: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and "Lili."
From Dec. 19: "Show Boat" and "Till the Clouds Roll By."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
"Even Dwarfs Started Small" and "Gimme Shelter."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Dec. 15: "Cry Uncle."
From Dec. 16: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" and "Point of Order!"

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 21 (tentative): "A Night at the Opera" and "At the Circus."
From Dec. 22 (tentative): "Carnal Knowledge."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Fantasia."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Gang's All Here."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murmur of the Heart."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hospital."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Dec. 15: "Doctor Zhivago."
From Dec. 16: "Targets."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Dec. 15: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 16, at 8: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis." (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 20: "Sacco and Vanzetti."
From Dec. 21: "Such Good Friends."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 19: "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From Dec. 20: "Harold and Maude."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Dec. 21: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."
From Dec. 22: "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Dec. 15: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."
From Dec. 16: "The Boy Friend."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Dec. 15: "Cry Uncle."
From Dec. 16: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" and "Point of Order!"

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Dec. 18: "Carnal Knowledge."
From Dec. 19: "A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 21: "Is There Sex After Death?"
From Dec. 22: "Minnie and Moskowitz."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Happy Birthday, Wanda June."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Made for Each Other."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 18: "The Go-Between."
From Dec. 19: "Le Boucher."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"$."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 21: "Woodstock."
From Dec. 22: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 21: "The Lion in Winter."
From Dec. 22: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 21: "See No Evil."
From Dec. 22: "Lady and the Tramp."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 21: "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" and W. C. Fields shorts.
From Dec. 22: "Sacco and Vanzetti."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 21: "Bless the Beasts & Children" and "Cactus Flower."
From Dec. 22: "Carnal Knowledge."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 21: "The French Connection."
From Dec. 22: "Dirty Harry."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"$."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 16: "West Side Story."
From Dec. 17: "Diamonds Are Forever."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Dec. 15: "Prism" and "Topaz."
Dec. 16-22: "Soul to Soul" and "Reggae."
From Dec. 23: To be announced.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Dec. 15: "The Bride Wore Black."
Dec. 16: "Live for Life."
Dec. 17: "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus."
Dec. 18: "King of Hearts."
Dec. 19: "That Man from Rio."
Dec. 20: "Viva Maria!"
Dec. 21: "Stolen Kisses."
Dec. 22: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg."
Dec. 23: "Tender Scoundrel."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 16: "Laura" and "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon."
From Dec. 17: "Diamonds Are Forever."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 21: "Women in Love" and "The Music Lovers."
From Dec. 22: "Sacco and Vanzetti."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 21: "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" and W. C. Fields shorts.
From Dec. 22: "Sacco and Vanzetti."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 19: "Fellini Satyricon" and "8½."
Dec. 20-21: "The Trial" and "The Immortal Story."
Dec. 22-23: "Mr. Arkadin" and "Journey Into Fear."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 21: "The Peace Killers" and "The Dirty Outlaws."
From Dec. 22: "Carnal Knowledge."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Dec. 19: "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo."
From Dec. 20: The Samurai Trilogy.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"El Topo."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Gone with the Wind."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Decameron."

Playboy (formerly Cinema 57 Rendezvous), 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19, at 7:30: "Macbeth." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 19: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 20: "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Raga."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 16: "Millhouse: A White Comedy."
From Dec. 17: "Modern Times."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"King Lear."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Made for Each Other."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 16: "Believe in Me" and "Villain."
From Dec. 17: "Diamonds Are Forever."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 21: "Hello, Dolly!"
From Dec. 22: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 21: "The Anderson Tapes" and "See No Evil."
From Dec. 22: "Death in Venice" and "Wait Until Dark."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 15: "Z" and "Senso."
Dec. 16-22: "Calcutta," "The Fire Within," "Zazie," and "Viva Maria!"
From Dec. 23: "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 21: "Bananas" and "The Thomas Crown Affair."
From Dec. 22: "Carnal Knowledge."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 16: "Bizarre, Bizarre" and "Carnival in Flanders."
Dec. 17-19: "Pather Panchali" and "Nights of Cabiria."
Dec. 20-22: "Lola Montès" and "The Threepenny Opera."
From Dec. 23: "War and Peace."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 21: "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" and W. C. Fields shorts.
From Dec. 22: "Sacco and Vanzetti."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Dec. 15: "An American in Paris" and "The Band Wagon."
Dec. 16-18: "The Band Wagon" and "Easter Parade."
Dec. 19-22: "Easter Parade" and "Words and Music."
From Dec. 23: A program of Buster Keaton films.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

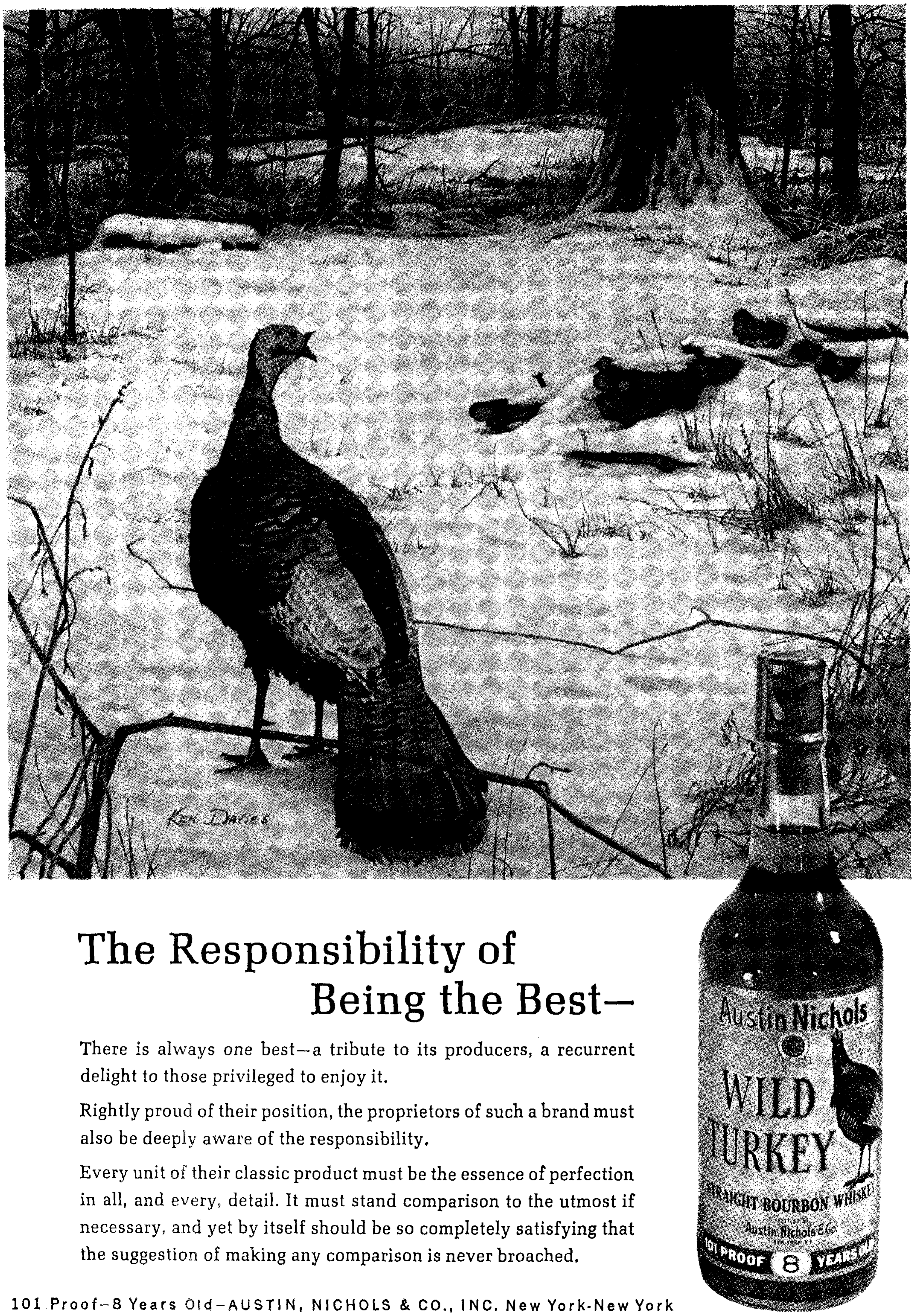
The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films; stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. With Errol Flynn slinging a deer across his shoulders, almost improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and, for villainy, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz and William Keighley directed; Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 23.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away on the piano. (Olympia; Dec. 15.)

The Anderson Tapes—An energetic but coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is the gang leader; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 21.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Gramercy; through Dec. 21, tentative.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable


Ken Davies
Austin Nichols
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin Nichols & Co.
101 PROOF
8
YEARS OLD

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

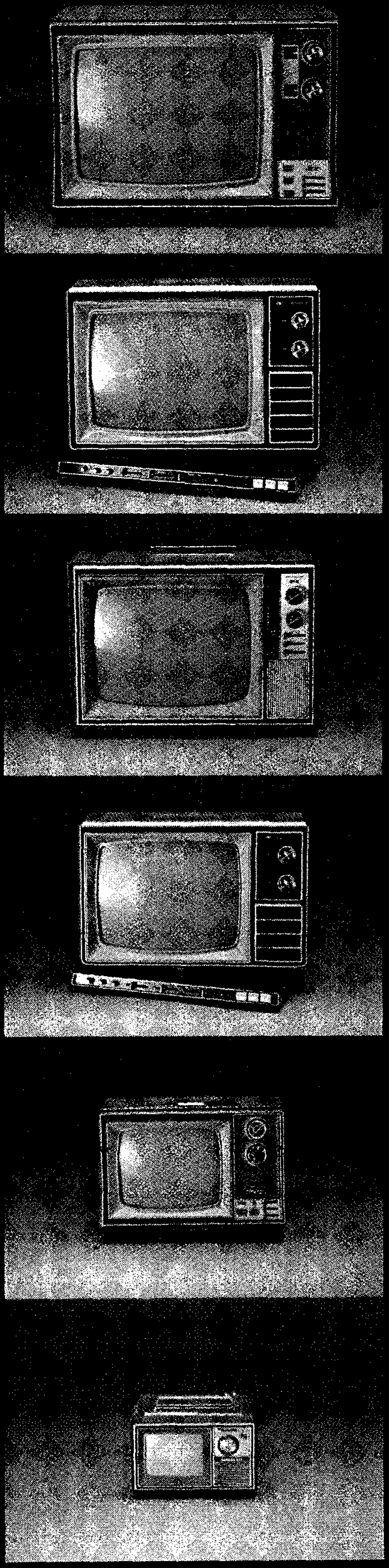
There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

With a Panasonic Color TV as the screen gets smaller the technology doesn't.



At Panasonic, we offer you color TV in a whole range of screen sizes. From 7 to 21 inches (meas. diag.). And what we do for our biggest size set, we also do for our smallest. That is to give it the kind of engineering you'd expect from Panasonic.

Like Panalock. Automatic fine tuning at the touch of a button. That adjusts itself automatically when you switch channels or move the set. You'll find this feature on every one of our 13 color models.

We also build into all our color TV's noise canceller circuits. A special kind of circuitry engineered to hold your picture with an iron grip.

And solid-state engineering. Designed to give you more time watching our color TV than taking it to the repair shop.

Something called automatic gain control. To keep incoming signals at the proper level. And eliminate the need for special adjustment when you have your color TV installed.

And a picture tube that's bright and brilliant on our really big show. And on our really small one.

There's another kind of technology in Panasonic color sets. Human technology. So you can choose a set to fit in with your viewing habits. Instead of the other way around.

Like a swivel model for people who want to switch chairs without moving the TV. And a set with remote control for people who don't want to move. Or a 7" (meas. diag.) portable with an optional clip-on battery that lets you move color TV outdoors.

And we give you color in table models. And portables galore. Some in black with silver trim. Others in wood grain. All with nice clean lines.

So go to your nearest Panasonic dealer. If you happen to choose our 7" model over our 21"* set, you won't be bringing home any less know-how. Just a little less screen.

*All screen sizes measured diagonally.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, N.Y. 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 631-1971. In N.J., 800 962-2803. We pay for the call. Ask about our color TV's.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Symphony; through Dec. 21.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men, Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Olympia; Dec. 15-18.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury as an apprentice witch, in a mixture of wizardry and ineptitude from the Disney studios; the picture is as uncertain of itself as the title indicates. Moderately enjoyable, though there are moments of patriotic sentimentality circa "Mrs. Miniver." (Music Hall.)

Believe in Me—Michael Sarrazin and Jacqueline Bisset on amphetamines. Directed by Stuart Hagmann. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 16.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Dadaist frivolity. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. In French. (Thalia; through Dec. 16.)

Bless the Beasts & Children—The indefatigable Stanley Kramer. (U. A. East; through Dec. 21.)

Le Boucher—With Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 19.)

The Boy Friend—With Twiggy and Christopher Gable, directed by Ken Russell. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 16.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 15.)

Cactus Flower (1969)—Every wisecrack has that Broadway thud. With Walter Matthau, Ingrid Bergman, and Goldie Hawn. (U.A. East; through Dec. 21.)

Calcutta—The famous documentary film, directed and narrated by Louis Malle. (New Yorker; Dec. 16-22.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ U. A. East, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony; starting Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Dec. 22, tentative.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia; through Dec. 16.)

CINEMA
ALL STAR CAST
2 BIG SHOWS
TODAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23		

A Clockwork Orange—With Malcolm McDowell and Patrick Magee, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Cinema I; starting Dec. 19.)

The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy (1967)—A film made up of excerpts from their old movies. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; through Dec. 21.)

Cry Uncle—Sex satire. Cry off. With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu; Dec. 15.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 22.)

The Decameron—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival.)

Diamonds Are Forever—With Sean Connery as 007, directed by Guy Hamilton. (86th St. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 17.)

Dirty Harry—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Don Siegel. (Orpheum; starting Dec. 22.)

The Dirty Outlaws—With Chip Corman, directed by Franco Rossetti. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Trans-Lux East; Dec. 15.)

$—With Warren Beatty and Goldie Hawn, directed by Richard Brooks. (Tower East and Loew's Ciné.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Olympia; Dec. 16-22.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Elgin; through Dec. 19.)

Even Dwarfs Started Small—With Helmut Döring, directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (St. Marks Cinema.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Kips Bay.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Elgin; through Dec. 19.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; through Dec. 21.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A Scott-Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (New Yorker; Dec. 16-22.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Orpheum; through Dec. 21.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda in an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Murray Hill.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—With Jerry Orbach and Leigh Taylor-Young, directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 22.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—With Dominique Sanda and Helmut Berger, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Plaza; starting Dec. 16, at 8. A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (St. Marks Cinema.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 18.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Guild.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—With Rod Steiger, Susannah York, and George Grizzard, directed by Mark Robson. (Columbia II.)

Harold and Maude—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Coronet; starting Dec. 20.)

Hello, Dolly! (1969)—A great star (Barbra Streisand) in an impersonal big circus of a show. (Regency; through Dec. 21.)

The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus (1960)—A French thriller about skin-grafting. Georges Franju, who directed, worked with his usual power, and the film possesses true terror. With Pierre Brasseur and Alida Valli. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 17.)

The Hospital—With George C. Scott and Diana Rigg, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Sutton.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Elgin; Dec. 20-21.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Cinema II; through Dec. 21.)

Journey Into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead in a spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey. Directed by Norman Foster, but Welles had a large hand in the script and supervised the production, and his command of film vocabulary gleams through. (Elgin; Dec. 22-23.)

King Lear—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production, made in northern Denmark. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Paris.)

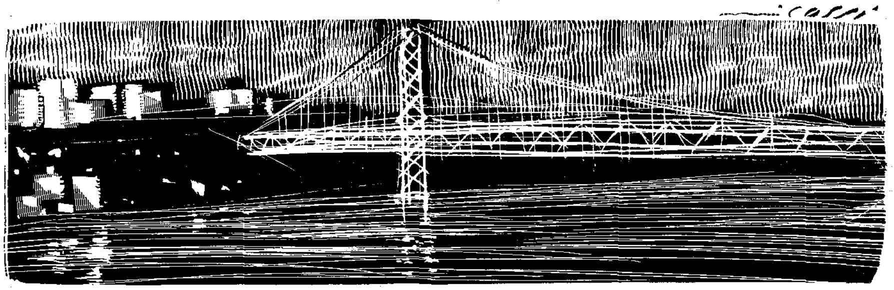
King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Garrick; Dec. 18.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Juliet 2; starting Dec. 22.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

Laura (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors. Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective, and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Waverly; through Dec. 16.)

Lili (1953)—"The Sound of Music" of the early fifties: millions of schoolchildren chirruped "Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo" when this M-G-M movie, from a Paul Gallico confection, was released. Mel Ferrer smiles his narcissistic, masochistic smiles as the crippled puppeteer who can speak his love to the little orphan girl Lili (Leslie Caron) only through his marionettes. She's much too good for him,



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23		

but the movie doesn't know it. With Jean Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kasznar. Charles Walters directed. Bronislau Kaper was given an Academy Award for that infernal score; Hollywood is shameless. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 16-18.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Juliet 1; through Dec. 21.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 16.)

Macbeth—The latest version, directed by Roman Polanski. (Playboy; starting Dec. 19, at 7:30. Opening night by invitation only.)

Made for Each Other—With Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, directed by Robert B. Bean. (Beekman and Paramount.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (Lincoln Art; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu; starting Dec. 16.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—With Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel, directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema II; starting Dec. 22.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (Elgin; Dec. 22-23.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art; starting Dec. 17.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown in its full form. His command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 20-22.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 21.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—With Michael Jayston and Janet Suzman in the title roles. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Criterion. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays through Sundays at 8:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Gramercy; through Dec. 21, tentative.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Guilietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 17-19.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Thalia; Dec. 17-19.)

The Peace Killers—With Clint Ritchie and Jess Walton, directed by Douglas Schwartz. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu; starting Dec. 16.)

Prism—Directed by Anitra Pivnick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 15.)

Raga—A documentary on Ravi Shankar, directed by Howard Worth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Reggae—A film of the Caribbean Music Festival at Wembley, in London, last year. (Bleecker St. Cinema, Dec. 16-22.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, Greenwich, and Midtown; starting Dec. 22.)

The Samurai Trilogy—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part I: "The Legend of Musashi" (1954); Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956); Part III: "Musachi and Kojiro" (1956). (Bijou Cinema; starting Dec. 20.)

See No Evil—Mia Farrow blind. (Juliet 2 and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 21.)

Senso (1955)—Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (New Yorker; Dec. 15.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big M-G-M musical, which is marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness (the Americana gets rather thick), but which is, nevertheless, spirited. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him; the picture is unusual in featuring male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, and Marc Platt, as well as Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome Polecat" ballet in the snow. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 16-18.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 15.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 19.)

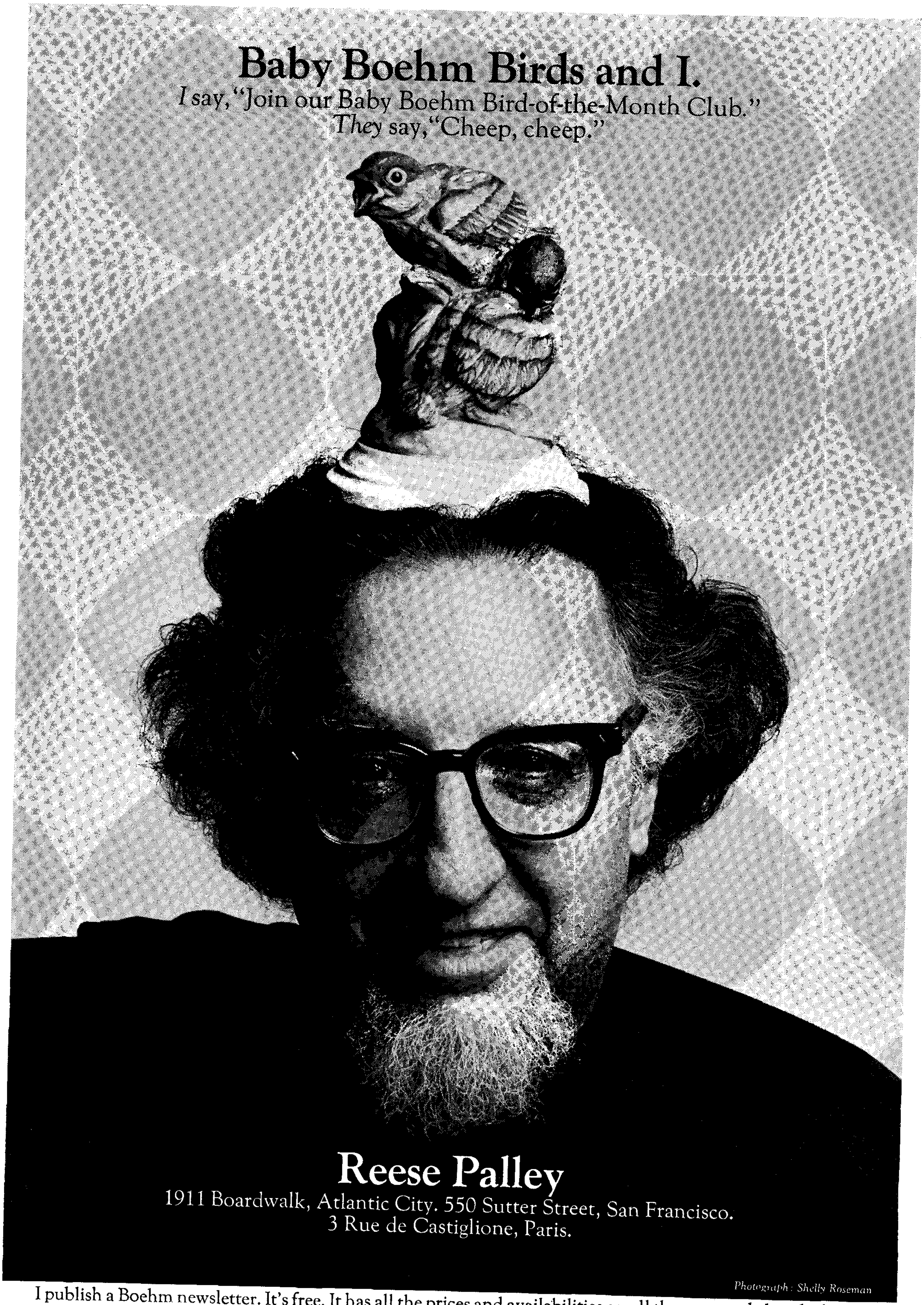
Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Dec. 15. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 21.)

Soul to Soul—Filmed in Ghana last March during the fourteenth anniversary of the country's independence, with Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, and other American and African performers. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 16-22.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why no-

Baby Boehm Birds and I.

I say, "Join our Baby Boehm Bird-of-the-Month Club."
They say, "Cheep, cheep."



Reese Palley

1911 Boardwalk, Atlantic City. 550 Sutter Street, San Francisco.
3 Rue de Castiglione, Paris.

Photograph: Shelly Roseman

I publish a Boehm newsletter. It's free. It has all the prices and availabilities on all the open and closed editions. Write me and get on my mailing list. It'll be good for you.

Qiana® spectacular

A blazing evening sight. Pure Qiana® nylon jersey, silky-to-the-touch but quite uncrushable. Undaunted, too, with bold strokes of color and a beautiful shape. Orange-and-yellow on a white background, for 6 to 14 sizes. $130. Dress Collections.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

body likes him. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 21.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—This was the last (and ninth) of the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers pictures. The re-creations of the Castles' dances are painstakingly authentic, but the movie is cursed with the dullness of big bios. With Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, and Marge Champion (in those days she was called Marjorie Bell). H. C. Potter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 15.)

Such Good Friends—With Dyan Cannon and James Coco, directed by Otto Preminger. (Baronet; starting Dec. 21.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; starting Dec. 20.)

Targets (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naïvely made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Trans-Lux East; starting Dec. 16.)

Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon (1970)—Liza Minnelli as the head girl of a jolly gang of the maimed. She has been disfigured by acid; her chums are an incurable neurological patient and a paralyzed homosexual. The maudlin quality of the original book is not aided by the note of Otto Preminger's film, which makes the bravado of characters in appalling circumstances seem sometimes to be more relished than respected. (Waverly; through Dec. 16.)

Tender Scoundrel (1967)—A waste of talent. Belmondo as a gigolo exhausted by the demands beautiful women make on him. The cast may sound fabulous (Geneviève Page, Stefania Sandrelli, Robert Morley, Nadja Tiller, Philippe Noiret, etc.), but the director, Jean Becker, doesn't do anything with them. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 23.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 19.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Symphony; through Dec. 21.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Thalia; Dec. 20-22.)

Till the Clouds Roll By (1946)—This monster thing, spawned at M-G-M, was meant to be the life of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker was the actor given the role (unlucky Walker was also miscast as Brahms), and he was surrounded by an all-star troupe that included Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, June Allyson, and Frank Sinatra, who, in perhaps the most ill-conceived sequence in this staggeringly ill-conceived venture, sings "Ol' Man River" in white tie and white tails. There are twenty-two songs by Kern, most of them reasonably well performed, but not one performed memorably. Richard Whorf directed; Vincente Minnelli staged some of the sequences. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 19.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature is the same spy thriller he's been making since the thirties, and it has become larger, slower, and duller. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking "Late Late Show" romances, an Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab versions of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 15.)

El Topo—Bloody head movie. Directed by, and with, Alexandro Jodorowsky. (Forum.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Elgin; Dec. 20-21.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Art.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 22.)

Villain—With Richard Burton and Ian McShane, directed by Michael Tuchner. Worn-out. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 16.)

Viva Maria! (1965)—Brigitte Bardot demonstrates that in movies youth and beauty can sometimes triumph over skill; she takes the picture clean away from the great Jeanne Moreau. This imaginative though erratic spoof was directed by the brilliant Louis Malle and superbly photographed by Henri Decaë. (New Yorker; Dec. 16-22. . . . ¶ Garrick; Dec. 20.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 22.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer (Ludmila Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (Thalia, Part I, Dec. 23; Part II, Dec. 24.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (86th St. East; through Dec. 16.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 21.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Dec. 21.)

Words and Music (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet that he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson, whose "Thou Swell" with the Blackburn Twins is a bright spot in her career. (Olympia; Dec. 19-22.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Z (1969)—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras's extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (New Yorker; Dec. 15.)

Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo—With Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune in the title roles, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through Dec. 19.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this extraordinarily inventive, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (New Yorker; Dec. 16-22.)

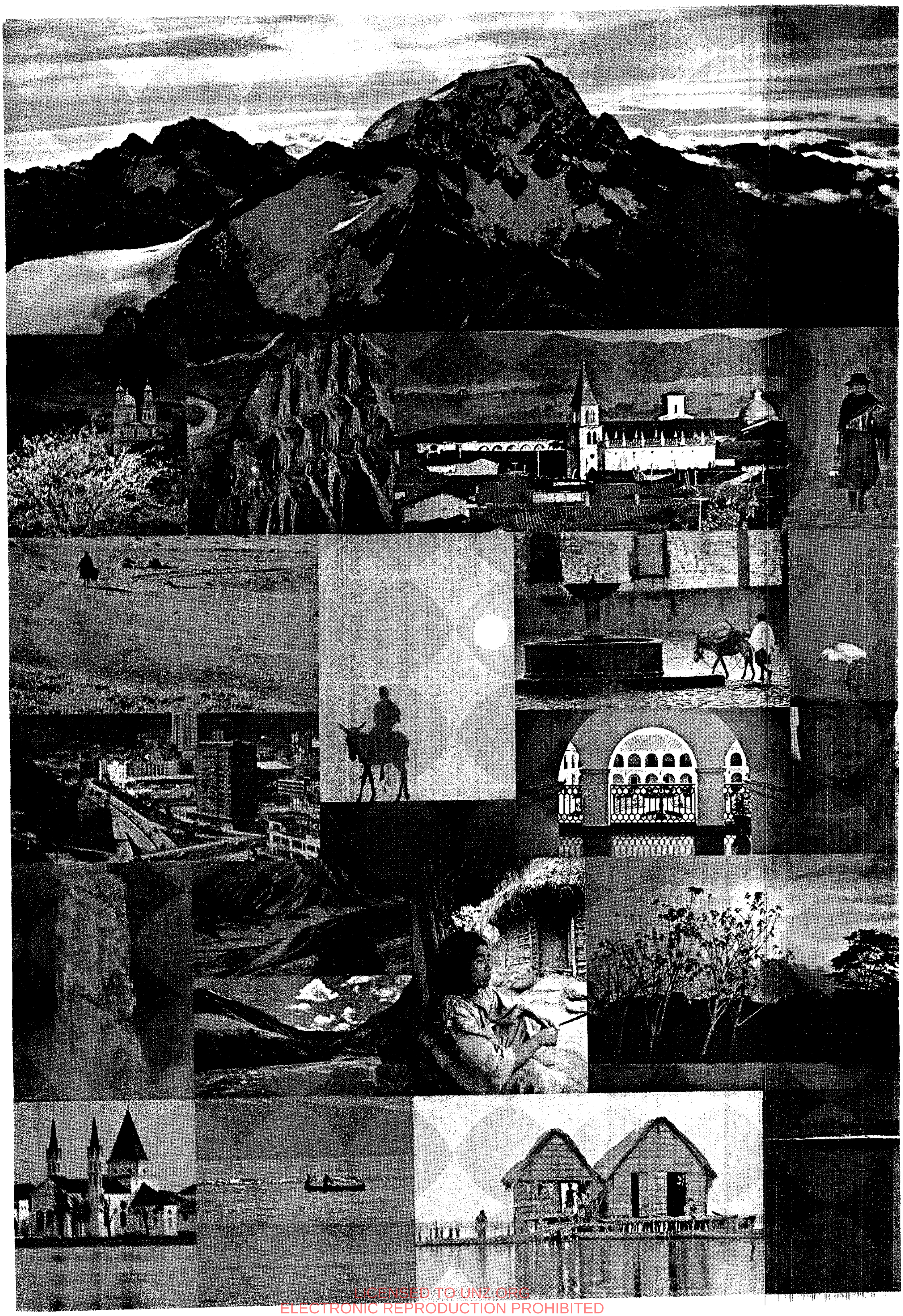
Jingle Belle

JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS

Jingle Belle
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

Have a Dickens of a Christmas.
Give J&B
Rare Scotch.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1971 Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020



SAFE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY FOR SALE $65.

Fly to Colombia with Avianca.
And Avianca will fly you all over Colombia for an extra $65.

Caribbean
Colombia
South America

We have flown almost half a million Americans to Colombia in the last ten years.

And they have travelled everywhere inside the country, from Caribbean beaches in the North to its Amazon jungles in the South.

Nobody saw a revolution. And if anyone did get to see a General on a horse it was on a parade day.

Instead, they saw a fantastically beautiful land– three magnificent ranges of the Andes with green mountain meadows, giant eucalyptus, cascading waterfalls and unspoiled rivers.

They saw a mixture of modern skyscrapers and 17th Century houses as well as ancient, untraceable archaeological ruins.

They frolicked in the warm Caribbean waters by day and won, or lost, in the Casinos by night.

Some went to the ancient colonial cities, some to an old Spanish Main town. Still others found rural Indian villages almost untouched by time.

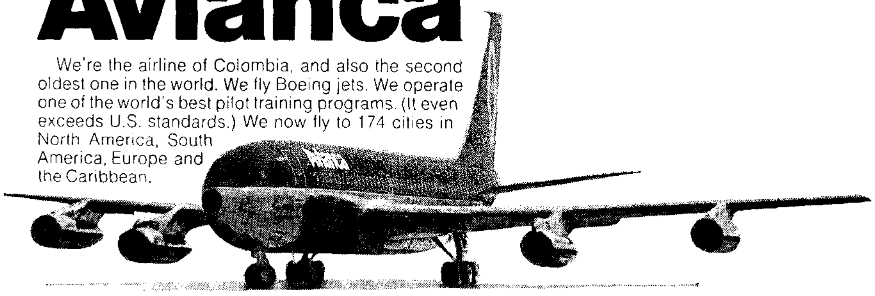
Some took safaris into the jungles of the Amazon and saw the most impressive river in the world. Others fished in the mountain lakes for the 20-pound trout.

And almost everyone who came shopped in this land of still-bargain prices, where gold and emeralds go at half the U.S. prices and a wool suit, tailor-made, is an interesting $80.

And now we offer something interesting, too, our Know Colombia Fare. For an extra $65 you can visit any, or all, of the Colombian cities we fly to (exception: two of the very outlying ones – which we'll throw in for another $25). So you could have several of these experiences in one vacation.

This is the trip you will talk about for the rest of your life.

Avianca



We're the airline of Colombia, and also the second oldest one in the world. We fly Boeing jets. We operate one of the world's best pilot training programs. (It even exceeds U.S. standards.) We now fly to 174 cities in North America, South America, Europe and the Caribbean.

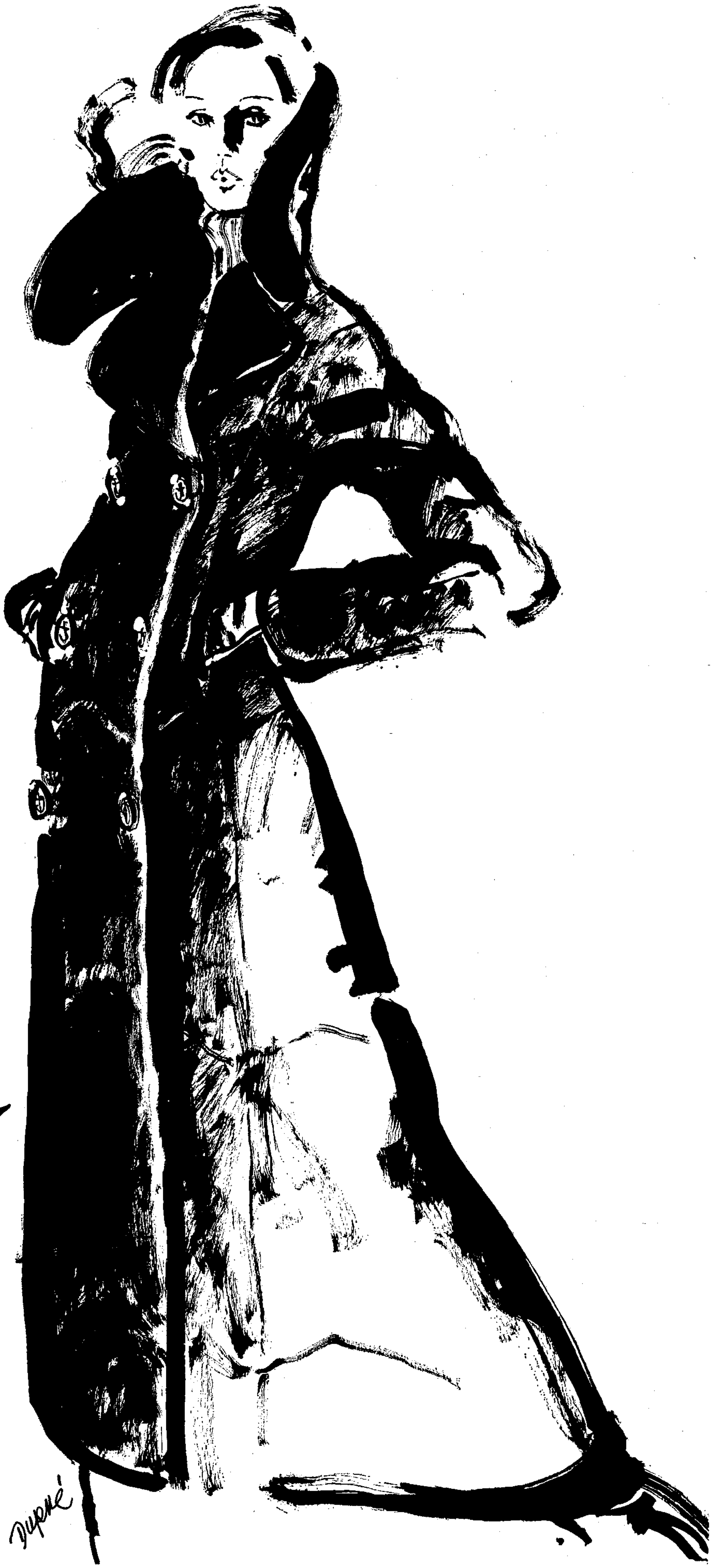
For information on other Avianca Tours – including our low GIT'Caribbean Fares – call your travel agent, local Avianca office, or Avianca, New York (212) 586-5210.

THE FUR PEA COAT

First class idea
for you last-minute Santas!
Trim, trig double
breasted style in black
dyed muskrat backs
with anchor crested
silver-color metal
buttons. 595.00.
Fur Salon, third floor,
Fifth Avenue.

Fur origin: USA

B Altman & Co

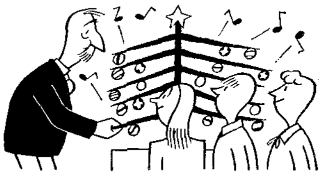


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE always enjoy official statements from big corporations or the government (Ron Ziegler is a real favorite of ours), and last week we particularly relished the statement from General Motors announcing that it would recall six and a half million Chevrolet cars and trucks. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration thinks that the vehicles may have defective engine mounts, which could cause them to roar around with jammed throttles and no brakes; General Motors insists that there is no safety hazard. "It is apparent," said the G.M. official statement, "that, as a result of the publicity . . . there is a great deal of misinformation and misunderstanding on the part of Chevrolet owners, which we are anxious to eliminate as soon as possible." Since simply notifying the owners of the non-problem will cost G.M. a large fortune in postage, we wonder why it has agreed to do it, and what it is going to do with the recalled cars once it gets them. We assume that G.M. has a staff of specially trained Misinformation and Misunderstanding Experts standing by in white overalls, who will greet each Chevrolet, raise the hood, briskly remove the misinformation and misunderstanding, and then send it back, as good as new.



CHRISTMASTIME. There is a chill in the air everywhere. The sky outside is black as pitch. Night falls soon after lunch. The taxis are angry—yellow shapes skittering and growling about the city, rushing through the great streets with cargoes of round, overcoated, sweet-tempered elderly persons, whom they scatter onto the sidewalks before tearing back to some far-off rural loading depot for yet another cargo. There is no lack of round, overcoated, sweet-tempered elderly persons on the sidewalks of our great city, if you know where to look for them. The children sit at home, watching "Creature Features" on the tube. The children are released from school: Weeethreeekingsofawrientarrr. Wise Men from the East in Danskins. Each clutches a private store of handmade ashtrays, which he or she will disburse on Christmas morn, thereby adding to what is already one of the world's great private collections of handmade ashtrays. Miranda takes the children down to observe the tree at Rockefeller Center. Miranda takes the children ice-skating. O lovely Dickensian children! Long, flowing scarves. Ice skates. The smell of chestnuts. Terence cuts his nose. Miranda gets pinched while performing an old Bryn Mawr glissade across the center ice. "Pinched?" The children are already back to watching "Creature Features," still in their overcoats. "It's not so funny," Miranda says. Night is everywhere now. Night falls sometime after breakfast—between breakfast and lunch. In the distance one can hear the clanging and banging of the surviving taxis. Fifteen off-duty doormen lead an assault on Bonniers and are repulsed. Snow is falling, beginning to turn to rain. There is a report that in the Bronx three taxis have attacked a bus. The Mayor is on television to announce a breakdown of services. There is no daylight anymore, anywhere. Clearly, it is time to visit Grandpa. Miranda says, "We will put all the presents in one box. That way, it will be easier." Miranda says, "We will all be waiting out on the sidewalk when you drive up with the car." Miranda says, "Children, don't fight." Grandpa's house is in the woods. Skip, skip, skip we go. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Drive, drive, drive. Grandpa is downstairs in the Seasonal Cheer Alcove, putting up the mechanical Christmas tree. "Oooo, boy!" the children say. "Real Naugahyde!" Grandpa says, "Lookee here." He pulls one of the lower branches. The tree plays "Anchors Aweigh." Last year, Grandpa had an Everglo seaweed tree from Marineland, Florida, with a fudge astronaut on top. "When I was a child," Miranda says in a wistful voice, "we used to have a *real* Christmas, with a *real* tree—*real* ornaments that broke when you sat on them, *real* Japanese lights, a *real* tree stand from Hammacher Schlemmer, *real* tinsel, *real* darling little two-hundred-dollar Swedish ornaments from Design Research." "Don't talk to me about those pansy Eyetalian design stores," says Grandpa. The children are in the Communications Nook watching the National Munitions Corporation Special Christmas Show. Submarines festooned in mistletoe release missiles made of candy canes. A black snowman sings a song about electric shavers. "Time to go, children," says Miranda. Grandpa gives everybody a Lifesaver. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! "Get in the car," says somebody. Drive, drive, drive. The toll-station attendant has a sign around his neck saying, "I am Francis, your regular toll-station attendant," and a small cup hanging from his belt. Traffic is piling onto the sidewalk at Eighty-sixth Street. Near Seventy-ninth Street, a taxi has been ambushed in the street and is being dismantled. Groups of businessmen still stride wildly around Rockefeller Center, beautifully colored shopping bags depending from their hands and wrists and arms. We arrive home. "Time to make Christmas cookies," says Miranda. "Is it Christmas yet?" says somebody. There is a chill in the air everywhere. The sky outside is very dark. Clearly, it will soon be Christmas.

Auxiliary

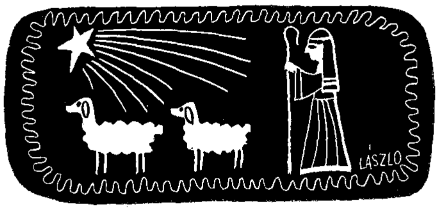
THE POLICE DEPARTMENT
issues
METAL SHIELDS
walkie-talkie radios—
instructs & assigns
patrol posts to the volunteer
Auxiliary Police
citizens may join
MOUNTED
and other units in the
Central Park Precinct
W. 86th St. Transverse Rd.
in Central Park
any Wed. 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.
—*Adv. in the Post.*

UNAWARE of the existence of the volunteer auxiliary police until we came across this *Post* ad, but immediately curious about them, we went to the Central Park Precinct on a recent Wednesday evening at six and were turned over to Patrolman Emanuel Abramowitz, the regular cop in charge of the Park Precinct's auxiliary unit. Patrolman Abramowitz, a zestful, well-fed man, who has been a patrolman for twenty years ("Why didn't I ever try to become a detective? Me? I'm not motivated. Detectives work too hard. I want to work only eight hours a day"), had the answers to all our questions. Each police precinct has an auxiliary-police unit, he told us, but few of the units are as active as the Central Park one. It has a hundred and six active members; patrols Central Park on Monday and Wednesday evenings from eight to midnight, and the Zoo area on Sunday afternoons during the warm-weather months from noon to four; is the only auxiliary unit in the city authorized to go out on mounted and motor patrols as well as on foot patrols; and is the only unit, to the best of Patrolman Abramowitz's knowledge, to seek new members through newspaper ads. ("We use the *News* and the *Post*," he said.)

Auxiliary-police applicants have to meet six requirements, Patrolman A. went on to inform us: they must be American citizens, at least five feet five inches tall, between the ages of twenty-one and fifty-five (mandatory retirement comes at sixty-three), who can read and write English, have no felony, misdemeanor, or gambling convictions, and are willing to submit to a fingerprint check. Applicants who are found eligible (fingerprint checks show that between three and four per cent of those who apply are ineligible because they have criminal records) are required to attend a ten-week series of two-hour lectures on such subjects as arson, robbery, and juvenile delinquency, given at eight o'clock on Wednesday evenings by Patrolman Abramowitz, and then, if they want to be promoted, further courses, at the Police Academy. Each student who passes becomes a patrolman, is issued a star-shaped badge, and is allowed to buy a police uniform, on which he sews a triangular patch. At present the patch reads "Auxiliary Police Unit," but a new patch is about to be issued, which will read "Auxiliary Forces, Police Department, City of New York." Volunteers with gun permits are permitted to arm themselves while on duty. Ambitious volunteers who take further courses can become sergeants, lieutenants, captains, and colonels. The members of the Central Park auxiliary-police unit have to put in a minimum of six four-hour tours every three months to remain on the active list. Some members go out eight hours a week. The average male volunteer goes out on patrol one evening a week. Female volunteers are not allowed to go out on patrol at night; they are assigned clerical work inside the precinct house.

A year and a half ago, volunteers received a thirty-five-dollar uniform allowance from the city, Patrolman A. continued, but these are more austere times, and at the moment they must pay for their own uniforms. However, they are entitled to take income-tax deductions for the purchase and upkeep of their uniforms and for other expenses related to their tours of duty, such as transportation costs between their homes and Central Park, cartridges, horse rental (mounted volunteers rent their horses from the Claremont Riding Academy, at a courtesy rate of $3.68 for four hours), and gas for cars used on motor patrols.

"Legally, volunteers are allowed to arrest people they have good reason to believe have committed a crime, and they've done so on several occasions," Patrolman Abramowitz said. "However, they are not encouraged to make arrests. Making arrests is a time-consuming procedure that involves court appearances during the day, while the volunteers are at their regular jobs, and is best left to regular police officers. The volunteers often apprehend suspects, who are then arrested by the regular police. On Monday evening, October 11th, for instance, three men robbed a man at the Belvedere. A regular police officer immediately caught one of the three alleged perpetrators; the two others ran off. Their description was transmitted on the radio to all Central Park units. Two of our volunteers were on foot patrol at Sixty-seventh Street and the West Drive. They proceeded north along the bridle path as far as Seventy-seventh Street and the West Drive, where they saw two men coming toward them who fitted the description just broadcast. They stopped them. The two men gave evasive answers to their questions. A regular patrolman then arrived on the scene with the mugging victim and asked him to identify the two men. He did, and they were placed under arrest. The two volunteers have been put up for commendations."

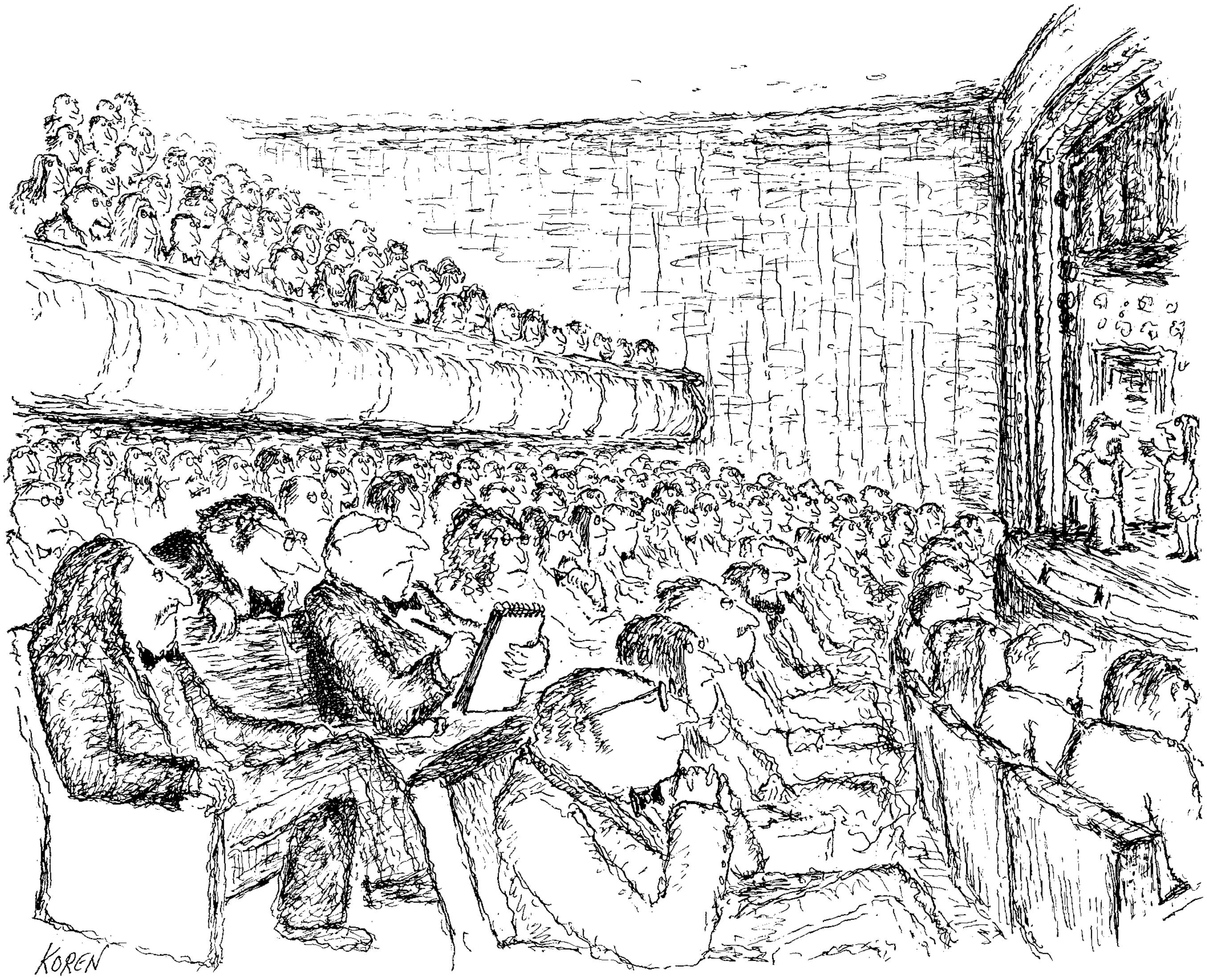


We asked Patrolman A. if all the regular cops were enthusiastic about the volunteers. "About my little army? Sure they are, because the volunteers don't compete with them, they coöperate," he replied. "The regular cops even gave the volunteers a nice plaque a few years ago. As for me, I feel like Pancho Villa. I've been in charge of the volunteers for four years, and I think they're terrific. They're all concerned citizens; they wouldn't be here if they weren't. They're courageous, too. They expose themselves to some of the same dangers as the regular cops."

"Have Pancho Villa's troops suffered any casualties?" we inquired.

"One fellow got thrown off a horse. That could happen to anyone," Patrolman A. said. "And one girl was bitten by a donkey while she was on the Sunday-afternoon patrol at the Children's Zoo."

It was now almost eight o'clock, and the concerned citizens were arriving. Seventeen recent recruits, four of them black, two of them women, most of them wearing casual clothes, all of them carrying notebooks, had come to hear Patrolman Abramowitz's lecture—the fourth in the course, on the subject of disorderly conduct—which he gave in a room of the precinct house that looked like a classroom. He began by stating, "The average cop on patrol makes more arrests for disorderly conduct—a violation on the bottom rung of felonies and misdemeanors—than for any other crime," and then gave some examples of what did and



"Tell me, sir. Is it good or bad?"

• •

did not constitute disorderly conduct.

By eight-twenty, twenty-five uniformed volunteers who were scheduled to show up for duty that evening were mustering in the courtyard outside the precinct house. One of their officers called them to attention, took the roll, shouted "At ease!," and then assigned walkie-talkies and posts to those who were going out on foot, and radios and car numbers to those who were going out on motor patrol, while six mounties (wearing helmets and spurs) set off for the Claremont stables.

We were invited to ride in Car No. 1, with the Park unit's commanding officer and only colonel—Joseph Siegel, a steel-gray-haired, bespectacled owner and operator of mid-Manhattan real estate. Colonel Siegel told us before his car started off that he had served as a volunteer in the City Patrol Corps in Central Park during the early nineteen-forties, when many regular policemen went to war and volunteers were needed to take their places. "The City Patrol Corps was disbanded at the end of the Second World War," he went on. "I joined the Central Park auxiliary-police unit when it was formed, a little before the outbreak of the Korean war. We haven't missed a week of patrolling in the last twenty years." Colonel Siegel sat in the front of Car No. 1—it was his own car, a black Oldsmobile 98, outfitted with a radio and with a red light on its roof—next to the driver, Lieutenant Arthur Elmendorf, who is a truck driver from upper Manhattan, and we sat in back, with Captain Charles Greenberg, a Brooklyn lawyer, who said he had joined the auxiliary police because "you've got to do something to justify your existence." He went on to explain, "It's a civic requirement for every New Yorker to do some volunteer work, whether it's with the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, or the auxiliary police. This is what I feel I can do to make this city a better place."

We left the precinct house at eight-thirty and drove through the Park, stopping first at Seventy-second Street and the West Drive, where two volunteer patrolmen were standing. They snapped to attention when Colonel Siegel spoke to them. "How's it going?" he inquired. "Absolutely nothing happening, thank God, sir," one of them replied as both saluted the Colonel. After a few pleasantries, we drove on. There was a fair amount of vehicular traffic in the Park, but only a few strollers (half a dozen people, one dog, two cats) were abroad. Our next stop was the intersection of the Center Drive and the East Drive, where two volunteers were giving instructions to a man in a car with Pennsylvania license plates. The Pennsylvanian apparently had no idea that the patrolmen were part-time amateurs, and said "Thank you, Officers" before driving off. We proceeded to Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, where two volunteers were standing and chatting. "Nothing to report on this post, sir. Everything's very quiet," one volunteer told Colonel Siegel as both saluted. "We'll see you later," Colonel Siegel said. "Yes, sir," both replied.

There was nothing happening and nothing to report on any of the other posts that evening—a situation that did not seem to bother Colonel Siegel or his men, all of whom displayed great enthusiasm for saluting and yes-sirring. "The wives of the new men worry about their well-being," Colonel Siegel said. "Actually, Central Park isn't as dangerous as you might think. The crime rates in the seven precincts bordering the Park are higher, but a crime that is committed in the Park gets much more space in the newspapers than a crime committed outside the Park. I believe that the mere presence of policemen deters people from committing crimes. If we could get twice as many men out here in uniform, Central Park would be safer still."

Tea with Twiggy

IT seemed like a long time since we'd seen our friend Twiggy, and when we heard that she and her ever-watchful manager and companion, Justin de Villeneuve, were in town as part of a promotional tour on behalf of "The Boy Friend," the new Ken Russell movie, which stars Twiggy, we got on the phone and happily accepted an invitation to drop in on Twiggy and Justin at teatime. Twiggy and Justin were putting up in a suite at the Pierre, which was a bit of a change from the nearly empty apartment in which they had encamped at night during Twiggy's visit to New York four years ago as a miraculously successful teen-age model. When we rang the doorbell of their suite on a rainy afternoon, we were greeted first—of course—by Justin. "Come in!" he said. He had let his hair grow to shoulder length since we last saw him, and had also grown a beard; he was wearing a black cashmere knit lounging suit ("Twiggy knitted it," he told us), and his feet were bare. From Twiggy herself we got a big smile and a friendly "Allaouw!"

If anything, Twiggy was more beautiful than ever. Her face was thinner and less doll-like than it had been four years ago. The teen-age-marionette look had gone. Twiggy had turned into a young woman. The fourteen-year-old-boy haircut had given way to a bob with curls at the side ("I call them kiss curls," Twiggy said), and her eyebrows were now thin lines, in keeping with the thirties look. She obliged us with a technical description of her dress. "I'm wearing a silk smock dress in green and black with a—wot?—I suppose a Japanese motif, which I got at Biba, and it comes below my knee," she said, "and I'm wearing green stockings with black and white stripes around the ankle, and I've got black clogs on."

We complimented Justin on the posh surroundings.

"Oh, it's a smashing hotel," Justin said. "M-G-M have arranged all this for us. M-G-M-EMI are financing and M-G-M are distributing 'The Boy Friend' in the States. Did you see the big ad in the *Times* for the movie, and how Twiggy got such a large billing? I'm very pleased about the way they're presenting the movie. Twiggy is *fantastic* in it. I'm told that *Life* is treating Twiggy as the new superstar." With satisfaction, Justin seated himself on a sofa—black cashmere against light beige. Twiggy ordered tea. Justin put in a transatlantic call. The tea arrived. Twiggy poured.

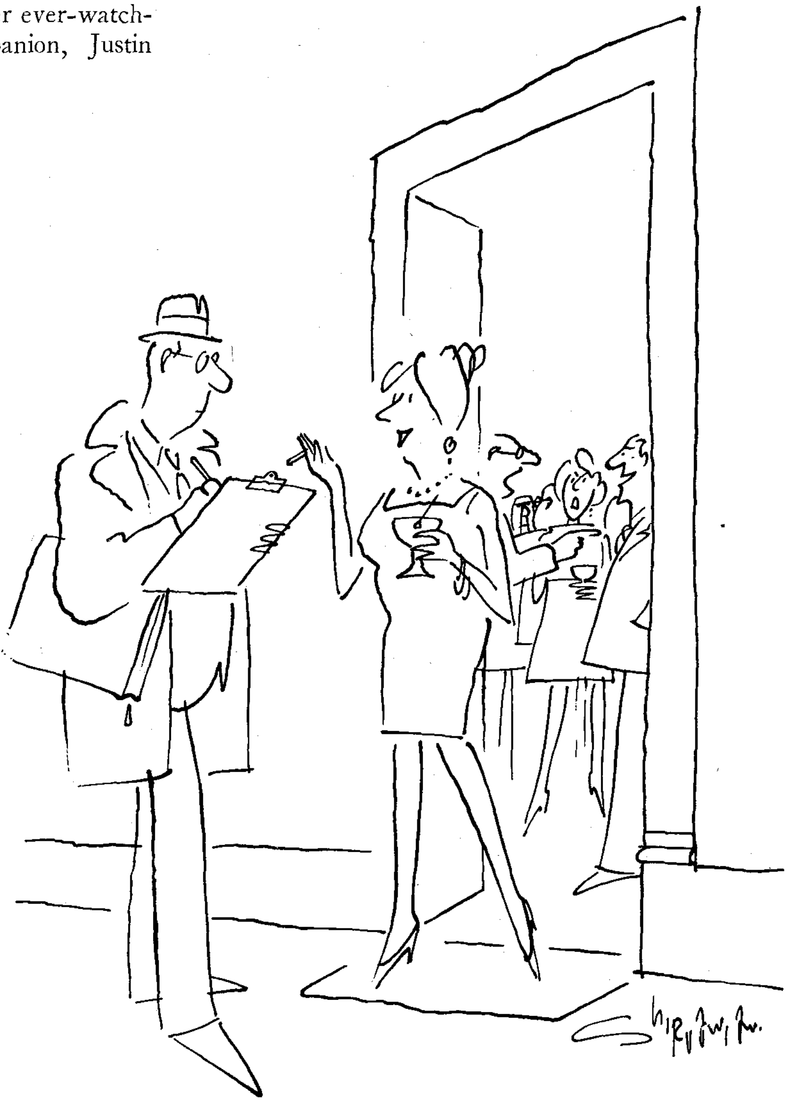
The telephone rang. Justin answered, and told Twiggy, "There's no answer at your mum's house. It's ten o'clock in the evening there. They must have gone out."

"Ooh, maybe she's having a whopping time," Twiggy said, with a laugh that was in part gentle shriek. Justin told us that with some of the money Twiggy had made as a model she had bought a house for her parents on the Thames, at Twickenham. Twiggy told us that Justin lives in a studio apartment on the north edge of Soho.

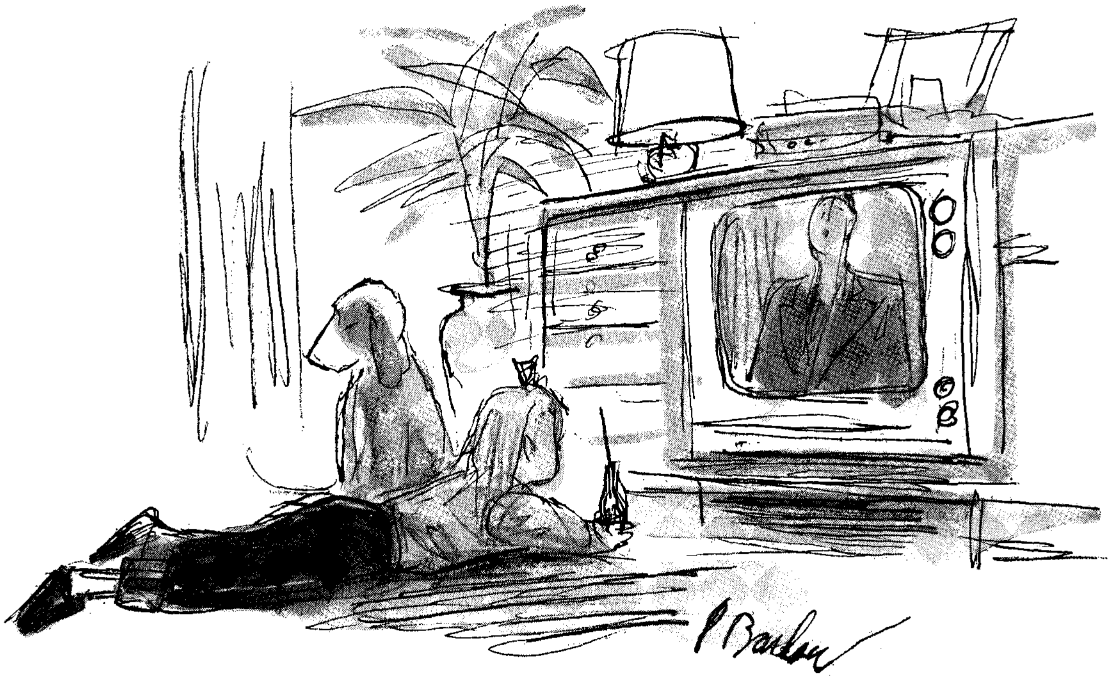
We remarked that we remembered seeing in an English paper a picture of Justin in a very fine Lamborghini that he owned, and we asked whether he still had it.

"No," said Twiggy, who is a car buff herself. "Justin has a Rolls-Royce now. It's very dark navy blue, with white upholstery. It's the two-door one."

We expressed regret that Justin and Twiggy weren't accompanied on this trip, as they had been on the one four years ago, by Edward (Teddy the Monk) Adams, a nimble Cockney who used to sell flowers at a stall outside the Knightsbridge Underground station. Justin said that currently Teddy the Monk had a lot going on in his life in London, and was employing an assistant to tend the flower stall while he himself had "a removal



"That's six for Muskie, four each for McGovern and Kennedy, three for Humphrey, and one apiece for Jackson, McCarthy, and Lindsay."



"This has been an editorial. We welcome your written comments and recognize our obligation to air opposing viewpoints as expressed by responsible persons."

• •

company, which is called Busy Bee Removals," Justin explained, "Teddy moves into country houses and moves furniture out, and he buys and sells antiques, and does very well. He's very sharp, you know." Teddy the Monk had provided general interference for Twiggy and Justin during their travels here, and on this trip his function as a sort of bodyguard has been taken over on an occasional basis by a man named Harold Poole, a professional weight-lifter and body builder, who lives in Union City, and whose biceps are only slightly less in girth than Twiggy's waist. "Harold has had his picture in magazines like *Iron Man* and *Muscle Builder*," Twiggy said. "He's a pure gentleman—very shy."

We reminded Twiggy that when she was here four years ago she had merely said "Can't act" to explain why she had found movie offers ridiculous. We asked her how she felt about acting now that she'd become the star of "The Boy Friend."

"I dunno," Twiggy said, more by way of avoiding a speech on the acting profession than out of unwillingness to talk about her own experiences. She went on, "You know, I was so excited about being a model—I was so into it—that I didn't think of doing anything else. When people would talk about films, I'd just laugh at the idea."

"In fashion, in modelling, we knew what we were doing. We had *control*," Justin said. "Film was different. We didn't think about it. I was always so ambitious for Twiggy as a model, and that's why we were able to get so far over here four years ago. But when we went back to England we began to get bored. After a while, it became fake, because Twiggy didn't really like what she was doing."

"And that's no good, you see," Twiggy said, fast and Cockney, " 'cos the camera sees into your 'ead and you 'ave to 'ave your 'eart in it."

"We became bored, and it showed," Justin said. "We had a deal with a fashion house. They put out Twiggy dresses. They wanted her to promote all those teeny-bopper dresses."

"I wanted to keep changing, and when these people were doing trendy dresses and miniskirts—things I'd once worn—I had changed my way of dressing. More feminine clothes," Twiggy said.

Justin said, "And the dress manufacturers were unhappy because Twiggy slowed down on her modelling, and they didn't like it because her pictures weren't in all the magazines and they didn't get all that free promotion."

"And one of them got very rude and said to me, 'You're a has-been,' " Twiggy said. "I was a *thing*. Not a person. To sell their stupid dresses!"

"And so Twiggy virtually retired at nineteen," Justin said. "If she'd continued modelling, she'd have completely burned herself out. And I began to think about where she could go. A few years ago, we went with Erté, one of the great stage-and-costume designers of the twenties and thirties—he's still at it and he's a wonderful old gentleman—to the theatre in London on his birthday. We went to see 'The Boy Friend.' And we were mad about it, and we went backstage after the show, and I said to Twiggy, 'That's your film!' That's exactly what I said—wasn't it, Twigs? I made up my mind right away, and I spent the next year and a half trying to sell Twiggy for the part of Polly Browne. It was very difficult, because there is a huge gulf between what we'd been doing and the film world. And also we wanted control. But I got Ken Russell interested, and he could see what Twiggy's possibilities were in the film, and I got the control I wanted—I've been listed as production associate—and Twiggy has been *fantastic*. She's always had that magic, and it comes across in the film. Just wait until you see her. And I like Ken Russell so much, because he hasn't *directed* Twiggy; he's directed her by letting her be herself. And that's where Twiggy always has been so marvellous. It annoys me to see how some people don't realize what Twiggy is really like, how they think she is a kind of joke. I remember when we were here four years ago, and we were guest-of-honors at the Waldorf-Astoria, and two big businessmen got me in the washroom and said, 'You're a genius! How did you *do* it?' I was so offended. As if I'd made something out of *nothing!* Some people still can't understand what Twiggy is about. We were on the Johnny Carson show, and it was a disaster. He was out for the jokes."

"I was the skinny kid you could have a laugh about, and he asked me about my measurements. I'm sick of being asked what I eat and what my measurements are," Twiggy said.

"People don't realize that a young lady of twenty-two who's been through what Twiggy has been through has got to be a very together person to survive," Justin said.

LA-DAH-DAH-DAH-DUM

I TELL the story of my life—*that* again. Lippholzer richly hums. A composer and arranger, he is being kind enough to score it for me—my life, that is.

He holds up a hand, as though shushing the brass. "Not exactly what one would call Brahmsian," he murmurs.

I tell him I never represented my life as such, that cinematically speaking, which, after all, is how we're looking at it, I see it as one that might befall a fat Montgomery Clift.

Lippholzer makes a face and unfolds his napkin. We are in a French restaurant, about to have lunch.

The reason I've brought in Lippholzer is that for some time I've felt there's been something missing in my life. Music is what suddenly came to me, swelling, as in a movie.

I had called Lippholzer up to tell him about it.

"Please?" he had said.

"I was watching this commercial," I had said. "Two young marrieds. In Miami Beach. By moonlight. They're swimming to a sixty-five-piece symphony orchestra."

"So?" Lippholzer had said.

"So when my wife and I are in Miami all I hear is sixty-five air-conditioners, every one of them on 'hi cool.' "

"I could get the London Philharmonia," Lippholzer is saying, bending his noble head to his Bloody Mary. "But for you it would be a waste. From what you're telling me, your life, it is strictly low-budget."

I tell him it never crossed my mind it couldn't be brought in for under a million.

"I am going to put together for you," he says, "a woodwind quintet—a little piccolo for your comical childhood—supplemented by three trombones—so solid, your college education—two percussion, harp, four celli—how sad! how jubilant!—a bass, a guitar. These will amply take care of any moment in your life. I underscore the oboe in your case. What a pathetic instrument! When you are alone, I do the whole thing on the oboe."

I tell him there's going to be an awful lot of oboe.

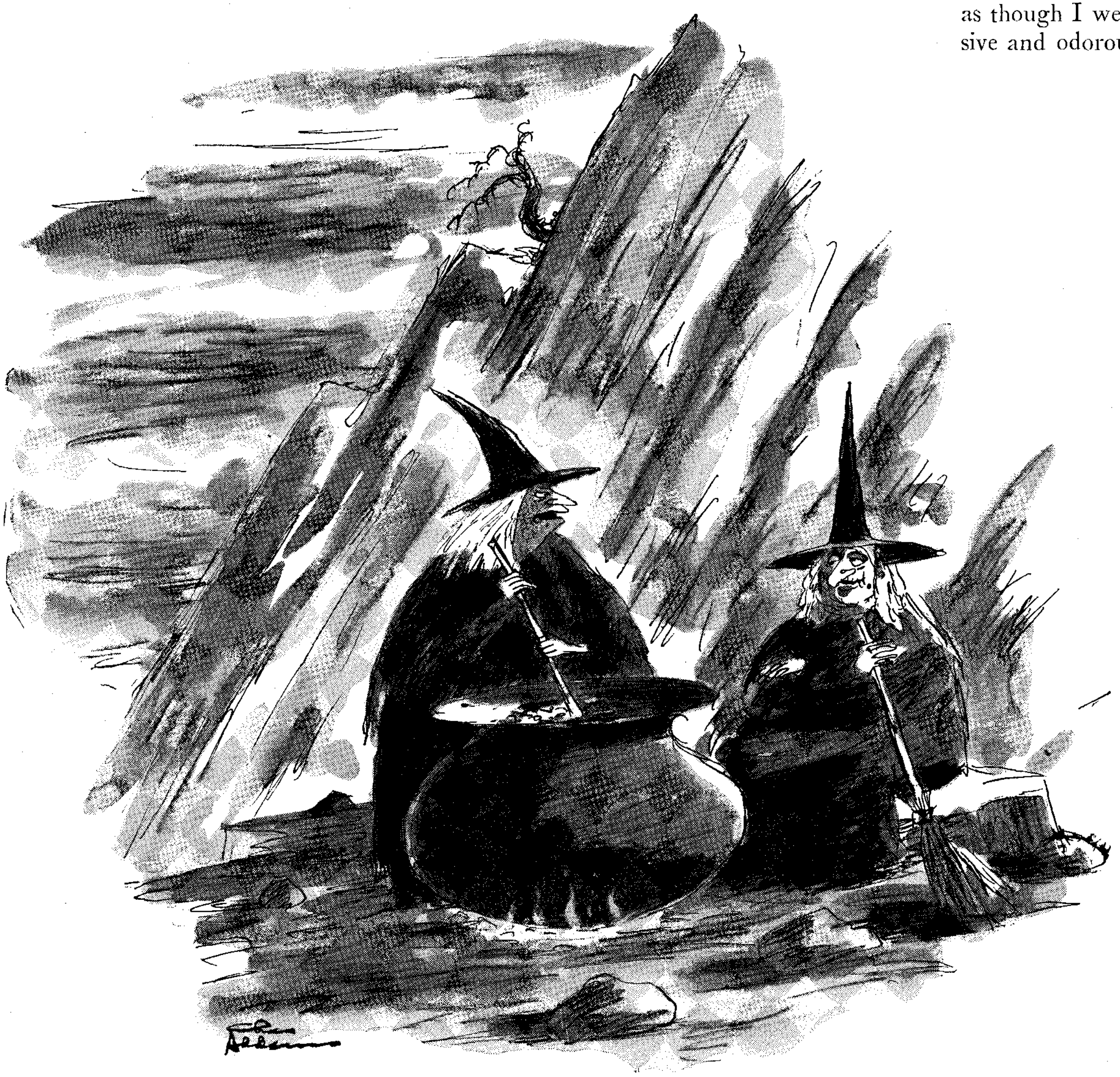
"Do me a favor," Lippholzer says. "You do the living and leave the music to me."

A FEW days later, following Lippholzer's advice, I am on my way to the twenty-fifth reunion of my high-school class. This is to take place in the dining hall where once we lunched on tuna-fish casserole and macaroni and cheese. I have ridden the subway to the end of the line and am toiling dismally up the hill. The ruin I will note in my classmates will tacitly be noted in me, so I will age twenty-five years in a few minutes.

It is late May, early evening, and the trees beneath which I pass are in full leaf. I lift my eyes and am made dizzy, as though I were crushed to their massive and odorous bosoms. Not my kind of simile, granted—but do I hear music in the air already?

I take the shortcut through the patch of woods. Here it is nearly dark, wilder, and my way more steep: shades of Dante. I get a whiff of the past, an emanation, I suppose, in which verdure, rot, damp, mold, earth, pollen, car exhaust, and dog do are commingled, and for an instant I am able to visualize a boy (a character, however, so nearly imaginary that the fact that he bears my name and resembles me seems an astonishing coincidence) traipsing up the hill with a briefcase. What books does it hold? "Silas Marner"? "Ethan Frome," P-40s and Zeros, guns blazing, on the endpapers? What expectations is he carrying about in his head?

Through the years, any number of people have played the role that has become known as my life; I would but



". . . and if he comes home once more and says 'Hey, good-lookin', whatcha got cookin'?' I'm going to change him into a toad."

faintly recognize them, their lines, business. As I have often remarked, I seem to vanish behind me like footprints on a mud flat. Of course, I do not deny the possibility that my life has a hidden continuity. Oedipus comes to mind. But suppose he knew what he was up to all along. Or suppose he *once* knew but forgot. Or, even, that he was indifferent. These versions would be as tragic as the traditional one, perhaps more so.

A reunion I would more gladly go to would be of my earlier selves. I pause on a footbridge in the woods to consider this sombre assembly. (Earlier in the spring, the melting snow would have formed a torrent below me, a touch that I associate with Boswell preparing himself for his great interview with Rousseau by pensively strolling along a similar stream, the romantic prospect giving his thoughts "a vigorous and solemn tone." Now, however, the streambed is dry and littered with trash.)

To keep my reunion manageable, I'd invite who I was at each quarter of each year of my life, so that if everybody showed we'd have a crowd of a hundred and sixty or so. Come as you were, of course. I can see us all, in some Crystal or Palm Room, the oldest with the youngest in their arms. This is apposite, for, being childless, I have been my own child. An accordionist is playing standards. Looking appealingly into our nearly forgotten faces, we wonder what has happened and what lies ahead.

"You call this living?"

Not Vergil, nor Laius, nor Mlle. Le Vasseur, coming to conduct me to the Savage Philosopher, but a postman, going downhill with an empty bag. No, not even he. It is Lippholzer, who joins me on the bridge. We gaze at the refuse together.

I ask him what he's doing dressed up like that.

"I'm doing research," he says.

I ask him what a scene like this inspires him to compose.

"*Bupkis*," he says. "For nothing scenes I write nothing. Let me clue you in, it would wind up on the cutting-room floor."

AT the reunion, I am cornered by Roger Russek. We drink sherry out of plastic cups. Except for his hair, which is entirely gray, he looks exactly as I remember him—more precisely, as he looked when we were fellow-scientists in our senior play, "R.U.R.," and we powdered one another's hair. I have the feeling that he never grew up, or that he is a well-coached impostor. His insistence on dredging up lurid episodes from our school days reinforces the latter impression.

"You remember Bruce Greenberg?" he says.

"No," I say.

"He was with us in fifth grade," he says.

"Were you in fifth grade with me?" I say.

"You remember when Bruce's science experiment exploded?"

"No."

"We took him to the nurse's office, you and I."

"I don't remember."

"You were leading him along and I was bringing up the rear, wiping the blood off the floor with paper towels."

"I don't remember."

"He kept saying, 'I'm blind. I'm blind.' "

"I remember," I say. But I thought it was myself, when *my* experiment exploded.

"Greetings, gates. Give me five."

Lippholzer is before us, hand outstretched. Like us, he is wearing a name tag. His reads, "Dr. Lippholzer, Music."

"How are you, Dr. Lippholzer?" Russek asks.

"Crazy. Another year, another Hallelujah Chorus. I could have used you cats. My basses were nowhere."

Russek goes for a refill. Lippholzer laughs like a rhinoceros, like Dr. Johnson. "Campus character," he explains. "By the way, I couldn't help but overhearing your conversation with that person. For that I would dash off a divertimento in F minor for the bassoon and piccolo, with a soupçon of French horn thrown in for poignancy."

RUSSEK gives me a lift home so I won't have to take the subway. As we drive down the Henry Hudson Parkway, he says, "There is no integrity anymore." I merely nod in agreement. It is night and I am smelling the incoming tide. Farther on, Russek says that he took his son up the Amazon last winter. "I always liked science," he adds. I picture the Russeks, father and son, at evening, aboard a river steamer, contemplating the great, dark flood astern, the darker banks. Russek takes a snapshot from his inside jacket pocket and shows it to me. It is of the scene I imagined.

We stop at a toll booth on the bridge spanning Spuyten Duyvil. As Russek fumbles for change, the toll collector winks at me. Lippholzer.

"Strings in a low register!" he shouts as we drive off. "Harp and Latin percussion lightly in the background!" He bursts into song: "La-dah-dah-dah-*dum*-la-dee-dee-dah-dah-dah-*dum*."

Russek pulls up at the door of the restaurant where I am meeting my wife. I prevail upon him to join us. He can only stay a minute, he says, as he is getting up early to ride in the Park. I set him there, amid fanciful mists, posting. This elegant pose cannot be sustained. If there is an illiberality among us Jews, I tell Russek, it is because we never learned to sit a horse; we missed out on the whole chivalry *schmear*. While everyone who was anyone in Western Europe was on horseback, absorbing grace, bearing, panache through the seat of his pants, the Jew was *schlepping* on foot. In the nineteenth century, when he finally arrived, it was by carriage.

"I never cared for history," Russek says.

We enter the restaurant. My wife is seated at the bar, bent over the *Times* crossword puzzle. I introduce her to Russek.

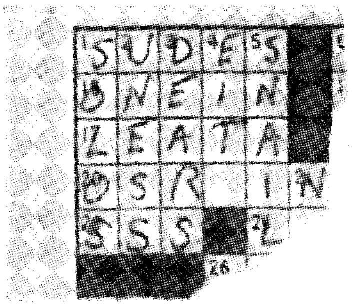
"Roger and I went to school together," I explain.

"Do you remember how we used to look down the front of Señora Ramírez y Ramírez's dress when she went over our *examenes*?" he says.

"Did we see anything?" I say.

"Which way is the little boys' room?" he says.

I look over my wife's shoulder at the upper left-hand corner of her puzzle:

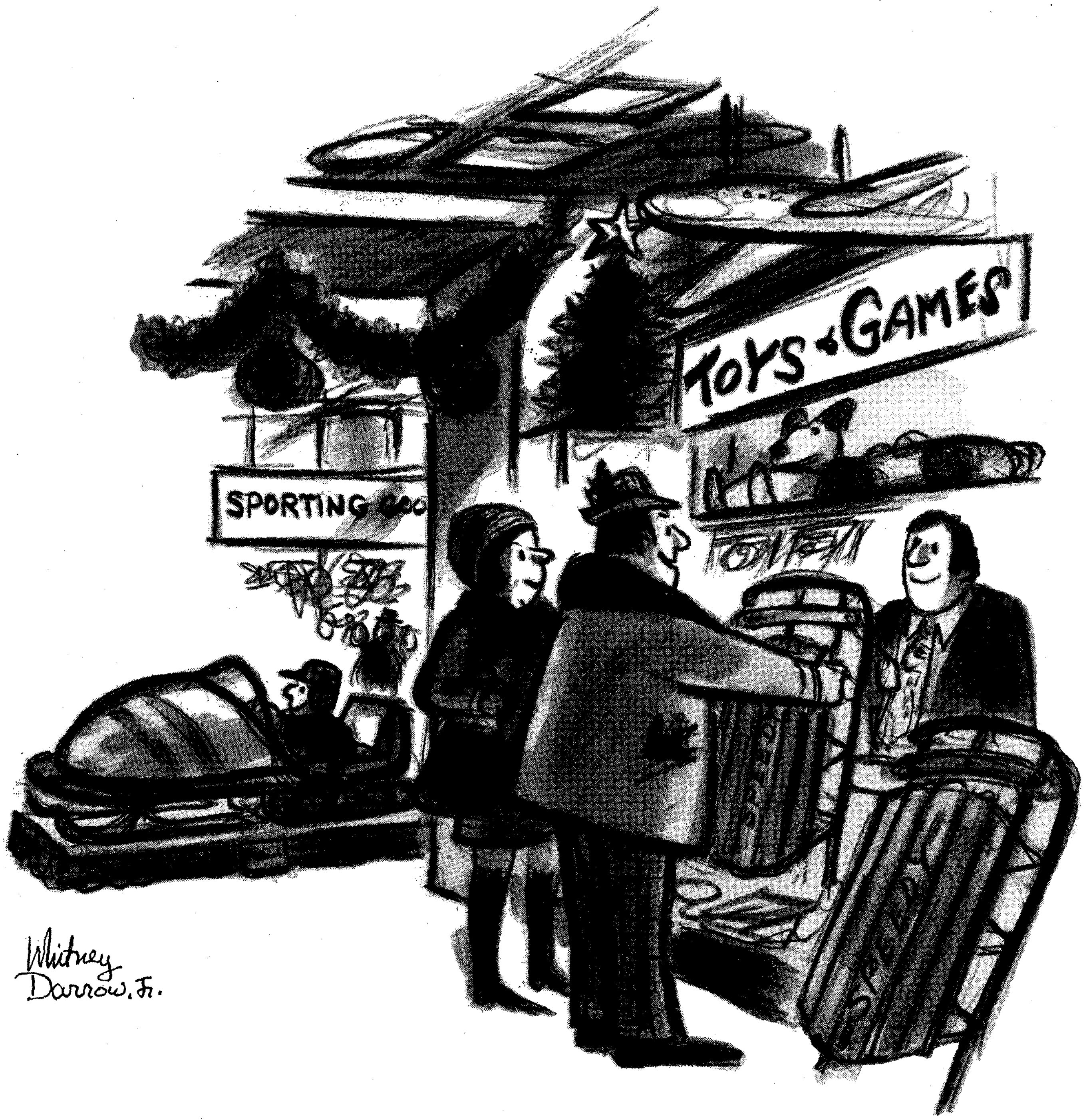


"What's this 'sudes' you've got for 'Secular people'?" I say. " 'Marketplace of old' is 'leata'? 'Uness' is a 'Scottish county'?"

"I didn't know them," she says, "so I made them up."

Russek is passing among the tables, handing out snapshots, like tracts, of what he and his son saw from the stern.

So often illusions cannot support the symbolic weight they are meant to carry; Russek's dimly perceived river falls into this category, as do my wife's definitions. The team of horses awaiting me in the woods is yet another example. Tonight I will dream



"Imagine how thrilled he'll be to find this under the tree Christmas morning!"

• •

that I was to drive them into Yankee Stadium for a Giants' game. These absurd notes always intrude. I will be led to believe that the team—are there two horses or four?—has been tethered in a clearing, but I won't know where and I will have mislaid the reins. I will have the feeling that more time has passed than I have accounted for, that I was supposed to have gone after them days ago, and that by now they have dropped in their traces. In the poor, brown light with which I am going to grace the scene, the fallen horses look like a pile of old rugs. None of this will be found in anything I tell Lippholzer or will ever be orchestrated. (Nor, as in Bach—I'm thinking of "Vor Deinen Thron tret' ich hiemit," composed on his deathbed—will the numerical equivalent of my name be resplendently revealed, the quavers correspond to the beat of the human pulse.)

One order of wonders might be: things seen; things unseen; things seen in dreams; things unseen in dreams.

Also, I must resist the temptations of pessimism.

A porter comes out of the kitchen with a bucket of ice. He hands it to the bartender, who empties it into a sink. The sound is of, simultaneously, a roll on a cymbal and a roll on a timpani shell. The porter turns and points to a corner table. Lippholzer again. I follow his finger with my eyes. A man is seated at the table, wearing a well-worn dinner jacket. On Lippholzer's cue he raises an oboe to his lips.

—GILBERT ROGIN

•

TALLAHASSEE—(AP)—Florida's new 18-year-old voters can expect to get some adult rights from the Legislature, but they face a major battle before they can buy a drink or run for the office.—*Miami Herald.*

But *anybody* can buy a drink and run for the office.

THE CARDPLAYERS

POLISH RUMMY, a Continental card game of chance and skill for two to six players, using two full packs (with jokers), is being played in the kitchen of our Melbourne suburban house by my father and his fifteen-year-old son. It's my deal. We've won one game apiece. Tension is high.

"Deal," says my father.

He is impatient. Understandably. I am a slow, awkward shuffler, cards falling all over the place whenever I attempt some speed. Fancy ripples, as practiced by my champion cardplaying aunts, are beyond me, so far. Even with sleek, new, plastic-coated cards, which these are not.

"I haven't finished," I tell him, attempting one more shuffle, which does little to rearrange the order of the cards. They must be years old, these cards. (The nine of spades has a corner missing, which you can spot a mile off, and for the two of diamonds we use a blank.) They feel like chunks of felt in my hands, absolutely refusing to slip properly.

"It's enough," my father says. "Come on."

"Here I come," I announce.

I straighten up the edges of the deck with a series of taps on the edge of the table, and then, with studied nonchalance, I slide the cards out to the center of the table for my father to cut.

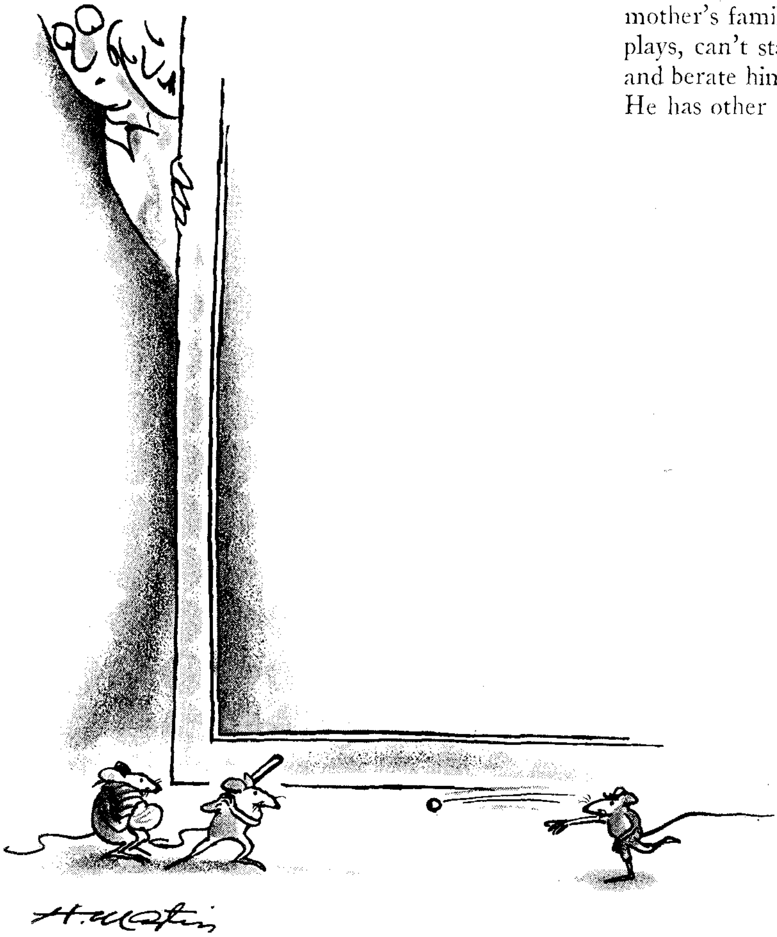
"Cut," I tell him.

But what's this? My father, a minute ago so eager, is suddenly boredom personified. He leans back in his chair. He yawns. He hums or moans a snatch of some inner melody. Then, with all the time in the world, he reaches out a lazy hand for the deck, cuts, hardly looking at the cards, gives me a small mocking smile, then leans back again, this time with his fingers laced.

Uh-oh. He's playing tricks. And we were getting along so nicely.

"Hey," I practically shout. "You're supposed to take the bottom card."

"Don't tell me the rules," he snaps. "Deal."



"Well, when the cat's away . . ."

What's happening? Doesn't he want to play? Well, if he doesn't, that's all right with me. I've got plenty of other things to do. The cardplaying was his idea, not mine. I'm supposed to be studying, if the truth be known.

"Wake up," he says, again with a flick of impatience.

I take a deep breath. I look at him. His maroon jumper spotted with stains. The most rumpled shirt collar in the history of the world. And trousers of unbelievable bagginess, fortunately this minute out of sight. You should hear the dramas when my mother tries to get him to change his clothes.

"Well?" he says.

I deal. Plop, plop, one card at a time. The great cardplayers, my aunts, always do two, skimming them out fast and low, a bare inch at most off the top of the table, winging them in with uncanny precision, right where they want them. Not me. I like to take it slow.

It's quiet. There's hardly a sound other than the soft fall of the cards as I deal them out. Eight, eight. Nine, nine. It's early, not yet eight o'clock, just we two here, my father and me. My mother has taken my five-year-old brother off to an uncle's to be fitted for a school suit. The suit fitting will take ten minutes—it's probably over by now—but afterward comes the real business of the visit: the cups of tea, the slices of cake, and the talk. Oh, the talk. When my mother gets together with her family, it never ends. Two hours at least. More likely three. While my brother sits there going out of his head. My father was supposed to go, too, but at the last minute changed his mind. They're not *his* family. He can't stand all that talk.

"O.K.," I tell him, the dealing done.

He seems to be in no hurry to pick up his cards. His usual style is to grab them up as they come, getting them in order in his hand quickly, eyes narrowed with concentration. He is at his most serious at such times, each incoming card a matter of life and death. The trouble is, his face is transparent; he can't conceal his disappointment or joy, frowns and smiles chasing each other madly across his wide face, and when he picks up a joker everyone knows. He beams like the sun. Lately, he has developed a new technique. When a joker comes, he gives a cry of glee, plants a happy kiss on the card, and then pastes it on his forehead, high up (have I mentioned he's practically bald?), a taunt and a crown. My mother's family, with whom he usually plays, can't stand this sort of clowning and berate him loudly. He doesn't care. He has other tricks, too. For my Aunt Milly, who is an enormous deliberator, he has a range of snores, from a small oink to a long deep buzz, to impress upon her the passing of time. For Sonya, the chain smoker, he has throat clearings and coughs. In tense moments, when everyone's waiting for his move, he likes to stand up and readjust his trousers. He is a singer, too, and a foot tapper. This is when the game's going well. When he's losing, he's surly.

"Sometimes I seriously wonder why we let you in the game," my Aunt Sonya says.

"Ah, where's your sense of humor?" my father says, scowling, looking angry.

Inside my father,

THE RENT IN THE SCREEN

"... A sudden rent in the living screen ..."—*Loren Eiseley.*

Sweet mildness of the late December day
Deceives into the world a couple of hundred
Cinnamon moths, whose cryptic arrow shapes
Cling sleeping to a southward-facing wall
All through the golden afternoon till dusk
And coming cold arouse them to their flight
Across the gulf of night and nothingness,
The falling snow, the fall, the fallen snow,
World whitened to dark ends. How brief a dream.

—Howard Nemerov

• •

who is a small, round man, there is a gunfighter, a cowboy, a tall, bronzed, weather-beaten man of action, and what he would dearly love to do when playing with my aunts is fix them with a steely eye, challenge them coolly with an "Are you calling me a liar?," and then, moving quickly but deliberately, knock the table across the room with one powerful flick of an arm, cards and money flying, let loose with a few shots, and then, unruffled, calm, with the smoke of battle still hanging in the air, give his gun belt an arrogant hoist and slouch over to the bar for a slug of rotgut whiskey. Neat.

Why does he play with them? Well, who else is there?

However, he's not playing with my aunts tonight. He's playing with me—a nice, friendly father-and-son game in our shiny, bright kitchen. For pleasure. No money involved.

I look up from my hand and see that he hasn't even started to pick up his cards.

"Are you playing," I ask him, "or not?"

"I can beat you with one hand tied behind my back," he says (this is the gunfighter talking), and again there's the mocking smile. But at least there's some action, too. He straightens up in his chair and begins to scoop up his cards.

His eyes narrow. The cards flick into place. He gives a grunt of satisfaction, then a sour moan, another grunt, a smile, a frown. He has all his cards now. He regards them narrowly. I wait. It's his go. Suddenly he throws them all down and falls back in his chair.

"Misdeal," he says.

"What?"

Another one of his tricks!

"I had fourteen cards," he says.

"You didn't even count them!"

He smiles.

"I didn't like the look of them," he says. "Deal again."

"Oh, for God's sake!"

I throw my cards down, too. We glare at each other. What's going on? This was supposed to be a nice, friendly game.

"Deal again," my father says.

There is a challenging look in his eyes. We sit, neither of us moving. What do I do now? Stand up and storm out? One point I've never been able to work out about my father: Does he like me?

He's always yelling at me. I'm dumb. I don't study enough. Then, when I win a prize at school or get terrific marks for something, he changes his tactics completely. He switches to the physical side. "Why don't you ever mow the lawn?" he yells. And then, just to show me, he runs out and does it himself, charging up and down with the hand mower, in no time at all bright red in the face. Actually, he loves it. He loves to sweat. He rips off his shirt, exposing his muscular arms and chest, wheeling around in his singlet and his baggy pants, cut grass flying up like a fountain, with my mother looking horrified and calling out, "Sam! For God's sake, everyone can see you! Put on your shirt!" His happiest days, he has told me a million times, were when he worked in a quarry in Palestine, hewing out massive blocks of stone in the sun. "Ah, but what would you know about that?" he says to me.

Does he like me? Look, we're playing cards. Or are we?

My father has a finger in his ear. He's wiggling it up and down. He takes it out. The cards lie all over the table.

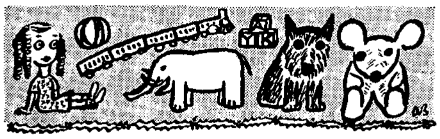
"Well?" he says.

"Are you going to play properly?" I ask.

"I'm playing, I'm playing," he says. "Come on."

"O.K. But no more tricks."

Once again I scoop up the cards. They're in an incredible mess from having been thrown down all over the place. He watches me as I sort them out. I try to do it quickly, to get some life back into the game. He doesn't say a word. I go into my routine of clumsy shuffling. Still not a word. I slide the deck out to the middle of the table. He cuts, slipping out the bottom card, not looking at it. I start to deal. He watches the cards as they come his way, but he doesn't pick them up.



"Come on," I say to him, "I've got a fantastic hand."

"Is that so?" he says, and reaches for his cards. He starts to move quickly, giving little grunts.

"Here," he says, throwing down the eight of hearts.

We start to play.

The object of the game is to get rid of all your cards, making sets and runs—if possible, doing it all in one shot. I need about five cards, unless I rearrange them all in some other way, which I haven't yet properly worked out. Ah. I pick up a three of clubs. Things are looking good.

My father studies his cards. He has to throw one out. He's taking his time. The pause lengthens. Has he forgotten it's his shot?

"Your go," I remind him.

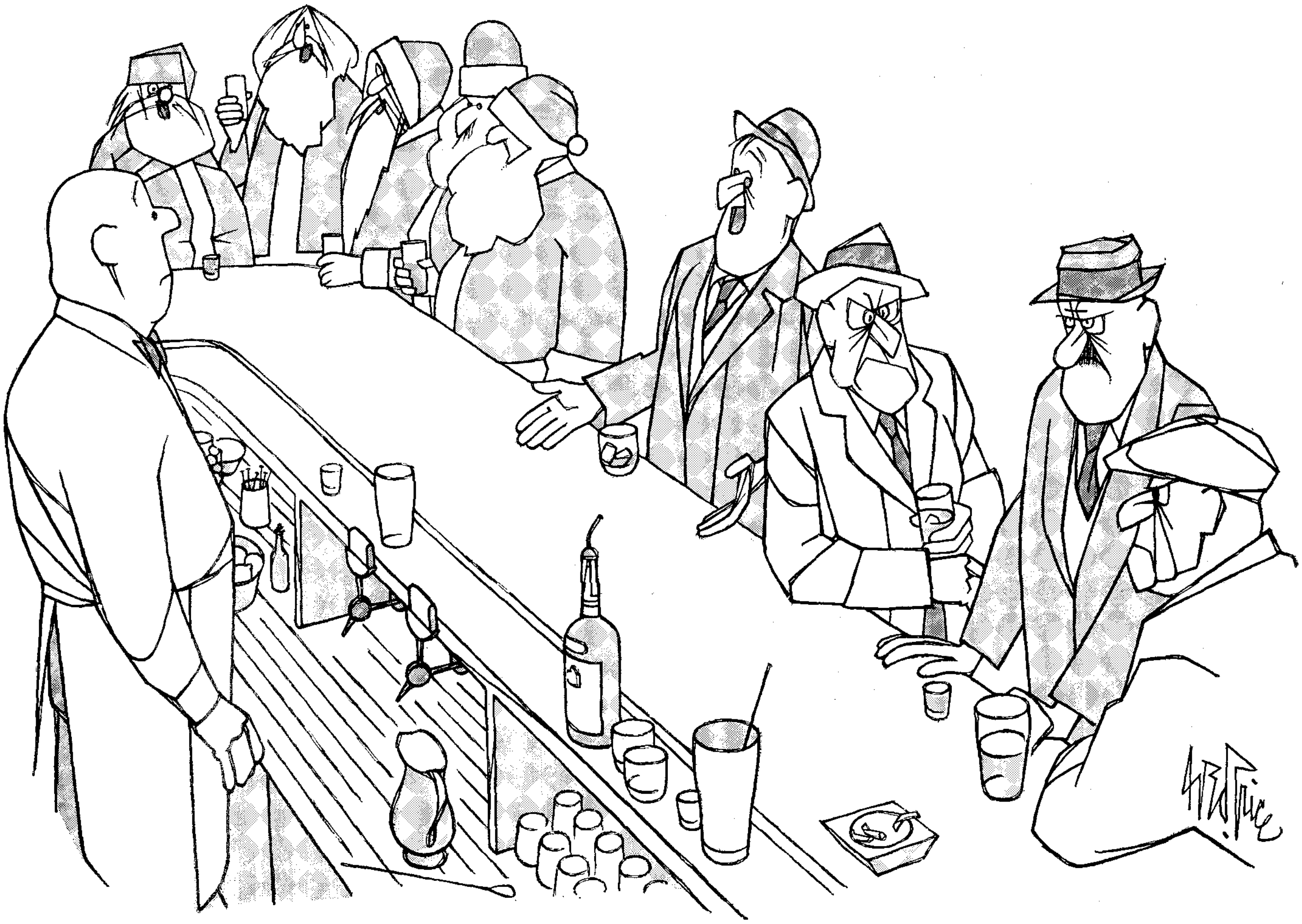
Still he doesn't move. Nor does he seem to be thinking all that much. With my father's transparent face, you always know what's going on.

"You're to throw out," I remind him again.

He looks at me, just for a second, then down at his cards again. He breathes out, noisily, through his nostrils, almost a sigh, his mouth a glum line. He moans, deep in his throat. He blinks. Then he throws his cards down, all of them—just lets them fall—pushes his chair back from the table, and walks out of the room.

WHERE'S my father going? For a second I think it's the bathroom, but no, he goes right past. He's in the hall. I hear the click of a light switch. Then another. He's going into the living room.

But he doesn't sit down. I don't hear any grunts, or the creak of his favorite chair. Nothing. Not a sound. Then I hear the click of the light switch again—he's turned it off—and then a door opening and another light going on. The front bedroom. But he doesn't go in. He must be standing in the door-



"Between the 'Ho, ho, ho's and the 'Bah, humbug's I've about had it."

* * *

way, doing I don't know what. Another click. He's turned the light off. Now he's just standing there, in the dark, while I sit in this bright kitchen, still foolishly holding my cards.

I look up. The cupboards are works of art. My mother had them done last summer, spending a fortune on a Polish painter who, for some obscure reason, only worked at night. "A real craftsman," my mother said proudly. "Who cares what time he works?" The painter was a tall, thin man who wore a black beret, working till two or three each morning, taking innumerable breaks for coffee and cigarettes, stepping back every five minutes to appraise his work. I've never seen anyone so fussy. It was as if he were painting a mural, and not a cupboard door. But look, the cupboards shine like mirrors. There's not a brush mark to be seen. It took him four weeks for a job that he could have done in one. He didn't mind. "What else is there to do?" he once said to me. "When I go home, I sleep. I sleep all day." And then, lighting another cigarette and staring away into space, "There's no life here. Nothing. Nothing at all."

I sit holding my cards, listening to my father moving around the house. I can hear him going from room to room, turning on lights, switching them off, with long, empty pauses in between. He's in the hall again. I can hear him coming this way.

I look up, and there he is in the doorway, both hands deep in his trouser pockets. He looks, all at once, very small. And suddenly very tired. Is something wrong? Is he sick?

Impossible! My father is as strong as an ox. Except for his kidney stones, but he's always had those. "From those oranges in Palestine," my mother says. "Rubbish!" says my father. "What harm is there in an orange?" And then he gets carried away with memories of those old days and starts to boast. "A dozen at a time!" he shouts. "Real oranges! Not like you get here." I think he gets incredible pains, but he never says a word. That's not his style. "Don't worry," he said when he came back from a checkup last week. "They're not going to bury me in this country." He laughed. He told one of his famous coarse jokes. But I think he has to go back again.

He's not looking at me. He doesn't seem to be looking at anything. It's so quiet I can hear him breathing—those deep, sighlike breaths through his nostrils, his mouth still a tight line.

I don't know what to say. I look away.

He comes into the room. He stands by the table, looking down at the cards. He sniffs. He breathes out. One hand comes out of a pocket and falls onto the back of his chair. A long pause. Then, at last, he pulls the chair out and sits down.

He rubs his face, pushing his cheeks in hard. He blinks. And then something seems to flick across his transparent face—a decision, a thought. He gives a mock smile. He scowls.

"Well, why are you sitting there like a stone?" he says, with his old impatience. "Deal." —MORRIS LURIE

* * *

GROUNDBREAKING—Construction begins at New Canaan's luxury townhouse condominium project, Canaan Close, with the excavating of Miss Jane Matthews, Fairfield County columnist.—*Photograph caption in the Westport (Conn.) News.*

When did they dig *her* up?

PROFILES

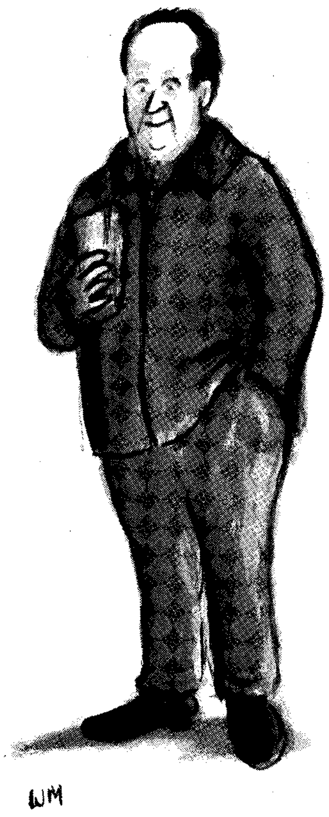
ARE YOU IN SHOW BUSINESS?

PEOPLE strolling through the theatre district in the evening are often startled by the sound of a voice so loud that it might have been broadcast by a pair of giant loudspeakers. On West Forty-fifth Street, in front of the Morosco, the voice may say, "WHO'S THIS GUY WITH THE BEARD?" or, "LOOK! HERE COMES WILLIAM DANIELS!" On West Forty-fourth, in front of Sardi's, the voice may announce, to no one in particular, "NOBODY HERE! NUTTIN' BUT REGULARS!" Sometimes the voice is directed at a theatregoer: "ARE YOU AN ACTOR?"

When people first hear this voice, they think, Where is that big loud voice *coming* from? When they look around, they find that its source is a large, heavyset, partly bald man dressed in baggy pants, a plaid cotton-flannel shirt buttoned at the neck, and a hip-length coat with a furry collar. Their next question is, Who *is* this big loud character? When the big guy approaches them and asks if they're show people, they walk quickly by, wondering, What does this big loud guy *want*? Finally, when they see the big fellow talking familiarly with a famous actor or a beautiful actress, they think, How does this big loud guy know people like *that*?

Here are the answers. The voice belongs to Dave Lefkowitz, who lives in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. Dave is a fan, and what he wants is autographs. He has been gathering them for sixteen years, with such persistence that almost everyone in show business, from the stars to the bit players, knows who he is. In his category of autograph collecting—that of the collector who operates on the street and is interested mainly in show-business autographs, as opposed to the genteel collector who buys at auctions and is more interested in historical figures than in movie stars—Dave is one of the great collectors of our time. Perhaps the only other show-business collector in his league is Celia Gordon, a Brooklyn woman, who has been at it even longer than he has.

From May through September, Dave is a Good Humor man. He has a tricycle ice-cream route along Bay Parkway and Stillwell Avenue, in Brooklyn. During the ice-cream season, Dave doesn't have much time for collecting. But through the rest of the year he is in Manhattan five or six days of the week, from noon until eleven or twelve at night, trudging through the West Forties and Fifties in his relentless search for celebrities and future celebrities.



Dave Lefkowitz

Some time ago, I called Dave and asked him to let me spend a day with him, so that I could observe his collecting technique. He was dubious about the idea until he worked out an explanation that made sense to him: "YOU WANTA MEET THE STARS, TOO, HUH? O.K. STICK WITH ME!" We met in front of Sardi's at noon on an overcast day. As Dave walked toward me, he stood out from the throngs of wary-looking New Yorkers. He was grinning broadly. His gait was ducklike, and he held his elbows high and away from his body, as though he had locked arms with two invisible companions at the head of a parade. He was dressed in his usual costume, and he carried a brown paper bag that was worn down to the fuzzy-soft texture of Kleenex.

I said, "Hey, Dave, how are you?"

"I GOT JACK BENNY THIS MORNING!" Dave replied.

"Really? Great. You hadn't got him before?"

"HE WAS AT THE SHERRY-NETHERLAND!" Dave went on. "HIS WIFE WASN'T WITH HIM!"

"Oh, I see. Well, what's on the schedule for the rest of the day?"

"YOU KNOW WHO ELSE IS IN TOWN? JOSÉ GRECO! HE'S A BIG DANCER!"

It took me a while to get the knack of talking with Dave. He is so absorbed in his collecting and so full of show-biz bulletins—who just came in from the Coast, who's staying at what hotel, who just left the cast of a Broadway play, who's on the TV talk shows, and the like—that ordinary chitchat doesn't register with him. I finally found that I could get a direct question through if I repeated it often enough. The first few times you ask a question, Dave will counter it with news flashes. Then he will fall back on a ploy favored by many New York telephone operators—the "What?" block. That is, at the instant you utter the first syllable of your sentence, Dave blocks you out with a loud "WHAT?" I learned to wait out Dave's bulletins and then to hit him between "What?"s with a quick, out-of-rhythm sentence fragment.

We stood in front of Sardi's for fifteen minutes without getting any autograph action. Dave paced around, humming softly. Suddenly, he stopped and squinted into the wind. "HERE COMES SHELDON HARNICK, THE SONGWRITER!" he bellowed. Several passersby slowed down to see what all the racket was about; then, satisfied that there wasn't going to be a row or something else worth watching, they moved on. "HELLO, MR. HARNICK!" Dave screamed when Harnick had moved to within a half block of us. Harnick smiled and waved. He had signed for Dave long ago. Dave turned and saw a pretty redhead approaching. "UH-OH! WHAT'S THIS?" He fell into step beside the girl and gave her a blast right in the ear: "ARE YOU IN SHOW BUSINESS?" The girl kept her eyes straight ahead and walked away from Dave as though he were mute and invisible. Dave's next target was a long-haired young man dressed in knit bell-bottom slacks, a brightly patterned shirt, and a leather jacket. He could have been an actor, but he also could have been anything from a hairdresser to a shipping clerk. Dave set his vocal volume somewhere between diesel horn and pneumatic drill, and let go with "ARE YOU AN ACTOR?" Like the girl, the young man heard and saw nothing.

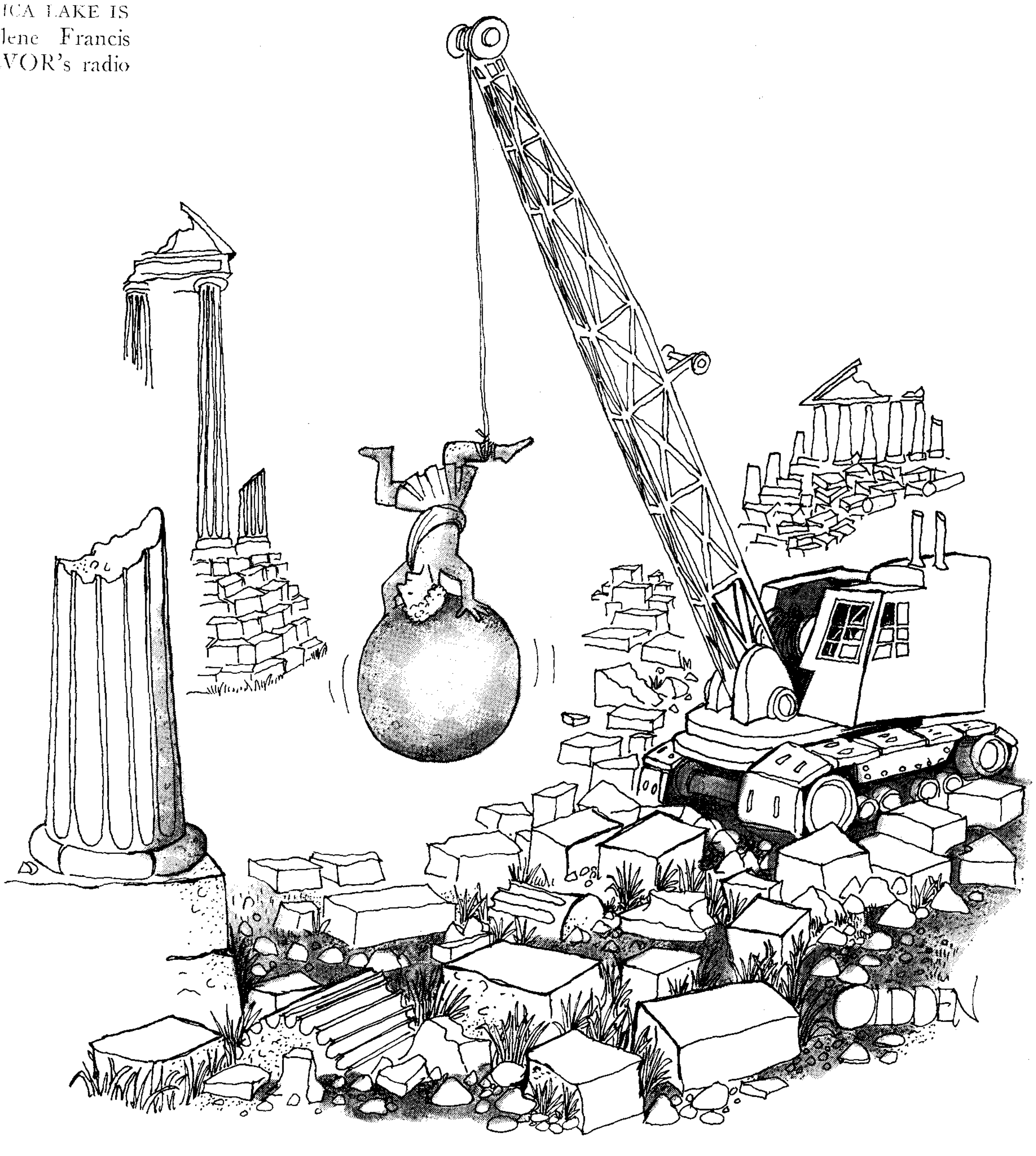
I asked Dave why he had gone after those two. He said he had bagged so many of the established show people that he had to approach complete strangers in order to keep busy. Now and then, they turned out to be newcomers in the business, and maybe some of them would become famous someday, he said. He admitted that this method had been more successful in the past than it was now. The change in styles of dress had thrown him off a little, he said. "YEARS AGO, AN ACTOR WAS AN ACTOR, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? IF HE WAS AN ACTOR, HE LOOKED LIKE AN ACTOR! TODAY, YOU DON'T KNOW IF AN ACTOR IS AN ACTOR OR NOT!"

After a few more unproductive minutes, Dave said, "IT'S DEAD AROUND HERE! LET'S GO TO THE ARLENE FRANCIS SHOW! VERONICA LAKE IS ON TODAY!" The Arlene Francis show is broadcast from WOR's radio studios, at 1440 Broadway. As we walked down there, at a brisk clip, I asked Dave if there were any other collectors who came around regularly. He said yes, there was Joe, Richie, Red-Headed Frank, Barbara, Gino, Sam, Ken, Emily, Harold from New Jersey, and, of course, Celia Gordon. Except in the cases of Miss Gordon and several thousand actors, Dave doesn't bother with last names, lest he burst his brain with too much information.

In the lobby at 1440, Dave revealed that his paper bag contained his autograph book and his file cards. His autograph book was a small blue one that said "Autographs" on the front. A little white sticker on a corner of the cover was inscribed "Lamston's .59." Dave explained that he asks each celebrity to sign twice—first in the book, for him, and then on a file card, which he attempts to sell to another collector. Autograph prices vary greatly. Dave used to sell an entire book for ten dollars or so, but he has got as much as twenty-five dollars for a single autograph—that of John F. Kennedy. In the current market, twenty or thirty file cards bearing good but not spectacular names might bring fifteen dollars, he said.

"I HAVEN'T SEEN VERONICA LAKE IN A LONG TIME!" Dave told me. Each of his words ricocheted off the walls and floor and ceiling of the lobby, like the sound of a blaring radio in a tile bathroom. "I KNOW SHE'S GONNA BE IN TOWN A COUPLA WEEKS! SHE JUST CAME INTO TOWN TWO, THREE DAYS AGO!" He went into his tuneless hum, then stopped abruptly when an unsettling thought came to him. "IF ARLENE FRANCIS DOES HER SHOW AT ONE-FIFTEEN, VERONICA LAKE WOULDN'T BE HERE ALREADY, WOULD SHE?" Dave didn't have to worry for long. After we had paced around in the lobby for about five minutes, he spotted Miss Lake entering the building. "THERE SHE IS!" he shrieked. People stopped and stared. "THERE'S VERONICA LAKE!" Miss Lake was accompanied by a tall, dapper-looking man, perhaps an agent or a P.R. man. Dave rushed toward her, thrust his book at her, and asked her to sign. Miss Lake said nothing, but she stopped, smiled, and accepted a pen from the man with her. "I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A LONG TIME, MISS LAKE!" Dave said. "GLAD YOU'RE BACK IN TOWN!" He watched her write in his book. All she wrote was "Veronica." Dave said, "UH, WOULD YOU SIGN THE 'LAKE,' PLEASE? L-A-K-E?" Miss Lake laughed, and completed her signature.

Back on the street, Dave suggested that we look at a copy of *Show Business*, the trade weekly, to see if any



stars had arrived from Hollywood. I thought we would buy a copy at the nearest newsstand, but Dave said no, that he read this publication free at a show-business bookstore called the Drama Book Shop, on the fifth floor at 150 West Fifty-second Street. In addition to tips in *Show Business*, we might find an actor among the customers there, he said. We found neither tips nor actors at the store, though, and I thought that Dave's reception by the sales people, who obviously knew him, was a little frosty. When we stepped off the elevator on the ground floor, six or seven people had just entered the building and were heading toward us. We pushed through them, and then Dave stopped and assumed the expression of a comic-strip man over whose head a light bulb has just flashed on. "HEY, THERE'S WHAT'S-HIS-NAME!" he hollered. He turned and hurried back toward the elevator. "WOULD YOU SIGN AN AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE?" he called to one of the passengers, but the elevator door had closed in his face before he finished his sentence.

"Who was it?" I asked.

"YOU KNOW WHO'S IN TOWN? LANA TURNER!"

"Who were you after just now?"

"I HAVEN'T SEEN LANA TURNER IN FIVE YEARS!"

"Where is she?"

"LET'S GO OVER TO '21' AND SEE IF ANYONE'S THERE!"

"All ri—"

"WHAT?"

WE didn't have any luck at "21," either. The report from the doorman was negative, and Dave said, "BOY, IT'S REALLY DULL IN TOWN TODAY! THERE OUGHTA BE SOMEBODY AROUND!" After reconsidering, the doorman said he thought Burt Lancaster might be inside. "I'VE SEEN TOO MUCH OF BURT LANCASTER!" Dave shouted. "LEAVE ME ALONE ABOUT THE GUY!" Just as we were ready to leave, Red-Headed Frank, a slim, sleepy-looking man, walked up and reported sightings of Leonard Lyons and Cyril Ritchard at Sardi's. Dave was unimpressed. The two collectors exchanged gossip about the casting of a couple of Off Broadway plays and debated the wisdom of covering the rehearsal for a television special. (Collectors say that they are going to "cover" a gathering of celebrities just as newspaper reporters speak of covering a fire or a speech.) Dave and I decided to go up to the Riker's at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street for a snack, and left Red-Headed Frank in front of "21," still pondering the TV rehearsal.

HOLDING

If only I could hold your face
If only I could wrap up the light in your eyes
and put it away
  safekeeping

  safekeeping

    against mistaken words
    against parting
    old age

    against all human loneliness

We say that love has no beginning and no end
We know such love
  flowing out of itself like a river
    that meets and parts and meets

      It's for that love
our eyes shine

    But oh for that time of parting
    for that time we are not ever
      sufficiently shored against

tell me how to hold that precious light

Take my hands and bless them
  as they bless what they long to keep

—ROBERT GRANT BURNS

• •

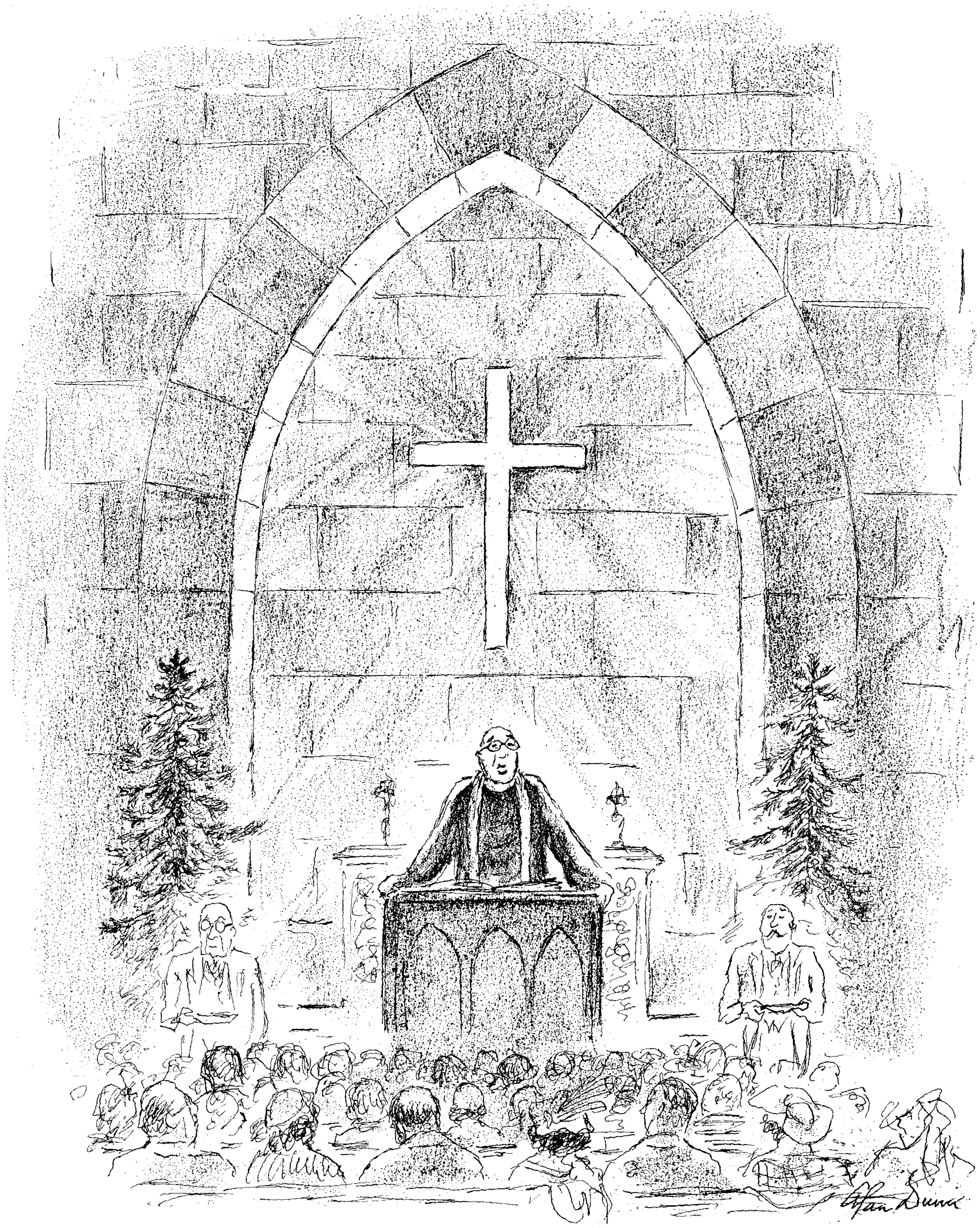
On our way to Riker's, Dave saw people he knew on almost every block. Two limousine drivers greeted him by name. A man he identified only as Louie—he didn't know the man's last name or his occupation—called out, "Hey, Dave! Who's in town?," and Dave replied cheerfully, "NO ONE!" As we passed the Ernest Klein grocery, on Sixth Avenue between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth, Dave looked in the window and exclaimed, "THERE'S YVONNE CONSTANT, THE ACTRESS!" He waved to her, and Miss Constant, a nice-looking blonde, who was standing in the checkout line, smiled and waved back. When she came outside, she told Dave she was glad to see him.

As soon as we had taken a seat at the counter in Riker's and ordered, Dave woke up the house by announcing, "VINCENT PRICE IS IN TOWN!" The other customers stared at us for a full ten seconds before going back to their coffee and newspapers. "VINCENT PRICE IS A GREAT ACTOR!" Dave went on. "PUT THAT DOWN. PUT DOWN, 'SO IS ANTHONY QUINN.' UH, PUT DOWN, 'LUCILLE BALL IS A VERY FUNNY WOMAN.' AND PUT DOWN, 'JACK BENNY IS A NICE MAN.' " The waitress brought Dave a strawberry soda, and he said, "I'LL GIVE YOU SOME MORE DOPE LATER!"

After we finished our sodas, I asked Dave a few biographical questions, and learned that he is thirty-eight years old, that he is a native of Brooklyn, that he has been with Good Humor for seventeen years, and that he lives with his father, Sam Lefkowitz, a retired cab-driver.

I asked how many autographs he had in his collection.

"NOBODY KNOWS!" he declared. "THOUSANDS! I USED TO HAVE OVER TWO HUNDRED BOOKS, BUT I SOLD A HUNDRED, I GUESS! THERE'S A GUY WHO COMES AROUND NOW WHO BUYS 'EM OFF ME! HIS NAME IS AL! HE WEARS GLASSES! I MEET HIM EVERY MONDAY NIGHT AT SARDI'S AROUND SIX! THEN I GOT A GUY NAMED GINO WHO COMES AROUND! AND I GOT A GUY WHO



"*May I remind you that Phase Two does not apply to the Offertory.*"

• •

LIVES IN MINNESOTA, AND ONE IN MASSACHUSETTS!" Dave lost interest in this line of thought and veered away. "I'LL TELL YOU WHO I GOT! I GOT JOHN WAYNE! I MET JOHN WAYNE ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO AT THE SHERRY-NETHERLAND!"

"What appeals to you about this? Is it the collecting itself, or is it the chance to meet the stars?"

"THAT'S RIGHT, I LIKE TO MEET THE STARS! THAT'S THE ONLY THING I LIKE TO DO!"

"Do they ever stop and talk?"

"WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDIN'? THEY STOP AND TALK, SURE THEY DO! LLOYD BRIDGES, JOHN RAITT, HARRY BELAFONTE, CAROL BURNETT, I KNOW 'EM ALL! I WAS OVER THERE WHEN THEY WERE FILMING 'N.Y.P.D.'! YOU KNOW THAT TV SERIES? I SAW JACK WARDEN, ROBERT HOOKS, AND WHAT'S-HIS-NAME OVER THERE, THAT YOUNG GUY, FRANK CONVERSE? HE WAS THERE! UH, PUT DOWN, 'GREGORY PECK IS A GREAT ACTOR.' I SAW GREGORY PECK TWO MONTHS AGO! HE'S VERY NICE, GREGORY PECK!"

I ordered another round of sodas and asked Dave to name his favorite actors and actresses.

"JOHN WAYNE, BURT LANCASTER, *WILLIAM HOLDEN, GLENN FORD,* LANA TURNER, AND BARBARA STANWYCK!" Dave shouted triumphantly, as though he were answering a tricky multiple-part question on a quiz show.

I asked Dave if he could pick one favorite actor and one favorite actress.

"ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE JAMES CAGNEY AND DORIS DAY!"

"Who are the biggest names in the world, as far as autographs go?" I asked.

Dave replied, without hesitation, "GRACE KELLY AND PRINCE RANIER!"

"Are they bigger than Sinatra?"

Dave obviously didn't enjoy being pinned down this way, but he was trying to humor me. "UH, I DON'T KNOW! FRANK SINATRA IS BIG! HE'S BIG IN HIS WAY! UH, IT'S HARD TO SAY! THERE'S TOO MANY NAMES!"

"Is Grace Kelly a bigger autograph than the President?"

"NO! *THE PRESIDENT COMES* FIRST! ALWAYS! I GOT RICHARD NIXON ANYHOW! HARRY S. TRUMAN I GOT! I GOT THE LATE JOHN F. KENNEDY AND THE LATE ROBERT F. KENNEDY!"

"What about rock groups?" I asked. "What about the Beatles?"

"NAH! I DON'T LIKE 'EM!"

"It isn't how famous they are, it's whether you like them or not?"

"THAT'S RIGHT! I DON'T LIKE 'EM!"

"What about other musicians?"

"I'D GO LISTEN TO HARRY JAMES PLAY THE TRUMPET! I GOT HARRY JAMES YEARS AGO! HE USED TO BE MARRIED TO BETTY GRABLE, HARRY JAMES DID!"

AFTER we left Riker's, we checked with the doormen at the Plaza and with the bellman at the Warwick, cased the Warwick bar, and then stopped by the Warwick pharmacy's magazine rack for a look at *Variety.* Dave lingered too long over the paper, moving the pharmacist to ask, in an unfriendly tone, "You finished yet?"

Absorbed in the show-biz news, Dave suffered a momentary loss of volume. "Wait a minute," he said.

"Don't tell *me* to wait," the pharmacist said angrily.

Dave didn't reply, and he thumbed slowly through the rest of the paper before leaving.

"WHAT'S THIS?" Dave said the moment we stepped outside. The sky had cleared, and he shielded his eyes against the glare. He had spotted a girl across the street, at the northwest entrance of the Hilton. He said that he didn't recognize her but that she looked like show business. He shot across Sixth Avenue with amazing speed and nailed her in the lobby, near the elevators. "IT'S JENNIFER SALT!" he announced to the bystanders.

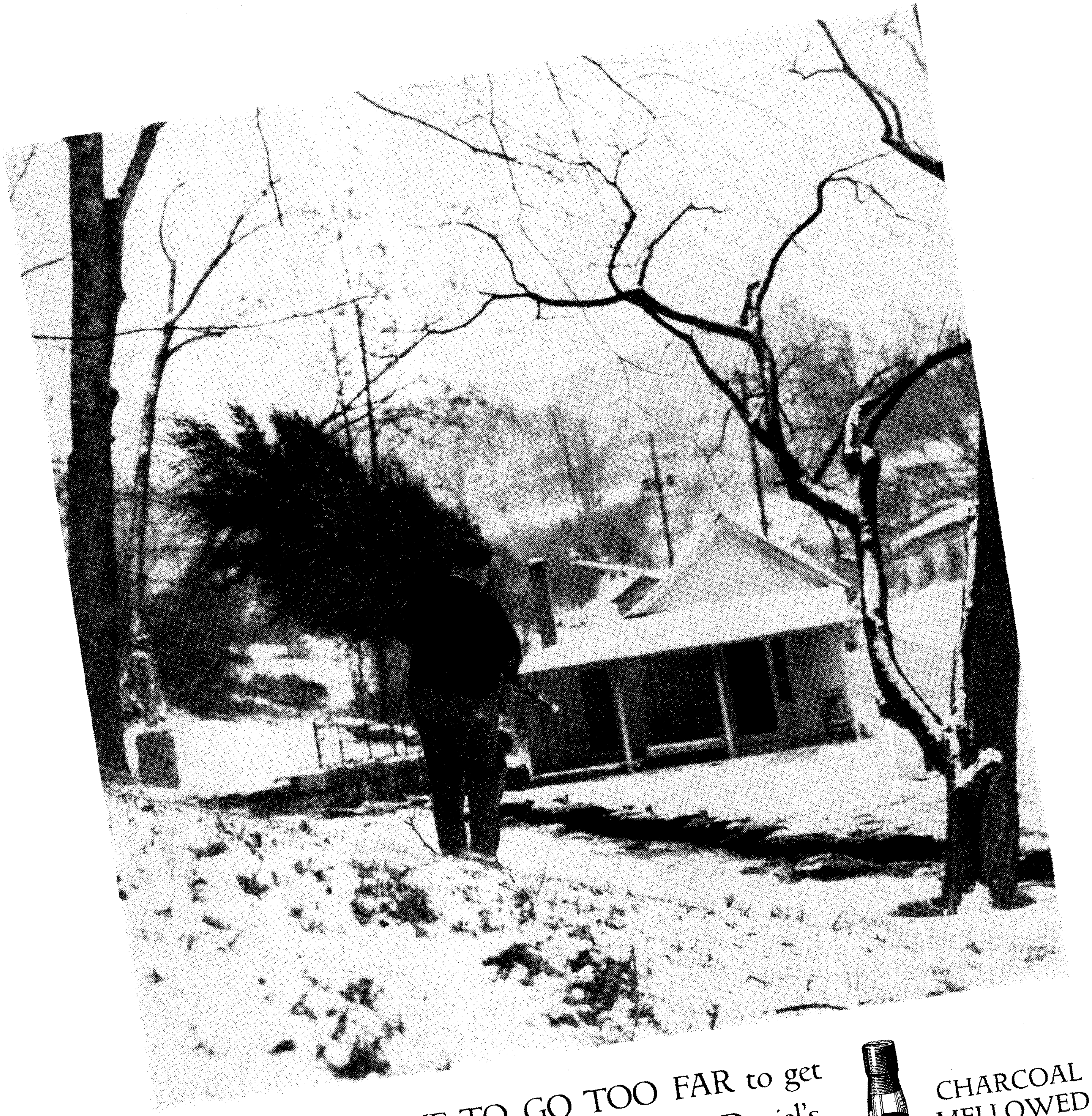
"Dave, how are you?" said Miss Salt. "It's so nice to see you!" Miss Salt is an actress who has appeared in several movies, including "Midnight Cowboy."

Dave grinned happily and put his arm over her shoulder. "IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU, TOO, DEAR!" he said. He didn't ask for her autograph, because he already had it.

The next stop on our rounds was the Stage Delicatessen, at Fifty-third and Seventh. It is unlikely that any of the deli's show-business customers, hunched over their coffee cups and pastrami sandwiches, had ever received a more cutting review than the one they heard now from Dave, who sized them up quickly and called out, "NUTTIN' HERE!"

I was getting footsore, and I asked Dave if he wasn't running out of places to check. He said no, he had a million of them. He wanted to try a rehearsal hall at 1755 Broadway, between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh, and another one

"A paper clip! Damn it, why is it every time I want a paper clip there is no paper clip?"



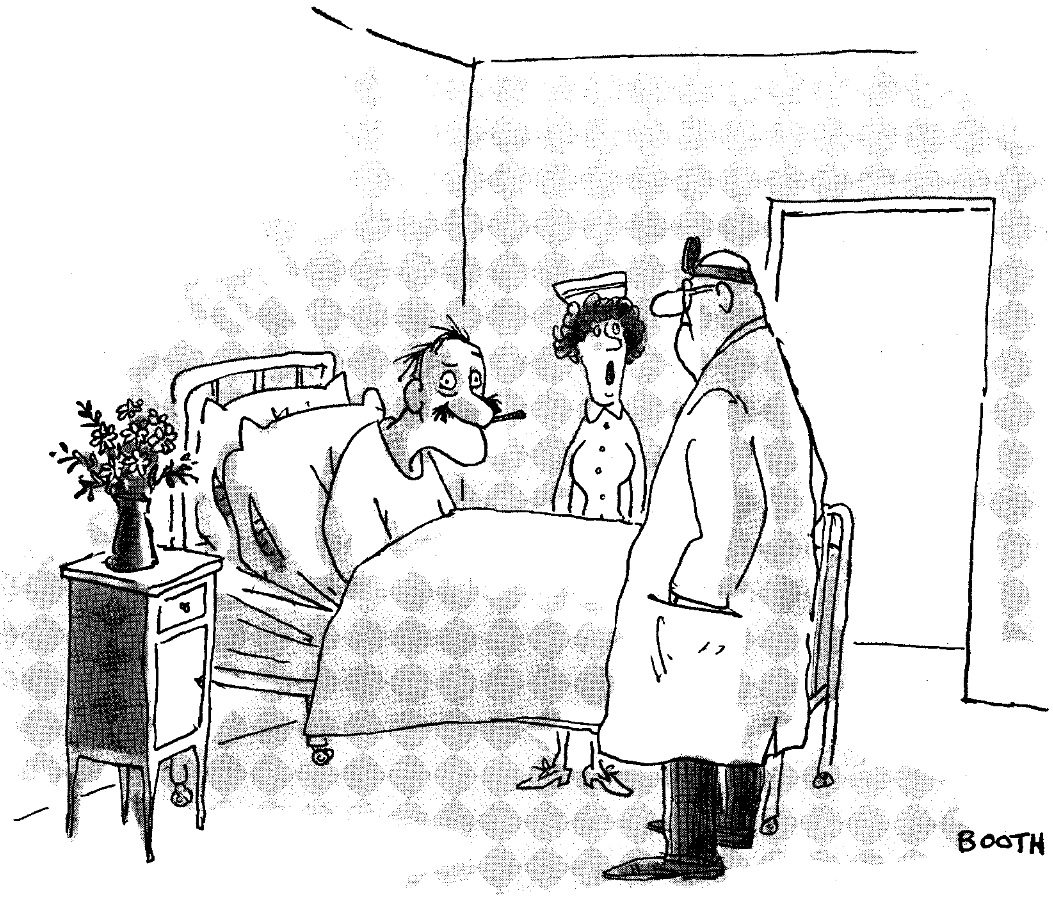
WE NEVER HAVE TO GO TOO FAR to get our Christmas tree. The woods around Jack Daniel's Hollow are filled with them. We hope that you won't have to go to too much trouble getting ready for the holidays either. So you can sit back and truly enjoy this happiest of all seasons.

CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

© 1971, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENN.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
QUALITY
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY
JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY



"He got one of those funny get-well cards and laughed himself worse."

• •

around the corner, at 950 Eighth Avenue. The receptionist at the first place told us that no one was rehearsing that day, but Dave wasn't fooled. "I HEARD A PIANO IN THERE!" he told me as we walked away. "SOMEONE WAS REHEARSING, ALL RIGHT! DON'T KID YOURSELF!"

We didn't do any better at the next place. As soon as we entered the studio, which was on the second floor, a young lady seated behind a desk pointed her finger at us and said, "Dave! Downstairs!"

"I WANTA GET AN AUTOGRAPH!" Dave protested, but we left empty-handed.

Dave was undiscouraged. He felt sure that if we kept at it we would get on a hot streak. But first he had some business to attend to. He had to go down to Mario Berini's voice studio, at Thirtieth and Seventh Avenue, to meet a Berini pupil who sometimes bought autographs. We were admitted to the studio by a young man, who was apparently Berini's assistant. Berini was across the room, seated at a grand piano, playing and explaining something to a pretty blonde, who was standing beside the piano. Without waiting for a break in the music, Dave strode toward the girl, hollering, "ARE YOU AN ACTRESS?"

Berini jumped up from the piano. "For God's sake!" he shouted. "Mind your own business!" He turned to the assistant. "Give him a chair and put him in the hall."

This outburst halted Dave in his progress toward the girl, but it didn't ruffle him. He ignored the maestro and the assistant and headed for an adjoining room, where he sat down to wait for his customer. He seemed right at home.

The customer never showed up. Dave waited thirty minutes, then went back uptown for a seventy-five-cent triple side order of spaghetti in the Horn & Hardart at Forty-seventh and Broadway. By six o'clock, he was back at his post in front of Sardi's, and by six-thirty he was covering an opening on West Forty-fifth Street.

Dave had high hopes for the opening. "THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD, BOY!" he bellowed above the noise of the milling theatregoers. "LAST NIGHT WAS A STIFF!"

He paced back and forth in front of the theatre, scrutinizing all the passing beards and bell-bottoms, peering into limousines, and announcing any arrivals that interested him. "HERE'S JACK KLUGMAN!" he yelled when Klugman walked past. Klugman stopped to greet Dave and shake his hand.

"THERE'S PEGGY POPE!" Dave called out a moment later.

"THERE'S ANTHONY ROBERTS!"

"HERE'S A GIRL WITH A BUM FOOT!"

Dave approached a lovely brunette, but before he could say anything she said, "You already have my autograph."

As curtain time drew nearer, Dave's high spirits began to wane. A couple of actors had passed by, but no one that he didn't already have.

"THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMEBODY!" Dave finally shouted. "I GOTTA SEE MORE THAN THIS! I NEVER GET TO SEE THE ONES I WANTA SEE! I WANTA SEE DORIS DAY! SHE'S A HONEY, BOY!"

His disappointment gave way to sarcasm ("YEAH, CARY GRANT'S GONNA BE HERE, SURE!") and then to disgust ("THIS OPENING STINKS!").

By now, Dave had captured the attention of a number of people on the sidewalk, including several other collectors. At each new arrival, this little audience looked to Dave for the word.

Just moments before curtain time, a beautiful Rolls-Royce pulled up to the curb. It looked as if this might be the big one at last. The bystanders parted to form a little aisle at the car door, and the door opened. An elegant couple, sleek and bronzed, looked out from the back seat. Dave leaned forward, glanced into the car, and then whirled around.

"IT'S NOBODY!" he cried.

—WILLIAM WHITWORTH

•

I wish to thank all the people who have aided me in the capture of my escaped beef animals. I offer a reward for information leading the the capture alive of 8 beef animals (more or less) believed to be staying in the Town of Huron at secluded motels within a few miles of Lasher Rd and new Rte. 104. KENNETH HALL, RD 3, Wolcott.—*Adv. in the Wolcott (N.Y.) Red Creek Pennysaver.*

One of those ugly rumors that gain currency.

Our ancest[illegible] a nation of shopkeepers[illegible] why shopping is such an old[illegible] pleasure here.

Part of the fun on any vacation is shopping.

But in Bermuda it's a special joy, where shopkeeping is steeped in a British tradition that reaches back to Gladstone's day.

Most of our shops have been run by the same island families for generations, so courtesy and service are inbred.

A smile welcomes you. Nobody hovers while you browse among the tempting wares. China. Perfume. Cashmere. Things to buy from all over the world.

And if you're just whiling away the time between swimming and golf, nobody minds. Whatever your pleasure among our many pastimes, you'll find it is our pleasure, too.

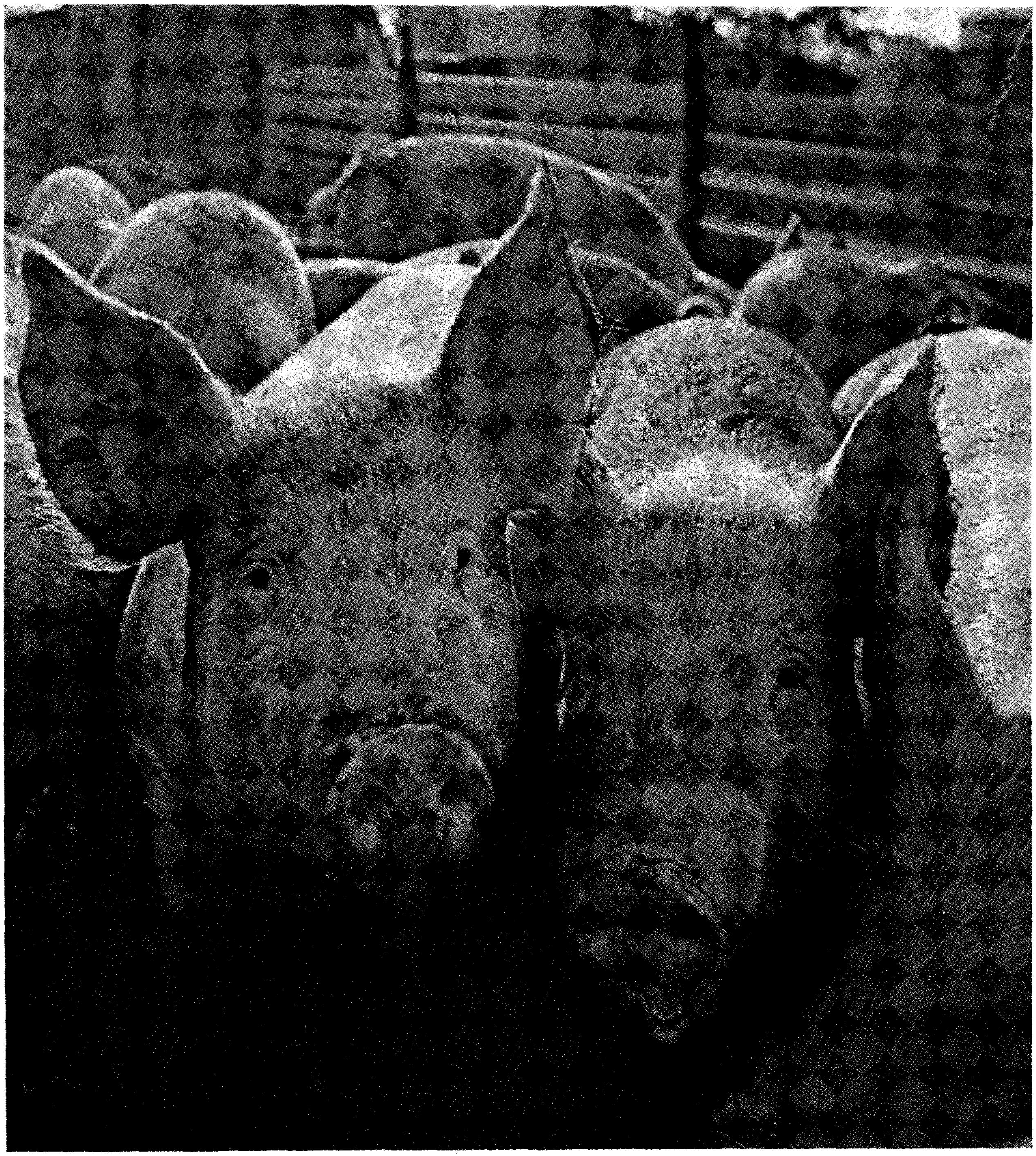
A long ago and far away feeling, 90 minutes near.

Bermuda

For a change, come to where things haven't changed.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR WRITE BERMUDA, 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020—6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60602.

It's time we took porky out of the pokey.



Alcan Aluminum salutes America's pigs for a job well-done. And we firmly believe that creatures as bountiful as our fine American swine should have greater public understanding. And shouldn't be forced to live in old-fashioned, dreary confinement.

So Alcan Aluminum has asked its affiliate, the Fabral Corporation, of Lancaster, Pa., to go all out for pigs. Fabral specializes in agricultural building materials and helps progressive farmers build the most modern piggeries. With the best in insulated aluminum siding and roofing. To help keep pigs snug in winter. And cool and refreshed in the summer.

Alcan believes that to understand pigs is to love them. Contrary to foul rumor, most pigs don't want to live dirty. Most pigs would live clean if people would let them. And even if they often like to wallow in cooling mud on hot summer days, if the facilities are provided, pigs also love to take showers just like people.

Alcan and Fabral are proud to be serving our nation's pigs. But we haven't forgotten other important members of our national nutrition team. Like beef cattle, dairy cows and, of course, our wonderful chickens. For all of whom we can help farmers erect modern, low-cost structures that go up quickly, require little maintenance and give excellent year-round shelter.

Alcan and Fabral are a growing force in the modernization of America's agricultural industry. But why not find out what else Alcan is up to—in the United States, in Canada, and in more than 100 other countries? Write for our booklet,"Introducing Alcan." Address: Alcan Aluminum Corporation, 100 Erieview Plaza, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.

ALCAN

Alcan. The aluminum company.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Fall and Rise of Vittorio De Sica

TWENTY years ago, André Bazin wrote that "the Neapolitan charm of De Sica becomes, thanks to the cinema, the most sweeping message of love that our times have heard since Chaplin." De Sica's characters are "lit from within by the tenderness he feels for them," Bazin wrote. "Rossellini's style is a way of seeing, while De Sica's is primarily a way of feeling." Vittorio De Sica is one of those directors "whose entire talent derives from the love they have for their subject, from their ultimate understanding of it." But in the years since Bazin wrote those words De Sica's films have diminished in interest, and the routine jobs have obscured the work of his great neo-realist period. After a career in the late twenties and the thirties as a movie matinée idol—the handsome singing star of dozens of romantic musicals—De Sica had become a director, at first of highly successful light comedies and then, with the collaboration of the writer Cesare Zavattini, of a series of movies that were aesthetically revolutionary. The style that they initiated in 1942 with "The Children Are Watching Us" reached international critical recognition, after the war, with "Shoeshine," in 1947, and then, in 1948, achieved its only financial success with the classic "The Bicycle Thief." They followed that with the comic fantasy "Miracle in Milan," in 1951, and, finally, later that year, the luminous, slightly flawed masterwork "Umberto D." Commercially, "Umberto D." was an abject failure; it didn't even get an opening in the United States until 1955. And the film was attacked by Italian government officials—which was financially crippling, because De Sica and Zavattini needed government subsidies in order to finance their projects. They gave up; they went on working together, but in the commercial cinema. Later, they made one last attempt—"The Roof," in 1957—but the impulse that had motivated their greatest work seemed spent, and "The Roof" was tired. It had less life than their commercial jobs, which, though star vehicles and conventional crowd-pleasers, were often crowd-pleasers in the best sense—high-spirited satirical entertainments, with that nonprofessional actress Sophia Loren, who in De Sica's hands blossomed into the most luscious comedienne the screen has ever known. In full bloom, she is a glory, yet without De Sica she is not quite so funny and her humor and beauty lack roots.

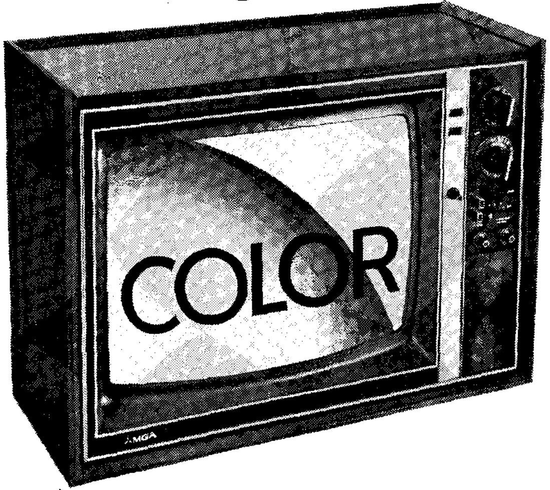
There were few so holy that they could cry "Sellout!" to Vittorio De Sica and Cesare Zavattini, who openly abandoned their hopes. Maybe they *could have fought their way* through if they had been younger, but De Sica was born in 1901 and Zavattini in 1902. Movies have been a young man's medium (largely, one assumes, because of the business pressures that drain an artist's energy), and De Sica had made his greatest films at an age when most good directors have their best work behind them. It may have been the mellowed emotions of this late beginner that gave that series of neo-realist films their special purity. Though those films (which used actual locations and, as actors, people who actually were what they were supposed to be) were made on aesthetic principles that appear to have been formulated by Zavattini, it was De Sica's way of feeling that provided the soul for Zavattini's theory of a direct seizure of "reality." (The films that Zavattini wrote on the same principles for other directors turned out to be rather unpleasant.) But De Sica's famous "limpidity"—the technique that one was not aware of, because all one saw was the subject made radiant—was lost when he moved into the commercial cinema. It was by means of his limpid style that he and Zavattini had extended our sense of the beauty in common experience and of the elegance of simple gestures. It was a selfless director's art, an art so transparent that we think of those De Sica films purely in terms of emotion. When we recall moments from "Shoeshine," or Umberto D.'s voice calling "Flick," or Emma Gramatica hopping over the spilled milk in "Miracle in Milan," we are likely, I think, to experience a poignancy so strong that it amounts to an ache, like the ache we feel when we recall moments in a D. W. Griffith film or a Chaplin comedy. Like Griffith and Chaplin, De Sica achieved images that one feels to be essences of human experience—suffering or joy turned into poetry. Bazin tried to explain this phenomenon when he said, "Poetry is but the active and creative form of love, its projection into the world." Because of De Sica's selflessness and the way he has disappeared into the subject, those great films stay almost incredibly distinct in the memory, the characters separately imprinted.

The later entertainments run together; they were often agreeable enough, but they leave few memories. "The Gold of Naples," "Marriage—Italian Style," "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow," and a host of short-story films in big-director packages are not entirely bad, but they don't mean much to us, and, far from being limpid, they are careless, crowded, on occasion downright ugly. If De Sica became somewhat indifferent to how the commercial entertainments were made, who is to say that it mattered much? These were "lusty" films, not intended to be lingered over. Both as actor and as director, De Sica is a man of different sides. In his fifties, he became a superb ham actor in a florid tradition, but as the arm-waving lawyer defending Gina Lollobrigida in the trial for murder in "Times Gone By," and in such movies as "Bread, Love, and Dreams," "The Miller's Beautiful Wife," and "The Anatomy of Love," he is a different man from the restrained, civilized diplomat in "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." The hammy, extravagantly good-natured actor seems to be the director of the entertainments, which, though coarse, are not coarsely *felt*. In his crowd-pleasers, as in his refined work, De Sica is the true democrat of directors: his love of people has nothing to do with rank—he can be generous even toward the rich. His courtly tact extends to everyone, and he never swarms all over a character. The distance he keeps is an implicit homage to the dignity of the characters; he reveals more by not invading their privacy—and that takes art.

This doesn't mean, however, that one looked forward to the *next* De Sica film. He had, after all, first appeared on the screen as the boy Clemenceau, in "The Clemenceau Case," in 1915, and men of seventy don't often make good movies. (Buñuel is about the only exception who comes to mind.) De Sica's work had seemed in fairly obvious decline, as if he no longer had the energy—or perhaps the interest—to hold the complex elements of filmmaking together. And so "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" is a beautiful surprise—a return not to neo-realism but to the limpid style of his neo-realist days.

Graceful and leisurely, "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," which is set in Ferrara in the Fascist period of

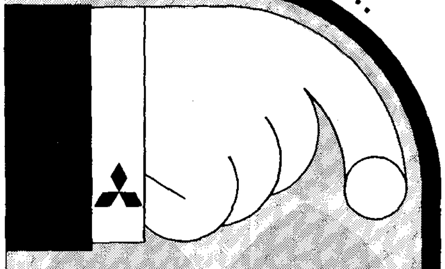
If you're looking for a better color TV investment, start looking for MGA.



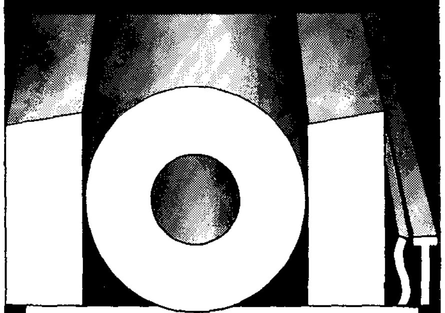
MGA T.M.

The Mitsubishi Group also manufactures quality lines of black-and-white TV sets, radios, stereo systems and appliances. They are outstanding investments, too.

START HERE...



You might have to go a little further to find an MGA TV. But your money will go further when you do. We select our dealerships carefully, to make sure you get the finest dealers to work with. Then we sell *direct* to them. Since the middleman profit is eliminated, your money buys more TV value.



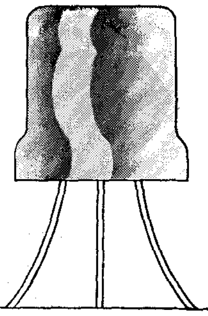
ANNIVERSARY

① EXPERIENCE

MGA is among the newest of the 50 companies that comprise the century-old, world-wide Mitsubishi Group. Any MGA TV you buy benefits from the combined expertise of over 350,000 employees, in more than 1,000 laboratories and factories. So one of the things you buy an MGA TV for is a long time.

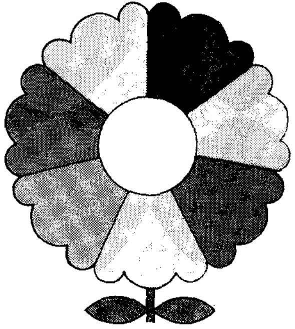
② RELIABILITY

The Mitsubishi Group's rich background as a world leader in solid-state electronics gives us the opportunity to put together many of the parts that put together our TV sets. We make most of our own integrated circuits, UHF and VHF tuners, even color TV picture tubes. And, for added reliability, we make many of our other critical components.



③ 48-HOUR AGING

Here's the first color television created on the same basis as fine champagne. All MGA portable color TV sets undergo a grueling 48-hour "aging" (3 hours on, one hour off). This high voltage test cycle is an extra step we take to make sure "bugs" show up in the factory, not in your home.

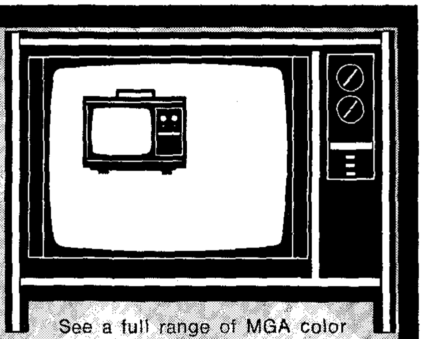


④ BRILLIANT COLOR

Our better coordinated, more thoroughly tested TVs pay off right where you want: on the screen, with vivid, true-to-life images. MGA color TV delivers the best performance your signal will allow. Put one next to any set on the floor. Then buy the best picture.

⑤ BIG AND SMALL

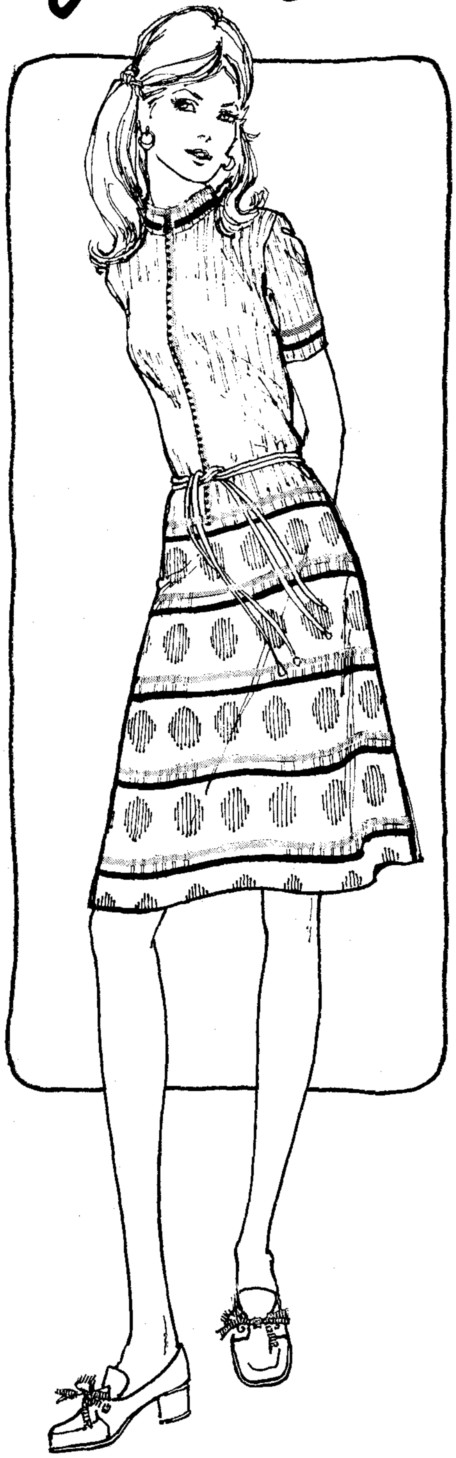
The CS-195 19″ diag. meas. color TV above features a solid-state, glide-out, fold-open chassis for easier service. Like all MGA TVs, it wraps up good looks, long life, spectacular performance and a better value. MGA TV . . . for people who don't want to take chances.



See a full range of MGA color TVs from 12″ to 25″ diag. meas. screens at your nearest MGA dealer.

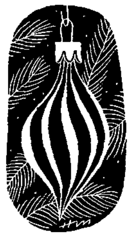
© 1971 MGA DIVISION, MITSUBISHI INTERNATIONAL CORP.

James Kenrob BY DALTON



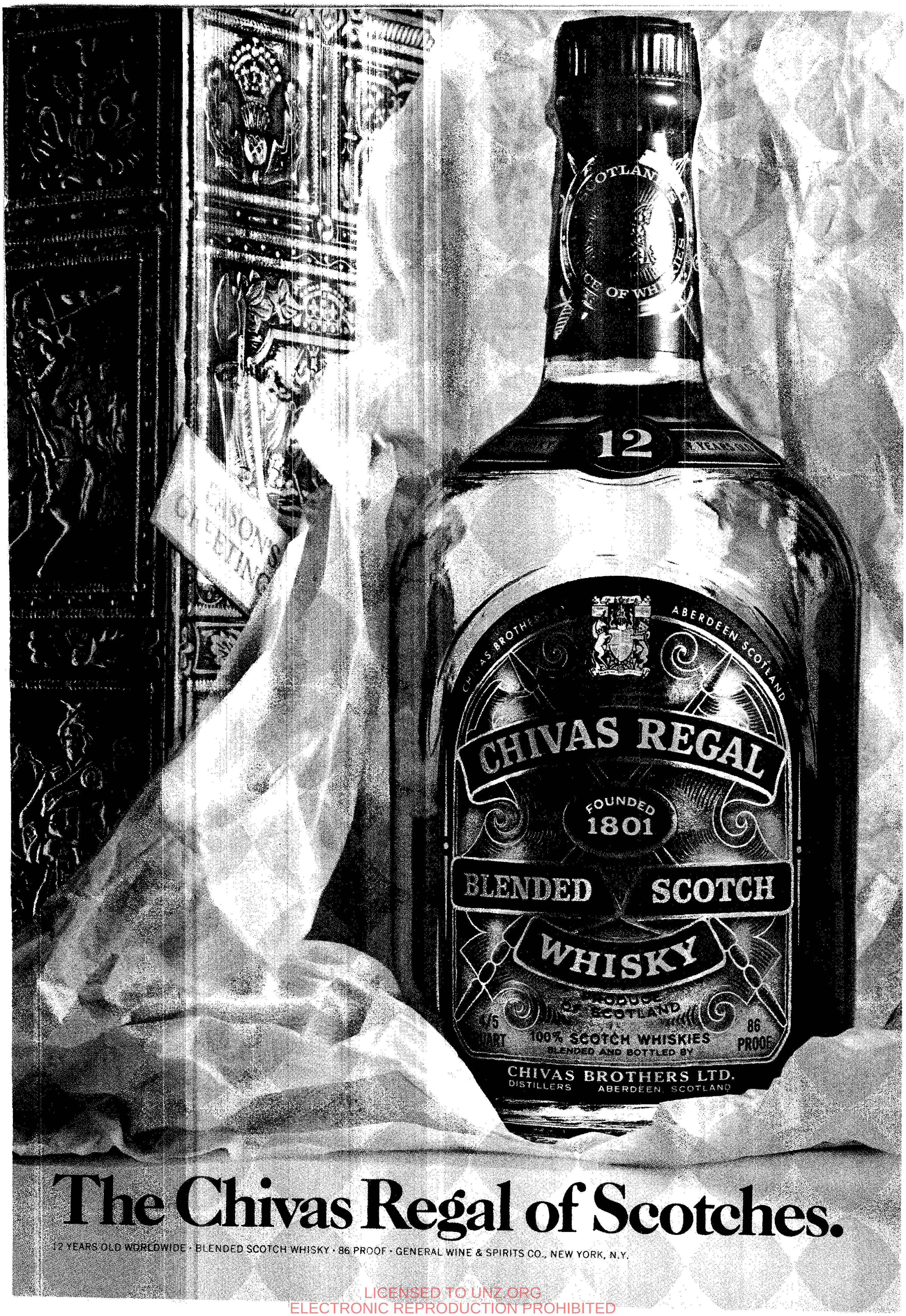
White, navy, and red dress
in double knit Trevira Star®
polyester. Sizes 6 to 16,
about $38
Featured at:
Bloomingdale's,
Jacobson's-Michigan,
Montaldo's,
Woolf Bros.,
Jelleff's,
and other fine stores everywhere.
Prices slightly higher in the West.

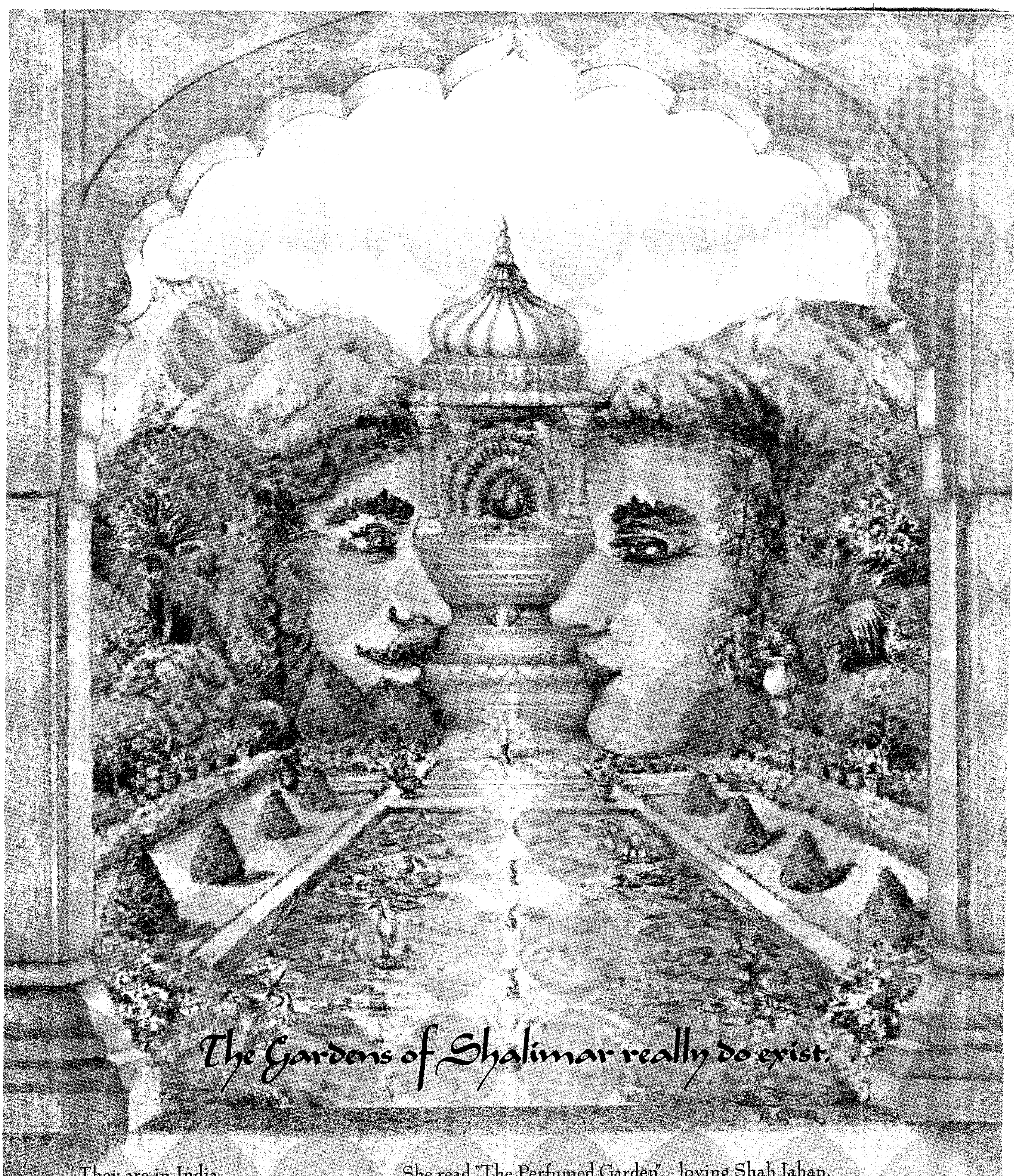
the late thirties and early forties, is unmistakably novelistic in style, and different from anything else De Sica has ever done. The movie, from a semi-autobiographical novel by Giorgio Bassani published in Italy in 1962, is about a now vanished group of people and a vanished mood, and though the relationships are tenuous, you feel that the movie is complete—that the tenuousness is an expression of the writer's obsession with this incompletely understood part of his past. You can feel a novelist's sensibility in the tenuous relationships and the romantically charged decadence of the aristocratic setting. The movie not only is faithful to this obsession but validates the obsession—and without making a great to-do about it. De Sica's early films call up waves of emotion in us because the great moments are not overstated; he seems incapable of the cultural inflation that goes on in a film like "The Go-Between," in which all that "style" is looking over our shoulders and telling us that there are deep things lurking in the empty spaces. That movie, I feel, did not validate the boy outsider's obsession. In the De Sica film—to borrow from Flip Wilson—what you see is what you get. The protagonist, Giorgio, from whose point of view we perceive the characters and events, is a middle-class Jewish-Italian student (Lino Capolicchio) who falls in love with Micòl (Dominique Sanda), the young daughter of the Finzi-Continis—rich, cultivated Sephardic Jews, descendants of the Venetian merchants who fled the Spanish Inquisition and intermarried with the leading Jewish families of Europe. Landowners with vast holdings, the Finzi-Continis live in a huge old house surrounded by a private park, with tennis courts and stables. Micòl, intelligent but imperious and contrary, and her languid, sickly brother, Alberto (Helmut Berger), live behind their garden walls in a decaying world that they haven't the strength or the will to change or to escape. It's an enchanted world for Giorgio, the middle-class outsider who is drawn into it—to play tennis when the Jews are expelled from the local tennis club, to use the Finzi-Continis' library when he can no longer use the city library. He is drawn in only part way, and obsessively, because Micòl does not return his love. Giorgio is not unlike the hero of "Goodbye, Columbus," and the characters here, too, are predominantly Jewish, but the Finzi-Continis are the very opposite of vulgar nouveaux riches: the parents, with their distant, benevolent smiles for the young, seem detached and bloodless, the father an antiquarian preoccupied with seventeenth-century studies, the mother vague and formal. And if Giorgio, like Roth's hero, has difficulty comprehending the family's way of life, it's for the opposite reason: the Patimkins are survivors, the Finzi-Continis—assimilated to a nineteenth-century liberalism—are not. They have lost connection with the realities of Mussolini's Italy, which will soon de-assimilate them.



At the beginning of the movie, I thought that Dominique Sanda was shot like a young Garbo, and that I hadn't seen a brother and sister who were such glamorous look-alikes since Greta Garbo and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "A Woman of Affairs," the movie version of "The Green Hat." Not that Dominique Sanda and Helmut Berger are quite in that league, but they're close enough to it to suggest the earlier pair and to be fairly dazzling. Then my reaction shifted as I realized that their relationship was reminiscent of Elisabeth (Nicole Stéphane) and Paul (Édouard Dermithe), the brother and sister in "Les Enfants Terribles." A moment later, Micòl was reading the Cocteau novel and remarking on how chic it was. And then I understood that the connections I had been making were implicit in the scheme. If Dominique Sanda's Micòl seems to suggest both Garbo and Elisabeth, it should be recalled that Cocteau (as Francis Steegmuller explained in his biography) had Garbo in mind when he wrote Elisabeth—Garbo at eighteen, Cocteau said. And the novel "Les Enfants Terribles," which was published in 1929, did have an unusual influence on the life style of adolescents in the thirties, who, Cocteau said, "found themselves mirrored in Paul and Elisabeth." Paul and Elisabeth were natural aristocrats by virtue of a narcissistic mixture of youth, pride, beauty—and contempt for all other values, especially self-preservation. It's apparent that Bassani (who also worked on the movie) intended Micòl and her brother to be among the mirror images. The sense of youth as an élite in "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" is linked to Cocteau's reckless adolescents, just as the atmosphere of the youth-filled summer garden is, inevitably, Proustian.

Though Dominique Sanda's face is that of a perverse goddess, it isn't very expressive, but she has a great slouch, and if she stalks around her castle looking maybe a little more opaque than is absolutely necessary, she is nevertheless wonderfully *remote*—which is what


SEASON'S GREETINGS
12
CHIVAS BROTHERS ABERDEEN SCOTLAND
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
86 PROOF
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.
DISTILLERS ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND
The Chivas Regal of Scotches.
12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.


The Gardens of Shalimar really do exist.

They are in India.

They were built by the Mogul Emperor Shah Jahan for his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal.

Jahan met Mumtaz in the year 1608. Hindu Tantrism had dominated the country for five centuries. Love was worshipped as the highest attainment of life.

Mumtaz knew all of the arts of love.

She read "The Perfumed Garden", the "Kama Sutra."

She wore intoxicating scents such as musk and attar of roses.

She bore him fourteen children.

On June 7, 1631, the Empress Mumtaz died in the arms of her loving Shah Jahan.

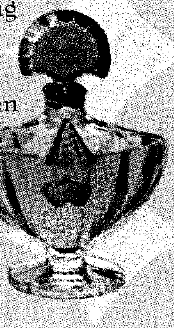
Two weeks later, Jahan's hair turned white. He would burst into tears at the mention of her name.

In memory of her love he built the Taj Mahal.

In memory of their love, Guerlain created the perfume, Shalimar.

Over the years, it has proven worthy of its name.

Shalimar by Guerlain



Micòl is meant to be, since Giorgio and we never get to understand her. This novelistic approach is not, however, totally satisfying on the screen. De Sica's neo-realist films were dramatically structured so that we grasped everything there was to understand in the situation; here our point of view is Giorgio's—which is tentative, slightly bewildered. We want to perceive more than Giorgio does; we want to understand Micòl even if he doesn't. And at this level I think De Sica's fidelity to the novel becomes a limitation. Obviously, the author, looking back on the time, is fascinated by the Jewish landed gentry and their paralysis of will; the movie records Mussolini's small oppressive edicts—the gradual loss of rights—and we know where it will end. But we Americans have an aversion to watching people drift to destruction; many young Americans were furious at the suicide of the lovers in "Elvira Madigan," and I believe they may also get angry at Micòl, lazing around putting on the same record year after year and dressing up. We want to know: Why don't they do something? But this is the elusive part of the story, which I'm afraid we must take as the given in this movie, just as the suicide was the given in "Elvira Madigan." The fact is that these people didn't save themselves. What's unsatisfying is in the nature of the material—that it's autobiographical and historical and rather precious, and that it's a minor novel when we want the insights and explanations that a major novelist could give us. A major novelist solves the mysteries for us; Bassani dwells on what he doesn't understand. You feel that the author is more involved in his own responses—in his own style—than in the subject. And that might be a definition of decadence. It is what links Giorgio Bassani to Micòl and pale Alberto and to Cocteau's gorgeously corrupt children and to the ancestral super-elegant tribe of "The Green Hat." This is not the highest form of art, but, as it happens, the movies of "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Les Enfants Terribles" are, in different ways, quite marvellous, and Garbo has never been more extraordinary than in "A Woman of Affairs." In their own terms, these movies are honest. "The Go-Between" pretends to be an attack on decadence, and the style of the movie gives it the lie; these movies openly love their spoiled beautiful people.

André Bazin was right when he said that De Sica drew his art from his understanding of his subjects, and it's a happy coincidence that Bazin's supremely perceptive essays on him should be available in English for the first time—in Volume II of "What Is Cinema?"—just when "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," which might be an illustration of his thesis, is opening. I think the only disappointment in the film is that Vittorio De Sica is a major film artist translating to the screen a minor novel. It has provided him with his finest subject in many years, but, except in a few moments of faultless intuition, he can't transcend it. The novel is not one of those sprawling second-rate novels that a movie director can use as a skeleton; it is a true minor novel, unmistakably slender. There was no way, I think, for De Sica to give it more body—to provide a fuller psychology and a richer social context—without destroying the mysteriously lyric quality of Bassani's memories.

There is an instant toward the end that is, however, purest De Sica. When the Finzi-Continis have been arrested, Micòl and her grandmother are herded into a room with other Jews from the town, and the bewildered old lady tries to smile sociably and keep her composure. The anxious face of the dignified old lady, who a moment later crumples in tears on her granddaughter's shoulder, is one of those faces lit from within by the director's love. And at the end there is a daring stroke that raises the movie above itself: we are not shown the gas chambers, but we hear Tito Schipa singing a lament for the dead, and the lament brings to earth the melancholy glamour of the Finzi-Continis.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

WASHINGTON (AP)—The United States announced today that Communist China had set off a nuclear explosion in the atmosphere at 1 a.m.—the first nuclear test by that country since Oct. 14, 1970. The Atomic Energy Commission said the test—conducted in the vicinity of Lop Nur, in Western China, had an explosion yield equivalent to about 20,000 tons of TNT, the same size as the primitive atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima by the United States.

Add a sweet touch to rice pudding or other
—*Long Beach (Calif.) Press-Telegram.*

We're not hungry.

Suede out in front

Our sporty little knit arrangement is all buttoned up. With a weskit that's suede in front, a ribbed turtleneck and an easy skirt. Celanese® Fortrel® polyester and wool, in beige or aqua, for 6 to 16 sizes, $90. Sport-dress Collections.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

No-fault auto insurance.
are for it, shouldn't

Some people say no-fault is the answer to all the auto insurance problems. Everything from the high costs to the length of time it can take to collect a claim.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing.

Several states already have it.

Several more are considering making it law.

We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

We'd like to supply you with enough information to have your own opinion. (After all, it is your money that's at stake.)

So if you call or write The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, we'll send you out a simple explanation of no-fault. As unbiased as we can make it.

We'll tell you what major no-fault insurance plans have been passed or are being considered.

If insurance companies you be against it?

We'll tell you how the various plans are supposed to work.

We'll tell you what problems they could solve and what problems they can't possibly solve.

And, of course, we'll tell you what we think ought to be done.

Then you can make up your own mind. Before your state legislators make up theirs.

And if you have any less lofty questions on your mind—or any problems—our Office of Consumer Information will do its best to help you with them too.

Call toll-free weekdays, from 9 to 5 Eastern Time **(800) 243-0191.**

Call collect from Connecticut **277-6565.**

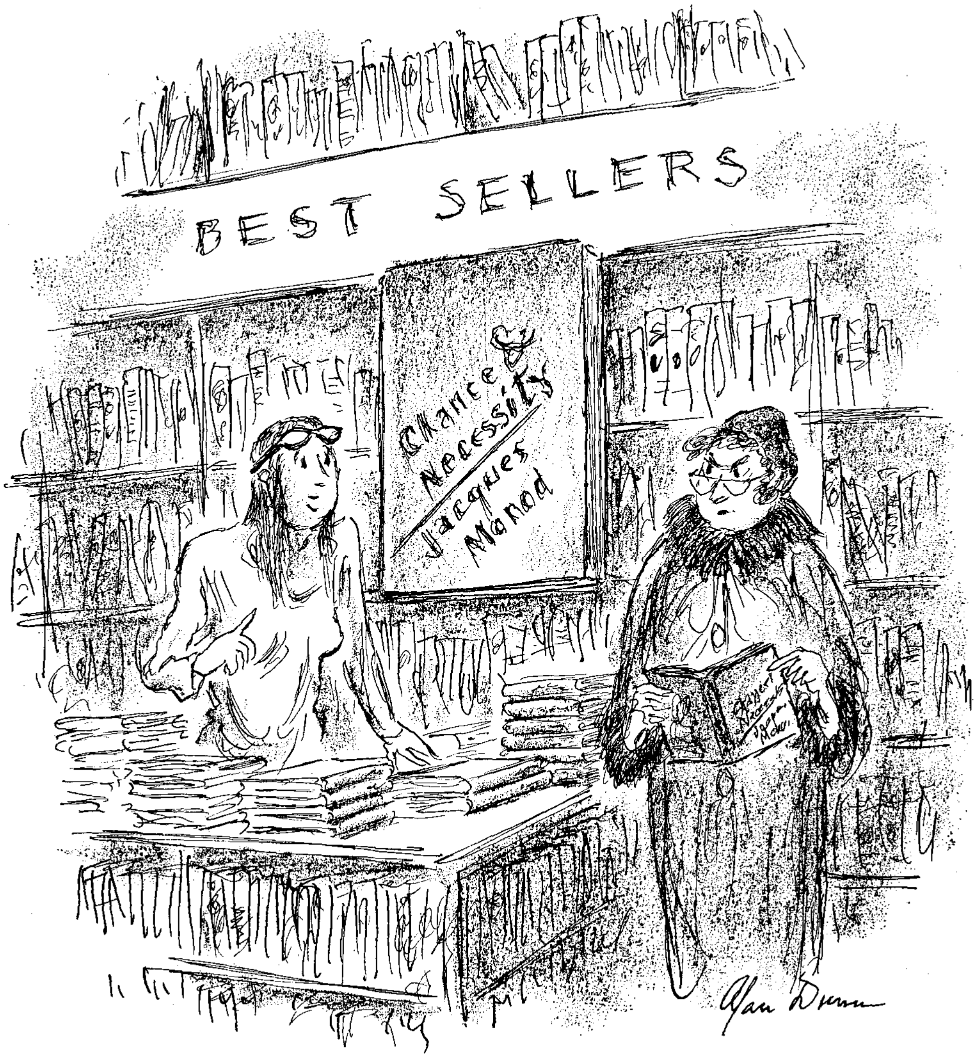
Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.

THE TRAVELERS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

GOOD WILL TO MEN

WOMEN buying clothes for men this Christmas will notice that the sensual costumes of the sixties have disappeared from the racks and that purposeful-looking garments redolent of (or left over from) the forties and fifties have taken their place. The return from Eros to civilization is manifested by Second World War pilots' jackets, baggy trousers, suits with wide shoulders, trenchcoats, duffel coats, and white shirts with button-down collars. Clothes that are drab, practical, and body-obscuring are the sartorial ideal of the moment, and the Chinese worker's suit that Bloomingdale's has imported, via Paris, from the People's Republic of China may constitute its complete embodiment. The suit is to be found in the Men's 59 Shop, in the basement, as well as in the China Passage Shop on the fifth floor, and it costs $25. The fabric is dark-blue cotton, the jacket is loose and frog-fastened up to the Western collar, the trousers are high-waisted and straight, and the garment is beautiful—in the way that such enduring works of vernacular design as the New York City policeman's uniform and the Brearley School tunic are beautiful—but it has a fault. The wearer of the suit turns blue from the indigo dye with which the fabric is permeated and which comes off on the skin. This dye "is reputed to be a powerful insect repellent," according to a cautiously worded mimeographed sheet that comes with the suit, and, the text continues, "Absorbed into the epidermis of the wearer, it is alleged to protect from mosquito and fly bites." Wearers who would just as soon not turn blue ("those who prefer color-fast garments") are advised to boil the suit twice in a one-to-five vinegar-water solution, which is supposed to fix the dye but, we have heard, doesn't quite.



"It's easy going once you know that man is the result of the linear polymerization of amino acids and that 'chance' lies in the hydrostatics of the primal soup."

A less problematical but no less featly garment from the People's Republic of China is a slate-blue padded jacket on view at D/R International, 53 East 57th Street. The outer fabric is a soft, smooth cotton, the lining is matching raw silk, and the filling is polyester. The jacket is thigh-length and bulky, and has four square pockets. Its mandarin collar is lined with a detachable white cotton collar (it snaps in and out, and an extra one is provided) and closes with a tiny, delicate frog of matching thread. Gray pearl buttons appear on the front of the jacket—for appearance's sake only, since their job is done by hidden snaps. The coat is light and warm, and is made with the finical care that one associates with Old World craftsmen rather than with Brave New World machines. The price is $33.

Back in the 59 Shop, we examined a rackful of Navy-surplus wool middy blouses that Bloomingdale's has imported from Sweden and is selling for $10. The absolute plainness of the navy-blue blouses is unobtrusively broken by three handsome brass cuff-buttons, which are stamped with anchors. Matching high-waisted, roomy bellbottoms are $8. From the Swedish cavalry, the 59 Shop has salvaged capacious khaki twill jodhpurs ($14) and, from the Swedish Army, an olive-drab quilted canvas greatcoat with a mouton collar and lining ($45). This is of exceptional heft and warmth, and so is a Swedish ski trooper's white canvas duffel coat lined and trimmed with fluffy sheepskin; $80. A coat that Bloomingdale's calls the Monk's Coat involves people and animals of three nations. The body of the garment is brown deerhide from Sweden, its trimming is dark curly Mongolian lamb from China, and its design and execution are Finnish. The coat is long, hooded, fitted at the waist, and thong-fastened, and the monk that the wearer resembles is more the Rasputin than the Father Zosima type; $160. Light-blue, hand-tie-dyed quilted jackets made of Moroccan cotton by Lothar of Paris are vaguely modelled on Chinese peasant jackets, and come in three models: a waist-length zip-up jacket with a Chinese collar ($58); a hip-length zip-up jacket with a Western collar ($58); and a thigh-length version of the latter ($60). The jackets are recommended for skiing and are treated with something that, according to Bloomingdale's, "makes them wa-

How to make your less expensive meals as interesting as your more expensive meals.

As the cost of eating goes up, planning interesting meals becomes harder and harder.

Birds Eye® International Recipe Vegetables can help. Next time you serve them hot dogs or some other less expensive (but nutritious) meat, serve them Birds Eye Bavarian style Beans and Spaetzle.

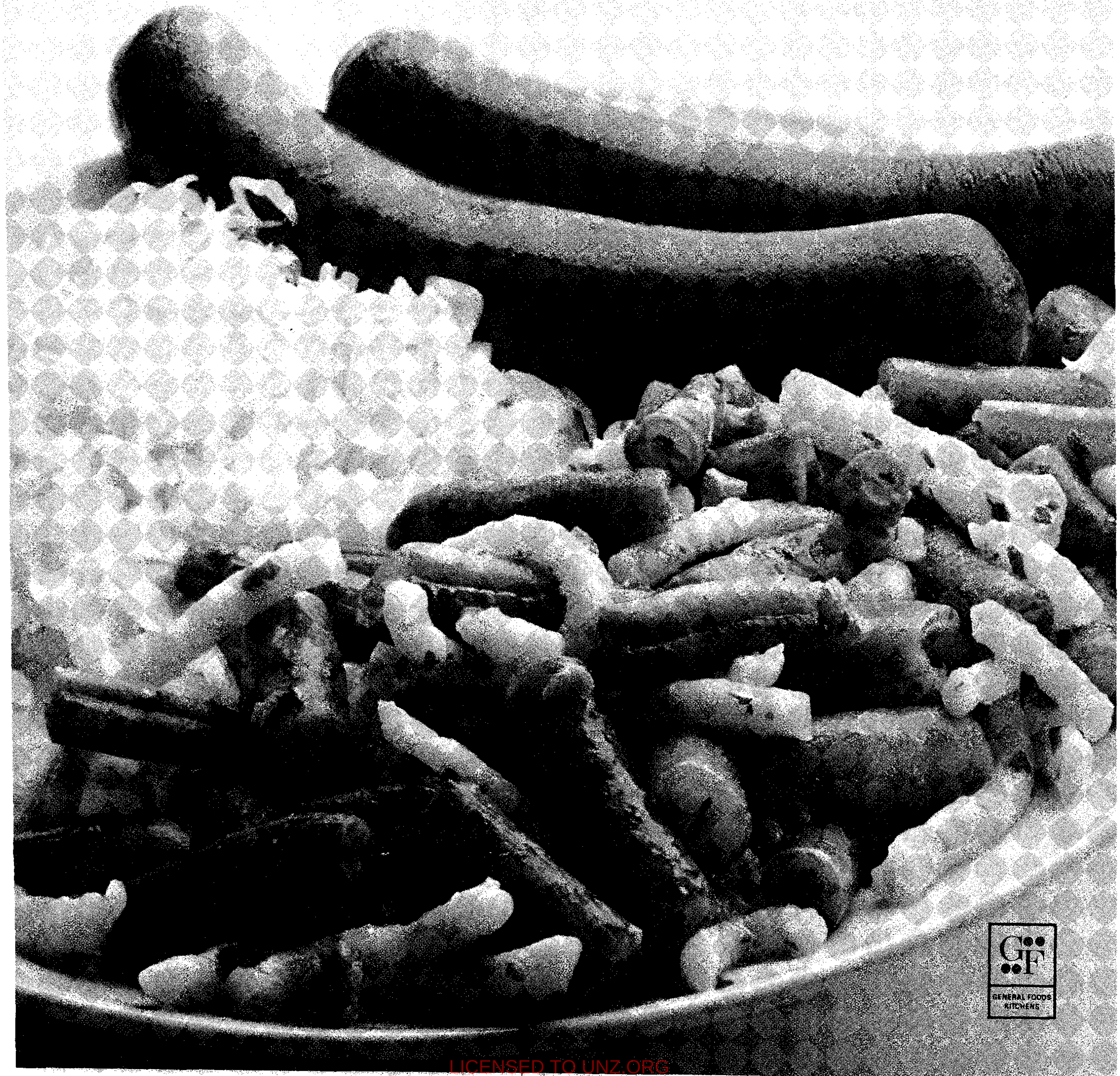
The humble hot dogs won't be so humble. Not when you surround them with Bavarian style noodles and tender green beans in a mild, seasoned sauce.

Before you know it, everybody will be back for seconds.

And you'll be planning another interesting Birds Eye International Recipe Vegetables meal.

BIRDS EYE.
Bavarian style
Beans and Spaetzle

Birds Eye International Recipe Vegetables
Japanese, Danish, Mexican, Spanish, or Bavarian style



HARVEYS
BRISTOL CREAM
Sherry
Merry Christmas
the Colbys

“Harveys Bristol Cream…from the Colbys. And last Christmas, we hardly knew them!”

One of the nicest ways to show that you care is to give the best there is.

This Christmas give your good friends Harveys Bristol Cream® Sherry. It's imported.

Harveys Bristol Cream Sherry. Imported by © Heublein Inc., 1971, Hartford, Conn.

ter-resistant but not water-repellent." (They try and fail?) Matching flared pants have a high waistband that laces up in the back ($45). Overalls of the same fabric are $60, and a Chinese worker's cap is $16. For the man who likes the harsh Army-surplus palette but not the harsh feel of the clothes themselves, Bloomingdale's offers agreeable-feeling brushed-cotton jeans ($10) and Army-shirt-style jackets ($12), both in a choice of beige, olive drab, navy, or brown. The jeans have long, rectangular front pockets and slightly flared legs; the dull-brass buttons that appear on both jeans and jackets are imprinted with the name Levi Strauss & Co.

In the subterranean men's auxiliary of the dress shop Kamali, Ltd., 229 East 53rd Street, clothes inspired by boy-gang attire of the fifties are made up in quiet wool plaids that the shop obtained from a supplier of Catholic schoolgirls' uniforms. A waist-length zip-up gang jacket with menacing shoulders and bulky, puffy sleeves is contrived of three different black-green-red-white plaids: one appears in the body of the jacket, another in the sleeves, and the third as trimming at the neck, waist, and wrists, and as elbow patches. Matching voluminous trousers—available in any one of the plaids used in the jacket—have four front pleats, very high and wide waistbands, and cuffs. The jacket is $50, and the pants are $55. "We are geared toward a certain kind of customer," Mrs. Kamali, a slender young woman wearing a tight, low-cut black dress, eight-inch-high wedgies, an upswept hairdo, and dark lipstick, unnecessarily told us. She next showed us some loud silk ties, such as the ties that gangsters wore in the forties, which were unearthed in a factory where they had been hibernating since before the war. These ties are so awful they are magnificent. They combine realistic depictions of birds or their plumage with big, blocky geometric patterns, and the color combinations are, for example, pink, blue, and maroon, or green, brown, and yellow; $10. Kamali's short-sleeved poor-girl sweaters for men come in burgundy, green, or orange wool, and are meant to be worn over long-sleeved shirts; $12. Wide-shouldered and very short one-button jackets with wide lapels are available in the Catholic plaids and also in the gray, wine, or green twill that elevator operators' uniforms are made of; $125.

At an antique-clothes store with the fine name of Early Halloween, at 174 Ninth Avenue (21st), we found some

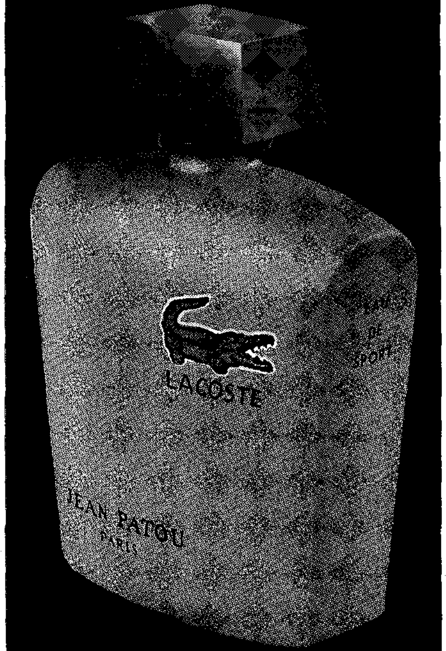
Christmas is a time for peace
and a time for love...

Proudly we stand.
From sea to shining sea,
eighty-two shops strong.
Strong in our conviction
that this joyous season
should be dedicated
to you, our customers,
and to the cause of
peace on earth.

Peck & Peck

New for men.
Lacoste
Eau de Sport
by Jean Patou.

Expressly for those who can afford the finest.



Imported from France.
A whole new concept in fragrance for men.

old Glasgow policemen's waterproof capes that are ankle-length and made of a stiff black rubberized material. The capes are equipped with armholes and internal straps, and cost $15. They put one in mind of dogged constables on bicycles in British thrillers, and they would be good presents for dogged local civilian cyclists. Early Halloween is closed on Mondays.

At an antique-clothes store with the counter-cultural name of Stone Free, at 105 West 72nd Street, we examined a rack of reindeer-pattern pullovers (circa 1940-50) whose well-worn look should recommend them to young men who like to look shabby but lack opportunities for distressing their own clothes. The sweaters cost from $12 to $35, depending on rarity and antiquity. (Moth holes, like wormholes in furniture, seem to bring the price up.) Stone Free's two-tone rayon cowboy shirts and printed cotton shirts from the forties and fifties have a sleazy charm and are $15 and up. Stone Free also offers new shirts made of old silk print dresses such as older women used to wear to church in the days before pants suits. Each yoked, long-sleeved shirt uses material from seven different dresses (sleeves, back and front yokes, collar, cuffs, back, and front are each assigned their own print), and the result has a kind of Dust Bowl folk-art quality. The price is $35.

At Billingsley, 205 East 53rd Street, shirts made of old silk print dresses and scarves command the East Side price of $50. The Billingsley shirts use only three rather than the seven prints of the Stone Free shirts, but they have much the same Saturday-night-at-the-commune effect. Billingsley calls worn, faded bluejeans "used blues" and has a large supply on hand for $5 a pair, and worn, faded denim jackets for the same price. A health store named Nature's Children, at 1074 Third Avenue (64th), is another abundant source of these gloriously colored garments. Prices here range from $10 to $35.

THE Protestant work ethic has begun to cast its shadow on Bonwit Teller's Men's Shop; although things are still very elegant here, the tone is subtly different. The sex-object Paris suits have been relegated to a small rear rack, and empire-builder suits from London, made by the firm of Turnbull & Asser, occupy the position of prominence. These are well-cut, easy-fitting suits that come in sedate tweeds, herringbones, pinstripes, and solid colors, and also in the large, somewhat garish checks and plaids that stage Englishmen used to affect. Prices are from $275 to $325, and some of the suits come with vests. The oxford-cloth shirt with a button-down collar is back in fashion and has been redesigned by Bill Blass to accommodate the fat ties that are not yet out of it. Bonwit offers the shirts in light blue and in white for $22.50. Bonwit's wool or silk ties in muted, silent-generation Paisleys would go well with these shirts and are priced from $10 to $18. Bonwit's Art Deco silk ties from Italy come in strange, subtle color combinations, and have an air more of refinement than of revival; $12.50. A loose-fitting mid-thigh-length jacket of brown suède with a detachable hood, steel toggles, and a lining of green-and-blue plaid wool would look nice on a college president; $375. A belted, double-breasted topcoat of caramel-colored cotton twill looked wonderful on the man who modelled it for us, but it is so light that it will spend more time in the closet during the winter months than on the back of the man you give it to, if he has any sense; the price is $165. For winter in New York, one of Bonwit's shaggy, loose-weave, ribbed turtleneck Shetland pullovers would be more to the point; the color possibilities are cinnamon brown, yellow, blue, green, and white, and the price is $37.50. A fringed scarf of off-white wool in a thermal weave caught our eye before the price tag ($35) caused us to avert it.

In Alexander's Tomorrow Shop, on the second floor, where we used to go for our crushed-velvet Edwardian evening clothes, they now sell lumberjackets and farmers' overalls. A pleasant Christmas present for a young man might be a cotton shirt here in a print of alternate columns of small red strawberries with green leaves and small checks—light blue with white and dark blue with white. Versions with red and pink checks or gray and black ones are also available. The price is $10. The Tomorrow Shop has some loud silk ties printed with pictures of jungle animals, reminiscent of the gangster ties at Kamali. Although the Alexander ties were obviously made today, they are no less horrendous; $13. The Tomorrow Shop's wool-and-nylon-blend pullovers from Paris, which are labelled *type* Shetland, have a four-button shoulder closing, a mock turtleneck, and widely spaced twin ribs. The color choice is rust, teal blue, gray,

Skip the pity.
It's your business they want.

They deserve it, too.

Not because the places that employ handicapped people are doing a good thing. (Which, of course, they are.)

But because they also do good work.

You see, "sheltered workshops" are establishments run for people with various kinds of disabilities.

However, a "disability" often hides a lot of other kinds of "ability."

So sheltered workshops that create jobs for the handicapped do just as good work as the more usual places of business.

The State-Federal vocational rehabilitation program wants to let you know this. We call our program HURRAH—which stands for "Help Us Reach & Rehabilitate America's Handicapped."

The HURRAH program invites you to send us your name and address—without obligation, of course—if you might be interested in letting a sheltered workshop compete for work that your firm farms out.

What the sheltered workshops are asking from you as a businessman is simply a chance to bid on your work, along with other firms.

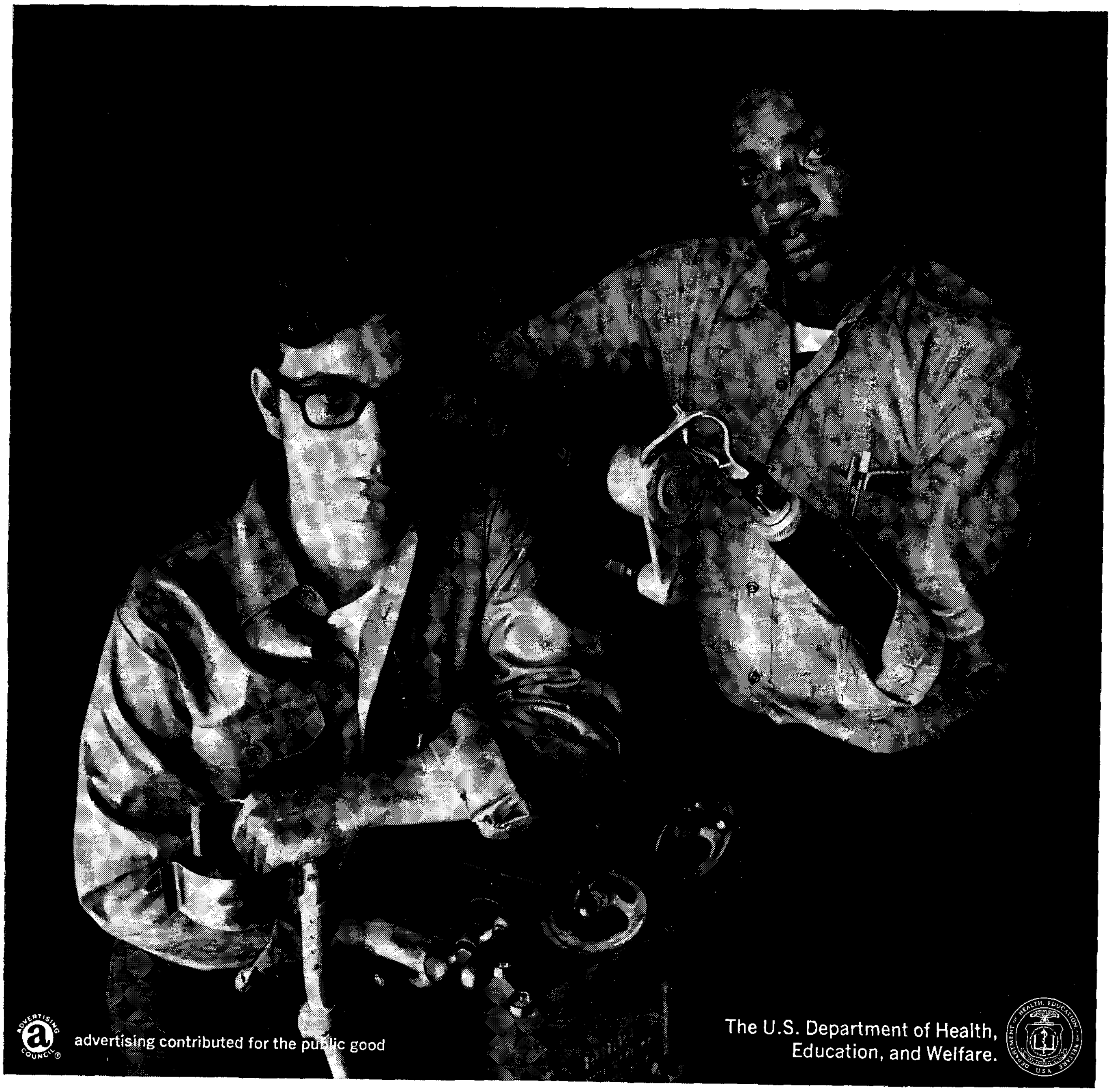
Naturally, you'll get a nice feeling if you give a sheltered workshop that chance.

But that's not the point. The point is, you'll find they do nice work.

Send your name and address to: **WORKSHOP**, Box 1200, Washington, D.C. 20013.

HURRAH. The State-Federal Program of Rehabilitation Services.

Help Us Reach & Rehabilitate America's Handicapped **HURRAH**



advertising contributed for the public good

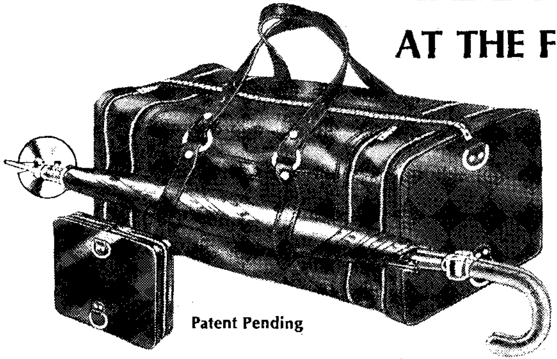
The U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beige, or wine; $18. A blue denim shoulder bag—an envelope ten inches by twelve—has a small outside pocket decorated with a red-white-and-blue flag like ours except that the letters "UFO" appear in place of the stars. This eminently useful and youthful bag costs $4. UFO is the mfr.

In the International Shop on the first floor of Barney's, at Seventh Avenue and Seventeenth Street, we were pleased to find a dark-brown pigskin suède trenchcoat from Germany for the relatively low price of $195. The coat is calf-length, double-breasted, belted, epauletted, and, by today's standards, Byronic. A pullover of Shetland wool by the Italian designer Bruno Piattelli, with a high turtleneck and epaulets, has a kind of German-student-with-duelling-scar air; it is finely ribbed to the waist and plain for the six inches or so that remain of it. Dark green, yellow, blue, or camel is the choice of colors, and $55 is the price. Belts by Signor Piattelli are on display in the International Shop, and they are interesting without being too obtrusive. A calfskin specimen with a suède panel in a mildly contrasting color—brown with olive, say, or brown with green—fastens with a big brass buckle; $27.50. A snug-fitting suède jacket with a neat, concise, faintly military appearance is appointed with epaulets, big, square pockets, and hidden brass buttons stamped with the words "*équipements militaires*." It comes from Germany and costs $175. A cashmere sweater—called a "shirt-jacket," because it has lapels and fits loosely—bears the label of the English firm of Kilgour, French & Stanbury, and can be worn over a shirt or on the bare body with an ascot. It comes in beige, navy, yellow, or white, and has a look of frank wealth; $65.

In the window of Yves Saint Laurent's new boutique for men, at 543 Madison Avenue (54th), there is a brutal-looking male torso the color of liver, but inside the shop there are clothes for frail, beautiful boys with intelligent French faces. Scarves the size of shawls but wearable as scarves because of their gossamer thinness are printed with small, dense geometric designs in strange, sad, old-fashioned colors, and have the precious and sinister quality of the fabrics in Klimt's paintings. A typical color combination is light blue, lavender, dark blue, magenta, and brown; another is pale rose, light blue, brown, and purple. The scarves are offered in cashmere ($55), silk ($45), and wool challis ($35), and in all cases they have the feel of



AT THE FLICK OF A ZIP...

BOB LEE'S
BOOK-SIZED
BAG FULL
O'TRICKS
CONVERTS TO
A CARRY-ON
2-SUITER!

Patent Pending

From a compact 9"x12"x2½", our book-sized wonder grows . . . instantly, to a jumbo 23"x12"x9", or 9 times its zipped-up size.
Sensible, space-saving stowaway to take along on every trip and bring back full of the treasures you collect along the way.
Length-adjusters zip open or closed, so that you have a 17", 20" or 24" bag . . . all in one.
Easily holds two neatly folded suits, plus shirts, sweaters, sundries.
Tote straps convert to shoulder sling. Side straps hold umbrella, seat stick or rod cases.
EXCLUSIVE LOCKING ZIPPER . . . Our ZIPLOK™ discourages tampering, prevents accidental opening.
So we don't think we're bragging when we say that Bob Lee's newest "Little Big Bag"™ is Full O'Tricks!
In New Black Vinyleather™ – looks and feels like fine glove leather, outwears real leather. #4039 — $79.95
In Hunting World's exclusive copyrighted jacquard woven canvas. #6585 — $89.95
Genuine Black Hunting Calfskin. #4037 — $175.00 Add $2 on Mail Orders

ALSO SHOWN: Our famous English SOMEBRELLA®. Handles fold down to *form a sturdy seat. Black nylon cover, swiveling ground plate.* $35
Add $1.50 on Mail Orders
SUIT FRAME (not shown) . . . practically folds 1 or 2 suits for you, is their hanger when you unpack. $10 Add $1 on Mail Orders N.Y. Res. Add Tax.
BOB LEE'S CARRY-ONS . . . FIRST IN THE SPACE RACE™
Meticulously Made in France
SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG

©1971 H.W. INC.

HUNTING WORLD ®

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St., N.Y. 10022

N93

Give her the galaxy

A sailor shirt of navy blue, lit up with a zillion white stars, a red border and tie. A celestial gift and a natural for pants, in washable nylon jersey, 6 to 16 sizes, $24. Exclusively in our Blouse Collections.

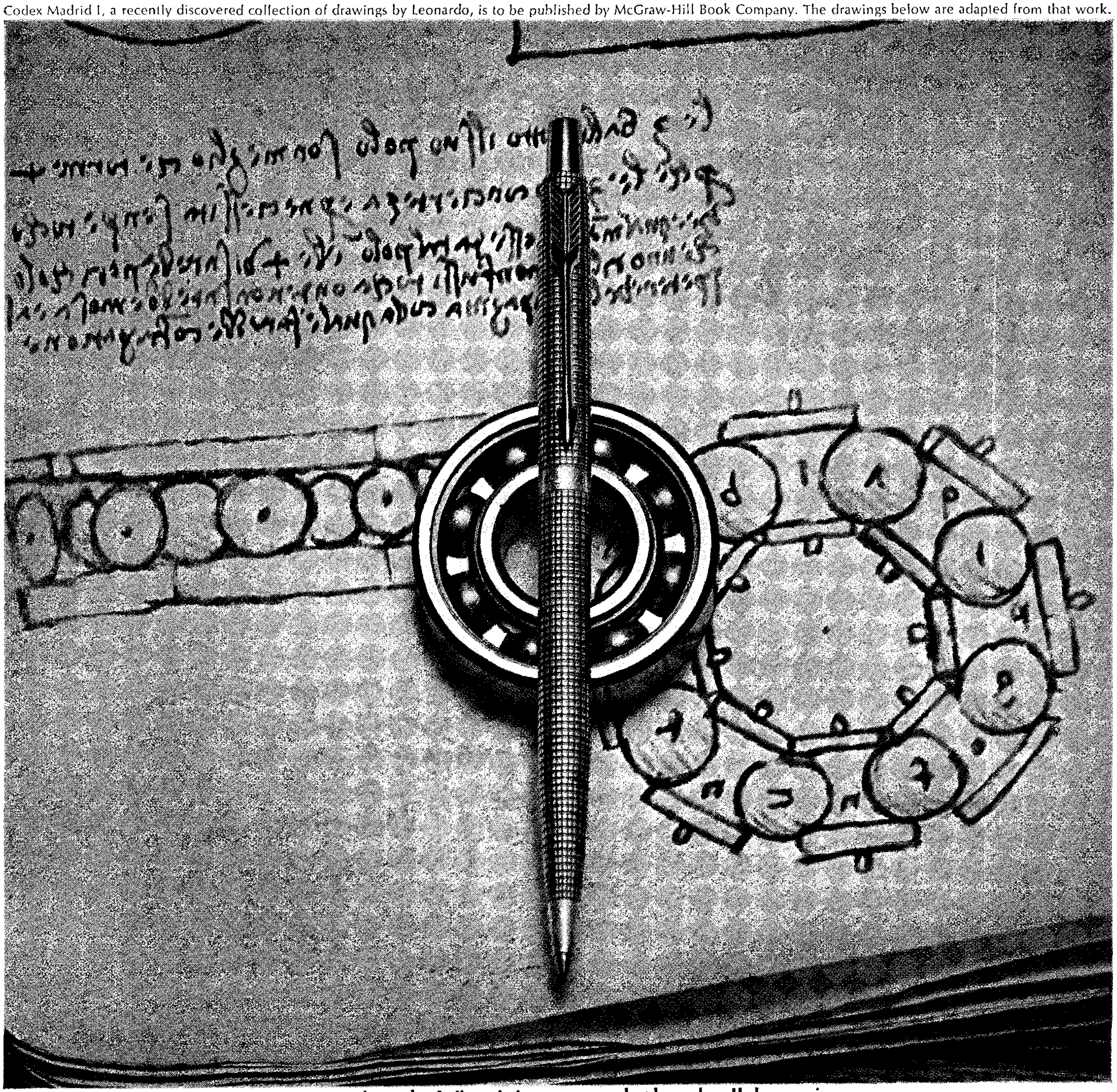
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

May the Holidays bring you
IMPORTED BY
SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD. NEW YORK
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
86.8 PROOF
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
HIGHEST
AWARDS
SYDNEY 1880
PARIS 1885
ADELAIDE 1887
MELBOURNE 1881
SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
John Walker & Sons Limited
Johnnie Walker Red

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Codex Madrid I, a recently discovered collection of drawings by Leonardo, is to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Company. The drawings below are adapted from that work.



Leonardo da Vinci invented the ball bearing. Parker makes it the beautiful way to write.

If Leonardo had known what we know about modern materials and techniques, the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen might have been invented in 1495.

Because what we've done is take his anti-friction idea, and make it an almost effortless way to write: a ball pen that puts down a crisp track at less than four ounces of pressure.

Leonardo didn't know about tungsten carbide, the third-hardest substance there is. We use it for the ball tip, and machine it so accurately we can offer five different point sizes. We even give it a microscopic texture, so it won't slip on the paper.

He didn't know about stainless steel, with its astonishing resistance to corrosion and wear. We fit the ball tip into a precisely-made stainless-steel socket, so the pen won't balk or blob.

Leonardo *did* know about silver, and how it becomes more beautiful the more you use it. We make the case of the 75 Classic from sterling silver for a practical reason too—it gives the pen a satisfying heft and balance through hours of comfortable writing.

He did know about ink, but not *our* ink. It is so concentrated, there is so much of it, and it is fed to the ball tip so efficiently, that the 75 Classic Ball Pen writes better months longer—three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint.

All in all, the 75 Classic is so well made we can give it this written guarantee: if it fails to perform due to defects in materials or workmanship during the owner's lifetime, we will repair or replace it—free.

Leonardo—artist, engineer, thinker—would surely have made the pen as graceful and elegant as we did. So give it this holiday season to someone who appreciates beauty—the beauty of a well-made thing.

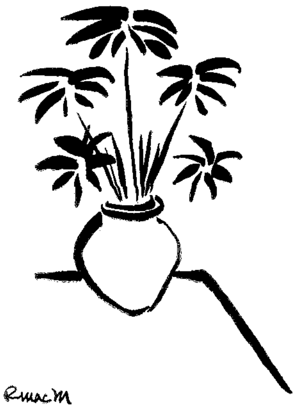
Where else could you find a Renaissance gift for a mere $12?

PARKER
Maker of the world's most wanted pens

© 1971 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

cobwebs. Saint Laurent's topcoat of dark-blue melton has a long, thin silhouette, and there are fourteen small buttons in pairs down the front; $250. Saint Laurent's new eau de cologne for men has a pleasing sweet astringency and comes in a good-looking clear-glass bottle with black lettering and a red top. The price is $10 for a four-ounce bottle with an atomizer, and $7.50 without.

Another stylish navy-blue topcoat (in case the one at Saint Laurent is gone) is on view at Boutique Pierre Balmain, 795 Madison Avenue (67th); this one is cashmere, and the price is $225. Balmain's ribbed cashmere mock turtlenecks come in lavender, beige, gray, brown, or rust, for $62. They are almost excessively soft. Ribbed cashmere turtlenecks of a more moderate sensuousness (the ribs are thinner and the knit is tighter) are available for $59, in purple, rust, navy, or white, and tricolor horizontal-striped combinations of dark blue, light blue, and white, or beige, rust, and white. Balmain's belted brown suède jacket has square hip pockets, slanted zippered breast pockets, and the ubiquitous epaulets. In this case, the epaulets are embellished with close rows of machine stitching, which also appear on the sleeve straps; $225.



In Madonna's spacious new quarters, at 220 East 60th Street, we watched an endomorphic young man try on clothes under the cold eye of his girl friend, who held a red carnation between her teeth. He considered a tweedy-looking sweater, and observed sadly to his companion, "It's not bad. But it's not fantastic." We next watched a former member of the cast of "Futz" try on a tight, short-sleeved, scoop-neck lavender cotton T-shirt printed here and there with what looked like kosher signs but was, we were told, the Sanskrit word for God. We thought he looked fantastic. The T-shirt is one of a large and variously colored collection from India; they are all the same style and price ($6), but some are hand-printed with stylized designs, others are tie-dyed, and still others have medallions hand-embroidered in the middle of the chest. These T-shirts are a reversion to the costumes of yesteryear, but not a serious one. They are for occasions like painting the stove or Parents' Day at Buckley rather than for big dinner parties. Madonna's shirts from Italy reflect the new sobriety of male fashions; they are still cut close to the body, but the patterns and colors are subdued. A shirt made of nylon spun in a special way to give it the feel of cashmere is $35; it comes in stripes, checks, or tattersalls, in combinations like dark blue, light blue, and white, or wine, brown, and white. Madonna's crêpe-de-Chine ties are printed with patterns redolent of thirties Art Deco graphics; color combinations are, for example, blue, lavender, black, and beige, or magenta and beige. The ties are $15.

At Jackie Rogers, 27 East 67th Street, a shirt printed with muted-gray, maize, white, and black pinstripes looks like an ordinary pin-striped shirt until you feel it and discover that it is made of crêpe de Chine. The price is $65, and there are also patterned and solid-color versions. Jackie Rogers' light wool stretch turtlenecks from Italy are available in eighteen colors and cost $30; ribbed turtlenecks of cashmere in the same shades cost $50. One of the best-looking umbrellas we have ever seen is on view at Jackie Rogers. Made of waterproofed blue denim, it has a simple wooden handle and is equipped with a leather shoulder strap. When closed, it has a neat pleated appearance; $25.

At Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at 45th Street, we found two very appealing hooded parka-length storm coats. One, from Denmark, is made of khaki cotton twill and has a removable lining of extremely soft acrylic pile. The coat fastens high at the neck, has a belt, and looks practical but not scruffy; $115. The other one, from Finland, is made along the same lines, but it's of dark-brown suède and it's lined with cream Orlon pile; $150. Both coats have the tact and wholesomeness that things from the Scandinavian countries rarely fail to project. A cologne sold at Paul Stuart (and also at Bloomingdale's and at F. R. Tripler, Madison Avenue and 46th Street), called Agua Lavanda, has the cool, ephemeral fragrance of a freshly shaved cheek rather than the Egyptian-bordello smell of so many of today's perfumes for men. Agua Lavanda is made by the Spanish firm Puig, and a three-and-a-quarter-ounce bottle costs $5.

Among the examples of contemporary male jewelry in Bloomingdale's

Who deserves a really great $5 gift for Christmas?

These are just some of the people you know!

- Your nephew who communicates on *both* sides of the generation gap.
- Your friend at work who kept things moving when you were sidelined.
- Your best babysitter—the one who always washes the kids' dinner dishes.
- Your druggist who delivered the prescription himself.
- Any member of the family who keeps "borrowing" your pen.
- And many, many more.

The Parker 45 Pen is easily the best $5 pen ever made. It writes smoothly, flawlessly, reliably. It's also convenient. Fills and refills with 10,000-word ink cartridges, or converts quickly to fill from a bottle. It comes gift-boxed and, if you'd like, the recipient's monogram can be added in moments at no extra cost. It's a bargain. It's a Parker.

The Parker 45 Pen. The gift that says it all —in writing!

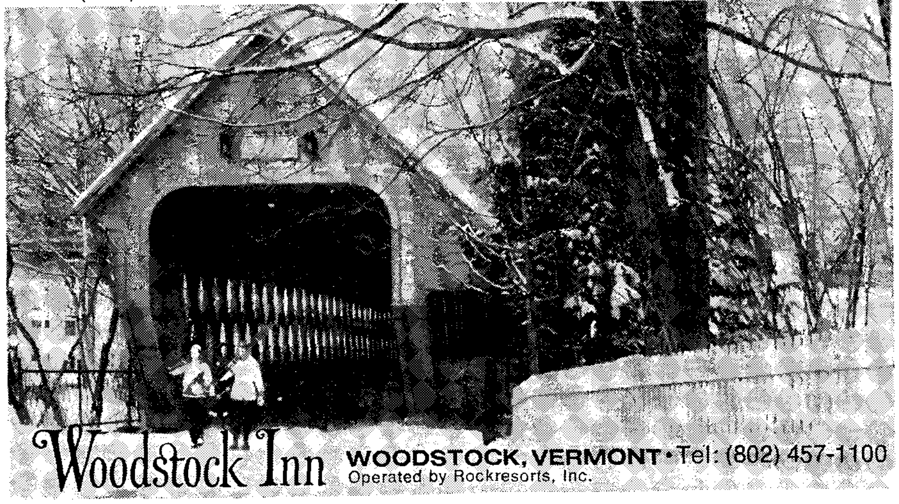
PARKER
World's most wanted pens

©1971 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

GASTON DE
LAGRANGE
COGNAC
IMPORTED
An
American Favorite
BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING ALEXANDER I
AND TO HIS MAJESTY KING PETER II
PARK BENZIGER & CO., INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
IMPORTED
GASTON de LAGRANGE
80 PROOF
4/5 QUART

Learn to ski, or just learn how beautiful winter can be.

At Woodstock Inn, where a whole winter wonderland awaits you in a Vermont village as picturesque as an old engraving. With covered bridges, Paul Revere bells, trails, streams, and our own 10-foot fireplace. With skating and sleigh-rides. Cross-country and downhill skiing. You can ski—or just love the winter scene. Ask about our Learn-to-Ski-in-Style Weeks. Even our rates are a good old-fashioned value. Write Woodstock Inn, Box 57-N, Woodstock, Vt. In New York call (212) 245-8771, in Boston (617) 523-4497. Or see your travel agent.


Woodstock Inn WOODSTOCK, VERMONT • Tel: (802) 457-1100
Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

Men's Shop, on the first floor, we found a key ring of arresting simplicity and elegance—a slender sterling-silver U with a screw-on knob of onyx, agate, or jade at each end. The price is $12. Bernard Chaix's wool-challis ties are the same price, and are variously printed with subtly colored Paisleys, geometrics, and stripes. M. Chaix inclines toward colors in the rust, red, brown, and orange range. Some English cable-knit mufflers of Shetland wool are fringed and come in gray, mauve, beige, white, blue, and coral; $12.50.

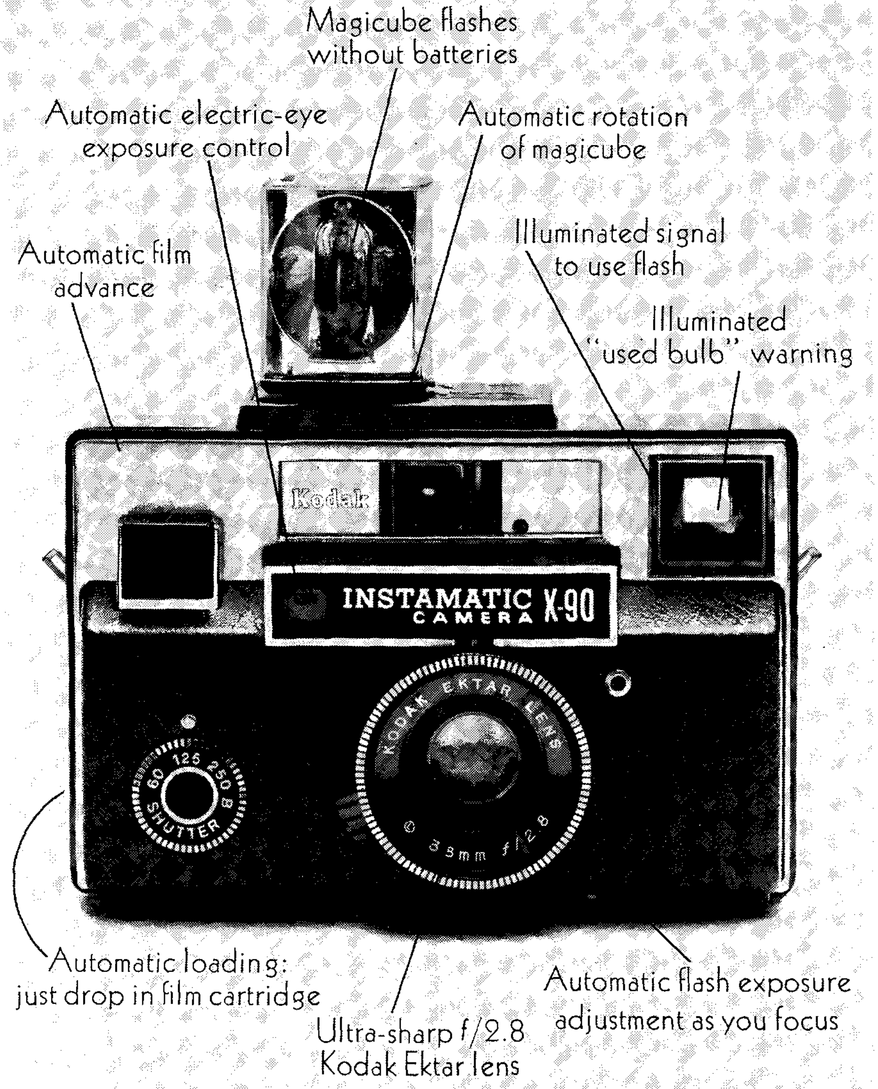
In the Men's Boutique on the ground floor of Saks are U-neck cashmere sweaters decorated with Fair-Isle-like patterns from shoulder to mid-chest; the rest of the sweater and the sleeves are a solid color. Combinations are, for example, black with a beige-rose-and-black pattern or teal blue with a rose-beige-and-teal-blue pattern; the sweaters cost $57. Sak's rust-colored suède jacket from France has a belt, epaulets, two big, square pockets, the "*équipements militaires*" buttons we saw at Barney's, and a price tag of $225. A brown suède Norfolk jacket from Sweden has two large, square hip pockets, two small, square breast pockets, and a price tag of $150. A belted double-breasted trenchcoat of brown brushed denim costs $95. For the same price you can buy a pair of fashionably ratty-looking raw-suède jeans with slightly flared legs.

At J. Press, 16 East 44th Street, a cheerful young man introduced himself as Dick Press and said, "Frankly, the best present from this store is one of our good old crew-neck Shetlands," and we agree with him. The Shetland pullover, unlike most of the garments we have described, suits old and young, stout and thin, modish- and plain-dressing, hip and square, radical and conservative. You could do worse than give every man on your Christmas list a Shetland pullover. The difficulty of properly describing the beautiful Shetland hues may be adduced from the names in the Press catalogue, such as Turf Lovat, Yale Blue, Light Natural, Sky/White Mix, Parchment, Mango, and Canary. The pullovers are made in Scotland and cost $19.50. The crew-neck Shetlands at Brooks Brothers, Madison Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, are the same price and gave their catalogue writer the same trouble. Cloud Blue-Sapphire Marl, Harvest Yellow-White Marl, Mustard Heather, Green Lovat-White Marl, and Burnt Red are some of his inspirations. Other copious sources of crew-neck Shetlands are Bloomingdale's ($18) and Tripler ($18.50 to $45). Tripler's attractive heavy turtlenecks from Ireland have a sort of mealy texture, with jagged horizontal stripes that subtly blend into each other. Color combinations are gold, burgundy, and beige, or yellow, dark blue, and beige; $20.

In Bergdorf Goodman's Men's Shop, we found nothing to support our thesis about the drab utilitarianism of men's fashions. We found a *luxe* reversible scarf—navy cashmere on one side and a multicolor Paisley silk print on the other—for $20 (other color combinations are available); a trim wallet of black buffalo calf lined with Nubuck, which has a mauve endpaper-like pattern of small shaded lozenges, for $15; a pocket secretary along the same lines, for $25; a black nylon umbrella whose black Lucite handle terminates in a plain, svelte curve of polished chrome, for $25; and a silk kimono printed with a pattern of square-drawn "G"s (for Givenchy, who designed it), in navy, red, or brown on white, or in navy on red, for $120.

At Bellini, 241 East 60th Street, shirts of Egyptian cotton from France have the feel and look of crêpe de Chine. One interesting model is printed with a rust-and-beige background pattern on which small rectangles of dark blue and beige are superimposed diagonally to achieve a tasteful Art Deco effect. The shirts are tapered and are appointed with two small buttons in the places where one ordinary-sized shirtfront button normally appears; $20. Bellini's cotton-knit shirts with battleships steaming across them have a forties-revival aspect; the backgrounds are brown, dark blue, or light blue and the ships are white outlined in black. These are $25. Bellini's suède trenchcoat from Belgium is warmer than the other suède trenchcoats we have seen—it has a quilted rayon lining—and it is epauletless. It has handsome brass buttons and four pockets with scalloped flaps; $245.

At Jaeger, 818 Madison Avenue (69th), there is a perfectly beautiful turtleneck pullover of a lamb's-wool-and-cashmere blend. Narrow, flat ribs occupy the center of the chest and are flanked by wider flat ribs; the sleeves and a broad bottom border are also wide-ribbed. The colors are exactly the ones we would have chosen for this sweater—camel, gray, or off-white—and the price is $38. Jaeger's tapered wool-jersey shirts, designed by Carlo Palazzi, are printed with elegant, blocky geometric designs in combina-


Magicube flashes without batteries
Automatic electric-eye exposure control
Automatic rotation of magicube
Automatic film advance
Illuminated signal to use flash
Illuminated "used bulb" warning
Kodak
INSTAMATIC X-90 CAMERA
KODAK EKTAR LENS
38mm f/2.8
125 250 B 60 SHUTTER
Automatic loading: just drop in film cartridge
Ultra-sharp f/2.8 Kodak Ektar lens
Automatic flash exposure adjustment as you focus

The most automatic automatic: latest edition.

The Kodak Instamatic® X-90 camera takes care of just about everything. Automatically.

Choose your subject. Focus in on it through the rangefinder. And shoot. That's all there is to it.

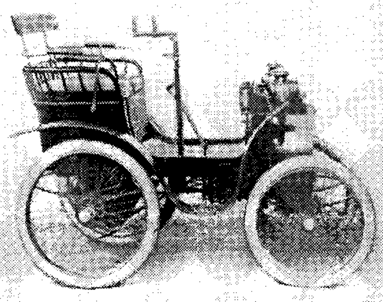
See the latest "most automatic automatic" at your photo dealer's. All of it for less than $145.

KODAK MAKES YOUR PICTURES COUNT.

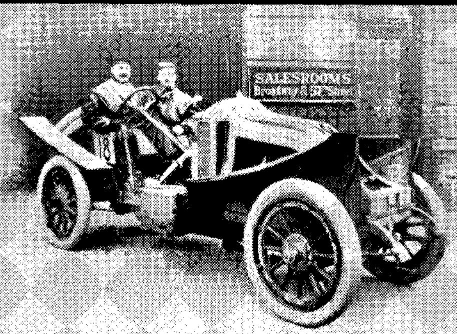
Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak

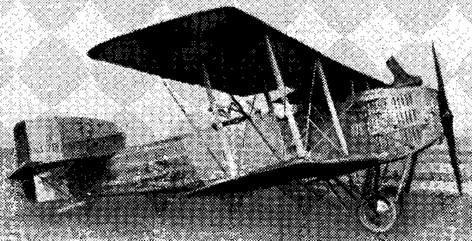
Introducing a company that's older than you expected.



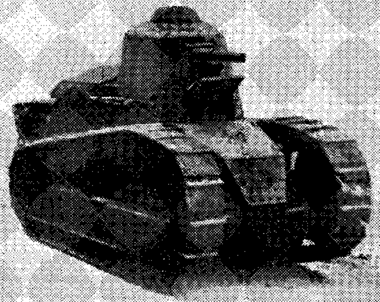
1898.
The Renault that started it all.
(Before the Model T
was a gleam in Henry's eye.)



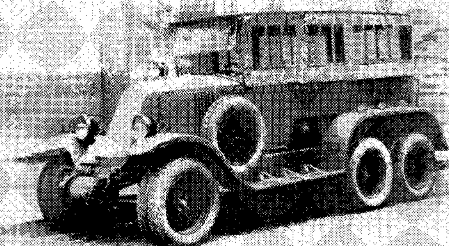
1909.
The Renault that won the New
York 24-hour race. We
get off to good start in America.



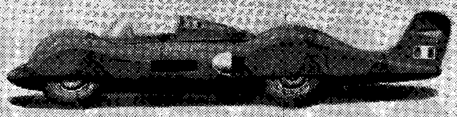
1916.
The Renault that worried the
Red Baron. (1930: we are world's
largest maker of aircraft engines.)



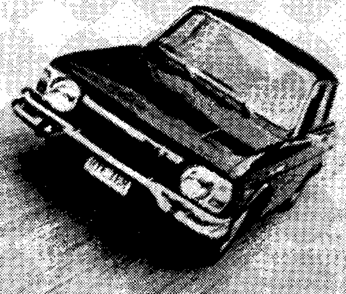
1918.
The Renault that turned the
tide in the trenches. Even
Renault workers got citations.



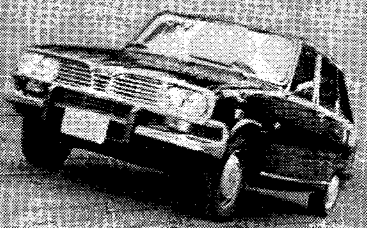
1924.
The Renault that made the
first motor
crossing of the Sahara.



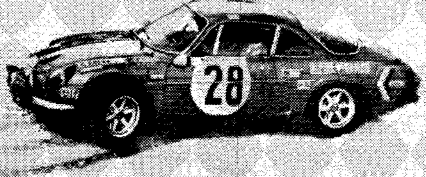
1956.
The Renault that set a world's
speed record at
famous Salt Lake City flats.



1966.
The Renault 10 arrives in U.S.A.
It gets up to 35 mpg
and gains a very solid following.



1968.
The front-wheel drive Renault 16
arrives. But not before winning "Car of the Year" in Europe.



1971.
Renault Alpines take 1st, 2nd, 3rd
in Monte Carlo against
cars like Lancia and Porsche.

Introducing a car that's much more than you expect.

The front-wheel drive Renault 12.

1972. You can finally get a reliable piece of transportation that doesn't ask you to sacrifice good road holding, or trunk space, or people space, or your bank account. It gets up to 30 mpg and goes for $2189.*

We can promise you uncanny road holding and better handling because the drive wheels are in front, and the engine is over them for better traction.

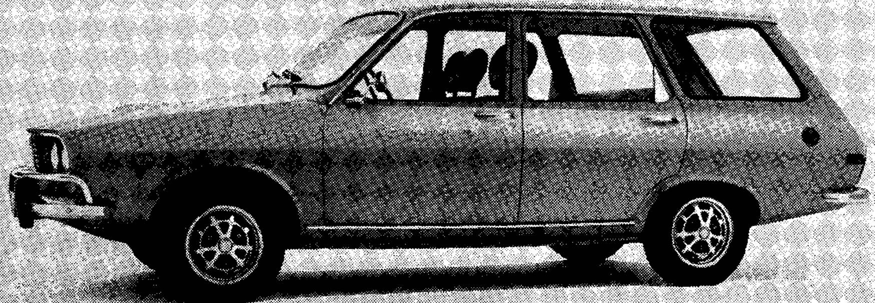
We produce more front-wheel drive cars than anybody in the world. Over a million a year. So it shouldn't be surprising that we know how to bring you the best that front-wheel drive has to offer.

It is 7" longer than the Pinto. So besides more leg room, it has almost as much trunk as Pinto and Vega combined, 12.8 cubic feet. If you need even more trunk, the Renault 12 station wagon has up to 58 cubic feet.

Its engine is essentially the same superb power plant that swept MonteCarlo. As is the ultra-precise rack-and-pinion steering.

With this car, we think we have a solid gold winner. And we know America likes a winner.

It is something we learned in 1909.



RENAULT

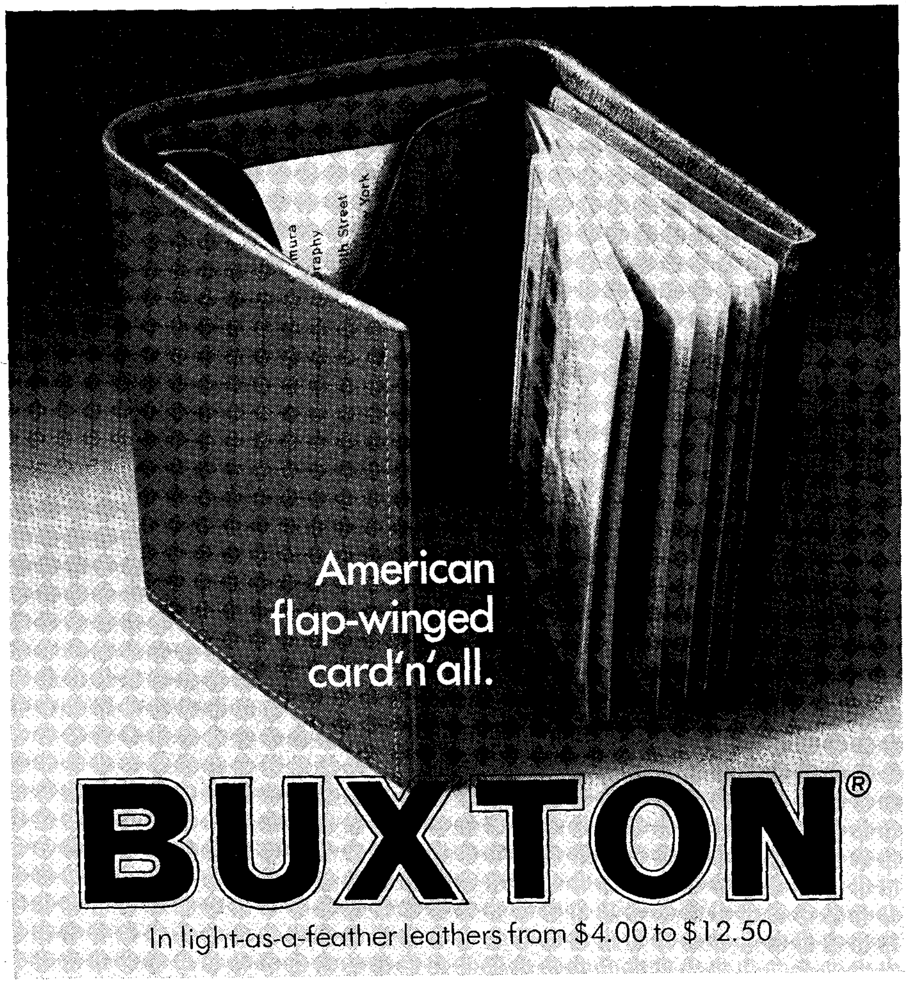
world's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.

*Suggested retail price P.O.E. for the Renault 12 sedan, plus F.E.T. if applicable, slightly higher on the West Coast, taxes, freight, options (as illustrated–custom wheels, front bumper overrider bar, etc.) and dealer delivery charges additional. For overseas delivery information see your nearest dealer or write Renault, Inc., 100 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632.

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

Liberty of London dress shirts. New. Exclusively ours. Here, cotton paisley print, 25.00; *wool tie, 8.50. All at* the sign of the crest, Men's Store, Street Floor, New York and all stores.

Bloomingdale's, 3rd Avenue at 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 · EL 5-5900



American flap-winged card'n'all.

BUXTON®

In light-as-a-feather leathers from $4.00 to $12.50

tions such as black and white, purple and white, and brown and yellow. They cost $55.

WE now leave men's clothes and come to gifts concerned with such exclusively male activities as smoking, drinking, collecting antiques, making things, reading, cooking, gardening, and photography. At Le Cabinet Scientifique, in the Antiques Center, at 415 East 53rd Street, we found a device to weigh a cow. Made in England around 1880, it is called an Improved Cattle Gauge, and is a compass-like affair set into a leather case three inches square and an inch thick. "Among the recommendations of this useful instrument," a printed sheet pasted into the case points out, "is its lightness and portability, as it can be sent to any part of the Kingdom by post and may be worn without inconvenience in the waistcoat pocket." When a cow's measurements—bust, waist, hips, etc.—are registered on a revolving dial in the face of this instrument, it will, the paper goes on to say, "tell the dead weight of the four quarters, either in London stone of eight pounds, the country stone of fourteen pounds, or the score of twenty pounds." The Improved Cattle Gauge costs $37.50. Le Cabinet deals in nautical, medical, dental, surgical, engineering, and scientific antiques, and the items it offers are choice. A nineteenth-century apothecary's wooden-handled rolling pin of deeply corrugated brass is very heavy and very handsome; the price is $25. An elegant wooden ship's curve, which is shaped like a boomerang, was the property of a nineteenth-century naval architect; it's $35. A nineteenth-century travelling medicine bottle is a light wooden bottle-shaped case, five inches tall with a screw-on top, in which a glass bottle is housed; $25. A comely indigo-blue inkwell, a squat two and a half inches high, has fluted sides and a metal top; $14. A Danish glovemaker's elegant sign, twenty-three inches tall and shaped like a hand, is $350, and a Danish bandage-maker's sign, also twenty-three inches tall, in the form of a leg, which has had first-aid attention, is $145. An ingenious folding wooden music stand, circa 1840, is a compact rectangle ten inches long, an inch and three-quarters wide, and an inch thick when dormant, and a normal-sized table music stand when in use; it costs $125.

Antique matchsafes are good presents for pipe smokers, and there is a fine collection of these engaging anachronisms in Gladys Koch's shop in the

Antiques Center. Matchsafes, in case you are as ignorant of their existence as we were until a few weeks ago, are receptacles for carrying wooden matches upon one's person, and they take the form of flat rectangles approximately two inches long and an inch and a half wide. They are usually made of silver and are often elaborately decorated with scrolls, garlands, and the name of the owner. A rare specimen in Miss Koch's collection was made about 1890 and is embossed with a Mucha-like lady's face whose whorled tresses are surrounded by butterflies; it costs $65. Less rare matchsafes are also available, starting at $15. A polished brass Art Nouveau bottle opener (made in 1900) is a slender nude, five inches long, who holds her arms above her head; $50. An Art Nouveau silver flask, six inches tall and four and a half inches wide, is embossed on one side with a fast woman who is smoking a cigarette and is surrounded by Art Nouveau tendrils of smoke. The other side is engraved with the name of the original owner, one Floyd A. Goodwin, and the date December 25, 1902. The Christmas, 1971, price is $150. A cast-iron cigar-cutter, of a kind that was given out by the Crane Company as an advertising souvenir, is stamped with the legend "Crane Co.—Fittings—Valves—Established 1885," and is worked by means of a lever that activates a valve that decapitates a cigar; $30. To get back to matchsafes, other sources are the Polymorphous shops—one in the Antiques Center and the other at 283 Columbus Avenue (73rd)—at prices ranging from $4 to $24, and Webster Hill Antiques, 302 East 50th Street, where prices start at $13. Webster Hill also has a collection of turn-of-the-century penny dreadfuls by authors like Horatio Alger, Jr., and Nicholas Carter. These pulp paperbacks, formerly a nickel, are now $3.

At the James II Shop, upstairs at James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, we contemplated a little ivory squirrel (three inches long) with a thin, ratlike face and a fat, squirrel-like tail, sitting on a leaf and gnawing at its stem. This delicately carved bibelot is classified as nineteenth-century Oriental by James II and costs $135. A pocket cigar-carrier made in Scotland around 1830 is of wood covered with glazed paper on which a colored engraving of a running hound appears within a tartan border. The container, which is of a length and width to accommodate four cigars, is internally appointed with four tinfoil-lined compartments. The top pulls off with an audible pop, it is that

From the cellars of
Baron Philippe de Rothschild:
A great vintage wine.

Now in its own wine rack.

BARON PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD
MOUTON-CADET
1967

The year: 1967.
The wine: a
famed Bordeaux from the
house of Baron Philippe de
Rothschild. Order 12 bottles
and they come to you in this
handsome wine rack. All for
the price of the wine.

Mouton-Cadet 1967
only $3.19* a bottle

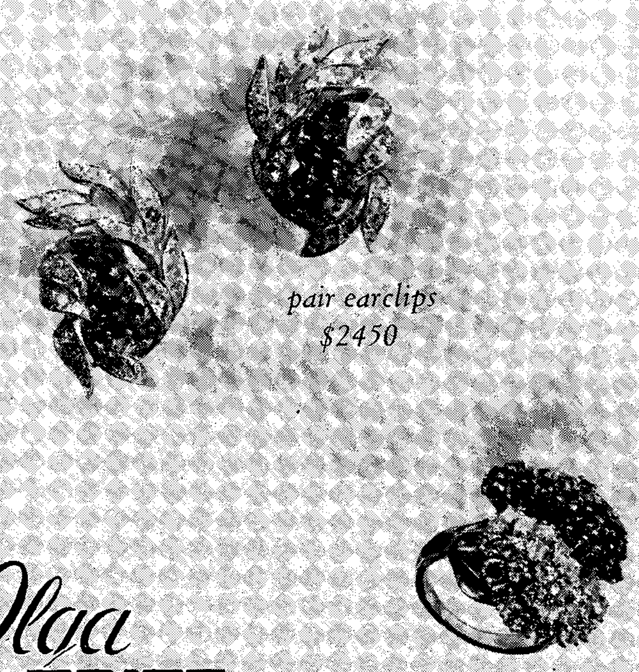
*varies slightly in some states.
Sole Importer for the USA—Munson Shaw Company, New York

SPRING ADVANCE,

shaping up beautifully;
our Vera Maxwell
international redingote,
re-interpreted in white
French fringed
embroidery on navy,
copen, pink with white
Irish Fibranne. 10-20
$110.00

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro,
Durham, North Carolina
Richmond, Virginia
Colorado Springs • Columbus, Ohio
St. Louis, Missouri • Denver

SAPPHIRES AND DIAMONDS
set in 18KT GOLD



pair earclips
$2450

ring
$1950

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022

tight-fitting; $75. Glazed paper printed with the Stuart tartan covers a round stamp box an inch and three-quarters in diameter and an inch and a half high; its date is 1850 and its price is $25. James II has a collection of antique microscopes, all of which are in working condition and in possession of their original carrying cases. An eighteenth-century Culpeper microscope is $575, an early-nineteenth-century drum-type microscope is $375, and several Victorian microscopes are on hand for around $250. A wooden box eight inches long, four inches wide, and three inches deep contains a dozen balsa-wood plaques, each holding six glass slides. Colored labels with delicate, old-fashioned handwriting identify the specimens (eye of blowfly, hair of rat, skin of sole, bone of cat, blood of sheep) and, together with seals and markings of various hues and shapes that are glued to the slides, impart to them and their mountings the appearance of dainty, Schwitters-like collages. The mounting was done in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the price of the collection is $60.

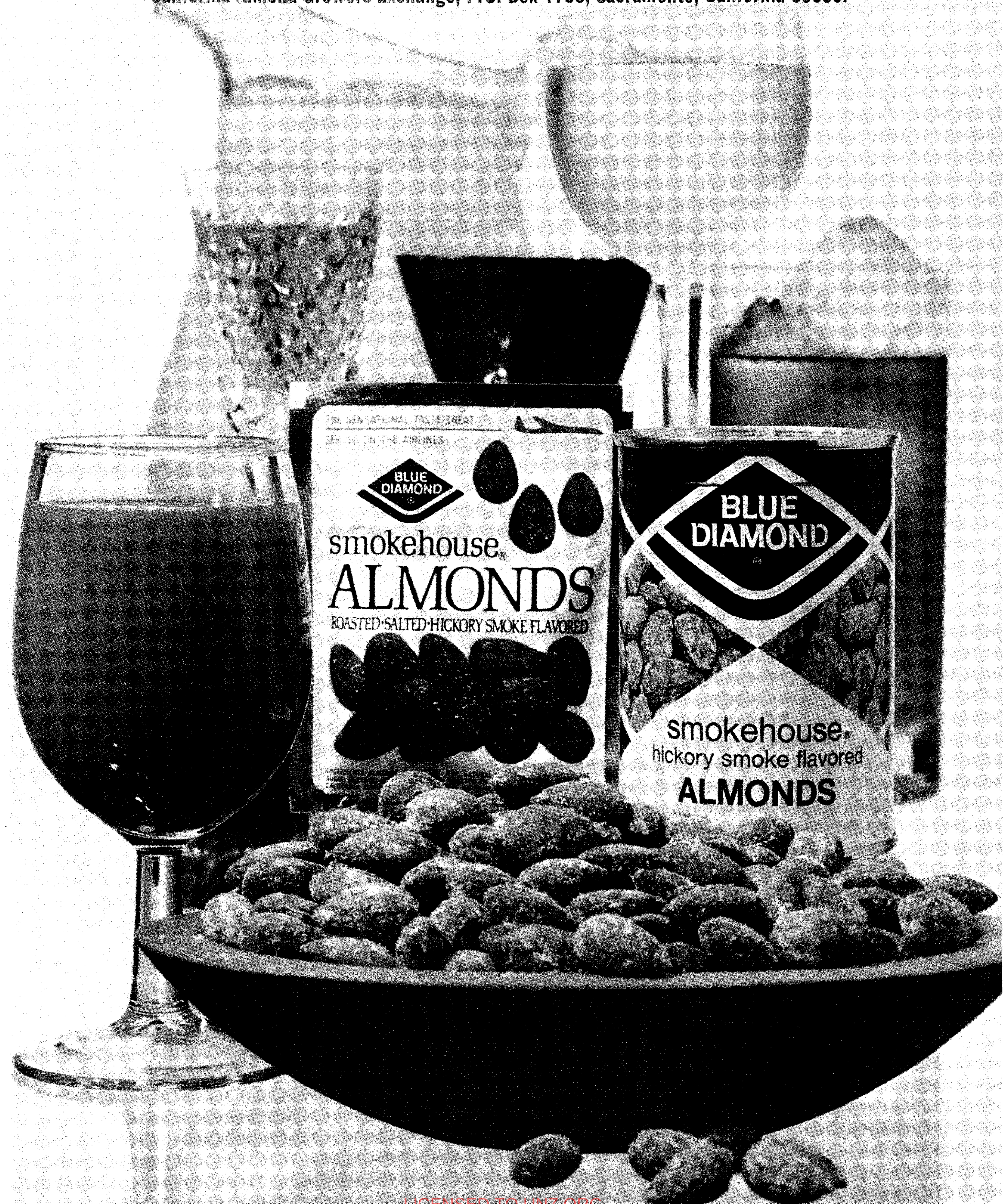
At Frederick-Thomas, 210 East 60th Street, we regarded a curious wooden object—a late-nineteenth-century test-tube holder, which adjusts vertically, horizontally, and diagonally by means of thumbscrews, and which holds the test tube with a clamp that resembles a clothespin. The price is $17.50. A device of brass, marble, and wood for crushing drugs into powder comes from a nineteenth-century doctor's office and is a sort of press, its base thirteen and a half inches long, eight inches wide, and an inch and a half thick, with an attached corrugated-brass roller. One section of the base is marble (the pharmaceuticals are mixed there), then comes a corrugated-brass section, and then a drawer. The roller is drawn over the corrugated-brass surface and pulverizes the drugs, which may then be swept into the drawer. This handsome, mysterious-looking object costs $135. A tin trunk, twenty-eight inches long, eighteen inches wide, and sixteen inches deep, is persuasively painted to look like pale grained wood and is lettered in black with the words "Cremo, the World's Best Cigar." The trunk is lined with tinfoil and was originally used as a store humidor.

At Alwilda, 184 Ninth Avenue (21st), which deals in nautical antiques, objects are displayed in a handsome, light room at museum distances from each other and with museumlike descriptive placards in front of them. Chronometers, sextants, compasses, ba-

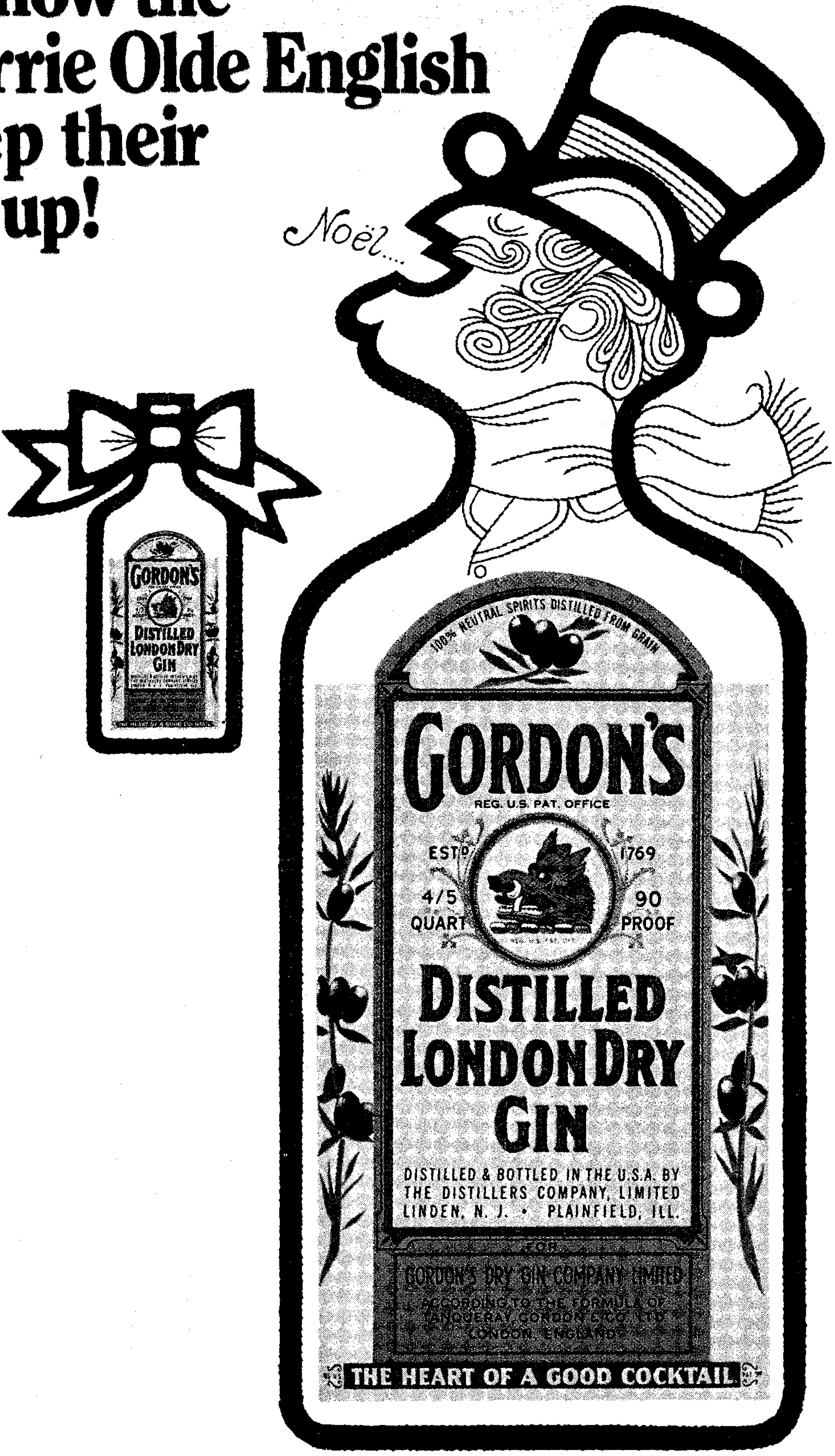
Smokehouse® Almonds...They flew to fame on the jets

The uproar started as soon as the airlines began serving these crisp, crunchy nuts with cocktails. When passengers got back from Boston and Bangkok and Birmingham, they began firing off letters to us: "Your Smokehouse® Almonds are fantastic — almost habit-forming. But where can you buy the darn things?" Fortunately, we've got the situation squared away now. More and more stores are stocking these special nuts from California. So sample a tin or foil pack of Smokehouse® soon. Note: Besides our high-flying Smokehouse® flavor, there are four other Blue Diamond almond flavors — French Fried, Garlic Onion, Barbecue, and Cheese. If you can't find your favorite flavor in nearby stores, please write:

California Almond Growers Exchange, P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, California 95808.


THE SENSATIONAL TASTE TREAT
SERVED ON THE AIRLINES
BLUE DIAMOND
smokehouse®
ALMONDS
ROASTED·SALTED·HICKORY SMOKE FLAVORED
BLUE DIAMOND
smokehouse®
hickory smoke flavored
ALMONDS

Gordon's.
It's how the Merrie Olde English keep their gin up!


Noël....
GORDON'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
EST'D
1769
4/5
QUART
90
PROOF
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY
THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN, N. J. • PLAINFIELD, ILL.
FOR
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF
TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

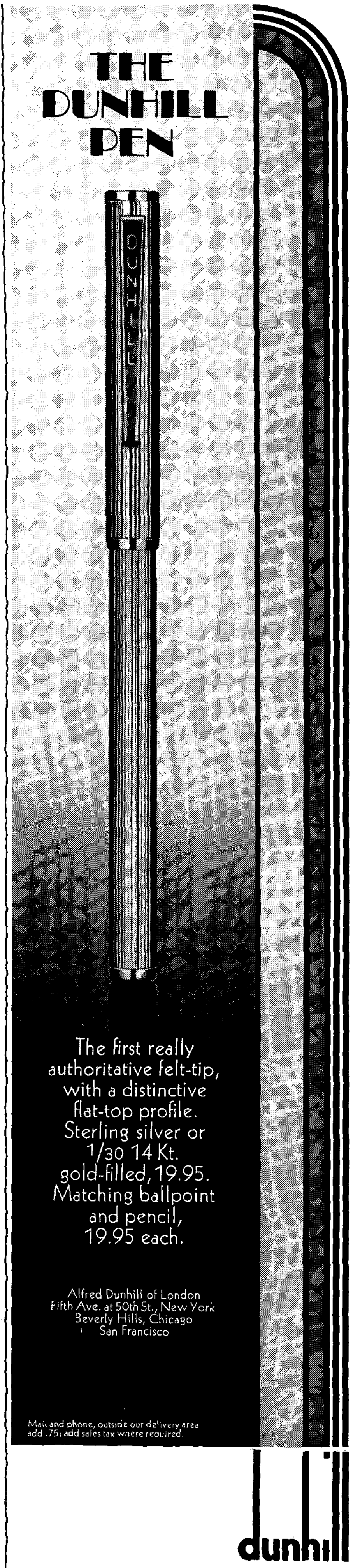
Let down on the crackling dryness, the delicate flavour of Gordon's Gin?
Especially during the Christmas season? Never!
Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So today, and every day, you pour a drink that's dry as Scrooge. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps.
But then, anything less wouldn't be the spirit of the season!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

rometers, ships' wheels, ships' lanterns, prints and paintings of sailing ships, captains' desks, ships in bottles, and scrimshaw (which includes the embroidery, wood-carving, and box-making that sailors did to pass the time at sea as well as the engraving and carving on whalebone and whales' teeth that the term now popularly connotes) are among the choice and costly things sold here. A rare three-piece set of an exquisitely etched and carved whale's tooth, a pie crimper made of whalebone, and an ornate, hand-tooled leather chest is offered for $1,200. Each of the pieces is signed by its maker, Thomas Allen, and the crimper, whose handle terminates in a sinuous snake-curve, is marked "made for Sweet Sally." A handsome ship's medicine chest of mahogany, eight inches square and seven inches deep, is filled with its original glass bottles, beakers, and scales, and has a secret compartment; it was made around 1840 and costs $300.

At Daniel Brooks, 1082 Madison Avenue (81st), where Oriental antiques and primitive artifacts predominate, we examined an eighteenth-century *yatate*, which is the portable inkwell and brushholder that gentlemen of Japan wore tucked into the obis of their kimonos. The brass specimen at Brooks, which is very good-looking, resembles a long-stemmed pipe; the brush was housed in the stem, which is stoppered by a screw-on knob, and the dry ink was kept in the bowl, which has a hinged top. The price is $22. A pistol-shaped *yatate*—a curiosity and a rarity—still has its original brush and costs $175. We next learned what a *netsuke* is and that it is pronounced nets′-kē, as in vet's key. A *netsuke* is a small, rounded toggle of ivory or wood pierced by two holes and used by the Japanese to attach small objects to their obis, and it was often elaborately carved. A delightful wooden specimen showing two monkeys wrestling costs $175, and an ivory *netsuke* depicting a fat man holding a bag and laughing gleefully is $225. In contrast to the delicate, finely detailed *netsukes* are some ancient Korean iron animals found in graves. These are crude and amorphous, with a mottled, cinnamon-colored abrasive surface, the result of centuries of corrosion. They have the strong, primitive quality of children's first experiments with clay; $35 each. For $15, Daniel Brooks offers wooden discs, about two inches in diameter, that are carved on one side to look like coiled snakes, and were made by aborigines in Taiwan about a hundred years ago. Their aboriginal function was to hold wax on their smooth sides, for use in waxing thread for sewing. A mysterious drawing of a half-naked man with dots leading from various parts of his body to labels in Cambodian calligraphy is from an early-nineteenth-century Thai treatise on acupuncture. The drawing is seventeen inches high and forty wide, and has been mounted in a simple white wooden frame; the price is $375. A colored Japanese woodcut, thirty-five inches by eighteen and a half, shows ten partly draped Japanese ladies, each in a different stage of gestation, as may be seen from a fetus that is drawn on each lady's robe over the stomach. The woodcut was made in 1830, when it evidently took an extra month to produce a baby. The woodcut is in a plain brown wooden frame, and might amuse an obstetrician. It costs $375. An eighteenth-century wrought-iron sign from Alsace is a Star of David with an incongruous mug of beer in the center. The interesting theory at Daniel Brooks—for which there is no evidence whatever—is that the sign originally hung outside a public house to advertise the fact that it let Jews in. The price is $475.

TWO small books of photographs came out this year that will make fine, unoppressive Christmas presents. "On Reading," by André Kertész (Grossman, $5.95), is a collection of sixty-six photographs, most of which show a person or persons in the act of reading. (A few show interiors of libraries and bookshops.) Kertész is the quietest and most mysterious of the master photographers, and reading—the quietest and most mysterious of human activities—seems a particularly fitting subject for his art. It has evidently preoccupied him throughout his life, for the book spans a period of fifty-five years, beginning with a picture taken in a Budapest suburb in 1915 and ending with one taken in Greenwich Village in 1970. A kid sitting on a pile of newspapers, eating an Eskimo Pie and reading a comic; a monk reading a medieval psalter; a Hassidic Jew poring over a newspaper he has apparently just fished out of a trash can; a young


THE DUNHILL PEN

The first really authoritative felt-tip, with a distinctive flat-top profile. Sterling silver or 1/30 14 Kt. gold-filled, 19.95. Matching ballpoint and pencil, 19.95 each.

Alfred Dunhill of London
Fifth Ave. at 50th St., New York
Beverly Hills, Chicago
San Francisco

Mail and phone, outside our delivery area add .75; add sales tax where required.

dunhill

Pinot Chardonnay

A noteworthy white dinner wine from the vineyards of The Christian Brothers

Pinot Chardonnay is the grape that produces the white burgundies of France. Our plantings of this rare vine thrive in sunny vineyards near our Monastery. While the crop is small, the wine it yields is truly memorable. When this grape was transplanted to California's famous Napa Valley, it gained new characteristics which I believe you will find quite unique in a wine.

One of the unusual qualities of our Pinot Chardonnay is that it seems to contradict traditional wine rules. For unlike most white wines which reach their peak during their early years, the noble character of this fine Pinot Chardonnay continues to develop in the bottle.

It is ready to serve when it leaves our aging cellars here—but still you may confidently put it down in your own cellars to enhance it even further.

The wine has a superbly flavorful mellowness with an exquisite, subtle bouquet. It is a delightful accompaniment to lighter meats, fish or lobster.

Priced at about $3.00 a bottle, the supply of Pinot Chardonnay is necessarily limited. Should your wine merchant fail to have it, you may write to me.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F. S. C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, California

girl reading on a fire escape; an old woman reading in bed; a couple reading in a park—these are some of the familiar images that Kertész has transformed into his Surreal illuminations. "Edward Weston: The Flame of Recognition," an Aperture Monograph, edited by Nancy Newhall (Grossman, $5.95), includes some of Weston's most famous works (such as the nude with the gas mask and the nude on the dunes), accompanied by excerpts from the photographer's notebooks and letters between 1923 and 1954. The writings have the disturbing beauty of the photographs, and they movingly convey a sense of the man's thorny purity:

> Yesterday I "created" the finest series of nudes I have ever done, and in no exalted state of mind. I was shaving when A. came, hardly expecting her on such a gloomy, drizzling day. I made excuses, having no desire—no "inspiration"—to work. I dragged out my shaving, hinting that the light was poor, that she would shiver in the unheated room. But she took no hints, undressing while I reluctantly prepared my camera.
>
> And then appeared to me the most exquisite lines, forms, volumes. And I accepted, working easily, rapidly, surely.

Some other books that, given judiciously, might bring pleasure are "Goethe's Color Theory," arranged and edited by Rupprecht Matthaei and translated by Herb Aach (Van Nostrand-Reinhold, $27.50); Barbara Rose's vinyl-bound study of Claes Oldenburg, entitled "This Book About the Work of Claes Oldenburg Was Written by Barbara Rose for the Museum of Modern Art" ($25, or, for members, $18.75); "The Essential Japanese House," by Teiji Itoh, with photographs by Yukio Futagawa (Harper & Row, $35), or "The Elegant Japanese House," by the same pair (Weatherhill, $25); "The Master of Mary of Burgundy," a minuscule Book of Hours, with an introduction by J.J.G. Alexander (Braziller, $25); "The Art of Beatrix Potter," with an appreciation by Anne Carroll Moore (Frederick Warne, $20); "The History of Photography," by Beaumont Newhall (Museum of Modern Art, $15, or, for members, $11.25); a celebration of Cole Porter, with photographs and lyrics, entitled "Cole," and edited by Robert Kimball (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $25); "The 100 Greatest Advertisements," by Julian Lewis Watkins (a Dover reprint, $3); Robert Houriet's book about communes, "Getting Back Together" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $7.95); and "The Last Whole Earth Catalogue"

Hand made
De Busschere

GRACE
Calf $70
Built up leather heel

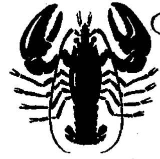
Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

IN CENTRAL LONDON
THE CHURCHILL
PORTMAN SQUARE
A NEW HOTEL.
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING IN LONDON.
But nothing in London can come close to it!
A LOEWS HOTEL

Gloucester House



SEA FOOD
AT ITS BEST
Pre Theatre Dinner from 5:30 pm
37 EAST 50 ST.-N.Y. 755-7394
BETWEEN PARK & MADISON

($5), which includes a picaresque novel whose hero is named D. R. (which stands for Divine Right, not Design Research).

ANTIQUE tools have become increasingly popular objects of collection, and their price has risen sharply in the last few years. The largest local source of these costly relics (as we've noted before) is Sydney Strange's Antiques for Men, 855 Second Avenue (46th), where a wallful of choice Early American implements may be perused. A much, much cheaper source of presents for tool collectors is the local hardware store. The popular notion that today's machine-made tools are all ugly and made of plastic is not borne out by investigation. During a visit to B. Wankel & Son, 1573 Third Avenue (88th), we saw a number of common modern tools that seemed to us as aesthetically satisfying as the old tools and that would handsomely and instructively bring a tool collection up to the present. The Stanley try square (this and nearly all the other implements mentioned are available at most big hardware stores as well as at Wankel) is a tool of great elegance. Its hardwood handle is fitted with a finger-shaped indentation, and where it meets the steel rule with which it forms a right angle a lovely trefoil brass plate appears. A ten-inch try square costs $5.05. The Jorgensen C clamps are handsome in a heavy, rugged way, and an enormous specimen (No. 108) would make a fine wall decoration; $7.36. Stanley's twelve-inch folding boxwood carpenter's rule with a sliding caliper attached to it (No. 36½ R) is a pleasure to contemplate and to handle. The caliper and the pivotal hinge are of polished brass, and the numbers and marking lines are finely inscribed in black; $2.40. Another good-looking boxwood ruler by Stanley (No. 70E) extends to two feet in two dimensions by means of a pivotal hinge and two ordinary hinges. The hinges are again of brass, but the numbers here are in big bold type; $2.20. Unfortunately, Stanley has discontinued these two models, and they may be hard to find. Wankel has a few left. A bricklayer's ruler, less comely but interesting ($3.85), extends to seventy-two inches by the zigzag method, and has brick-space markings on one side and inches on the other; it is yellow with fine black markings. Stanley's plastic-coated steel tape measures come in chrome-plated steel cases with black, white, and yellow labels, and have a different character from the old-fash-

If you steal away
from a Christmas party
to listen to the snow fall...
shouldn't your perfume be
Je Reviens?

PARFUMS WORTH PARIS

JE REVIENS

JE REVIENS PERFUME MADE BY PARFUMS WORTH PARIS. PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP POWDER, ALL MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE FROM $50. TO $5.50. FOR A PACKET OF SACHET PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. N.Y., 5 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

Lord & Taylor

Party-goers —

our Anne Fogarty blouse
of black Enkalure® nylon
and skirt of flowered
shocking pink acetate.
Shows off your tiny waist!
Sizes 4 to 14, 56.00
In the 54 Shop,
Third Floor — and at all
Lord & Taylor stores

ioned wood-and-brass rulers, but they are well designed, and in time they, too, will look like antiques. A hundred-foot steel tape measure compensates for its commonplace modernity by its bizarre largeness. Its flat chrome-steel case is four inches wide and four and a half inches long (it looks like an outsized powder compact), and the back side is equipped with a retractable handle, by whose agency the tape is reeled back into the case; $11.85. The conventional ten-foot Stanley tape measures come in versions that lock or don't; $4.80 for a "powerlock" rule three-quarters of an inch wide, $2.05 for a quarter-inch-wide tape that doesn't lock. Other decorative items at Wankel are steel drill chucks ($10 to $15), micrometers ($27 to $50), and a five-piece set of jewellers' screwdrivers ($1.70).

A tape measure from France, advertised by the House of Wares, 884 Madison Avenue (72nd) and 1053 Madison (80th), as "the most elegant steel tape measure ever made," may well be that. It is certainly the most handy tape measure we have ever used. It is equipped with a reading window enabling one to take inside measurements without having to do arithmetic, and it shows metres and centimetres as well as inches and feet; it has a lock, a level with a bubble gauge, and a compass with a retractible point, for describing circles up to twenty feet, and its compact, black-leather-covered case has a good feel in the hand. The price is $10, and it is also available at Mark Cross. A battery-powered Scotch Tape dispenser may sound like one of those futile novelties that are all over the stores at Christmastime and that we try to divert you from with our tasteful recommendations of Chinese clothes and Stanley tools. In reality, it is a thoughtful and useful contrivance. The model on display at the House of Wares is a box containing a reel of tape, which, depending on how the machine is set, feeds out in strips an inch and three-quarters or three and a half inches long. As fast as one piece is ripped off, another takes its place. If a longer piece is wanted, the machine can be set to keep reeling out tape until it is torn off. The price is $17, without batteries. A bookend at the House of Wares is simply an upright rectangle of clear Lucite, to the base of which a wide strip of stainless steel, coiled like a mainspring, is attached. Anywhere from one to a couple of dozen books can be fitted in between the Lucite and the coil, which unwinds to accommodate the volumes. The good looks and inge-

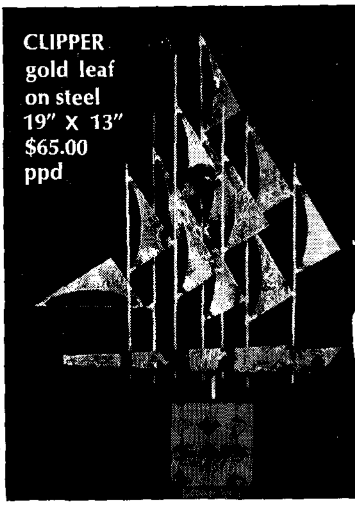
Courtenay...
another heirloom collection
in solid wood... by Davis.
DAVIS
CABINET COMPANY
Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture
NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

What Florida promises,
the Lido Biltmore provides.

On the shores of the Sun Coast, spacious lawns, broad vistas, incomparable serenity. A lovely pool, tennis, fishing, water sports, a great 18-hole golf course. Superb cuisine, entertainment, dancing. The promise of Florida is here... with us.

For information call your travel agent or our N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (212) 581-6595.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
Floyd Alford, Jr. Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA



CLIPPER
gold leaf
on steel
19" X 13"
$65.00
ppd

Write for
color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

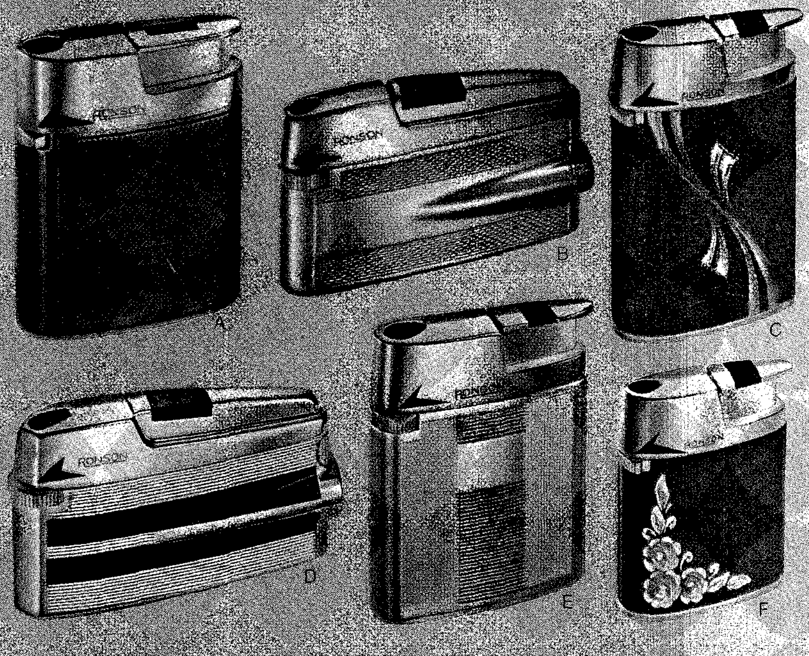
WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO

RONSON®

Varaflame®/MK II

...a new concept in fine butane lighters
in seven exciting new styles

- fuels in seconds
- lights for months
- fingertip adjustable flame



(A) LITEGARD MKII Gold Plate, Gunmetal $16.50. (B) ADONIS MKII Gold Plate $19.95. (C) STARFIRE MKII Gold Plate, Green Florentine $19.95. (D) PREMIER MKII Chrome Plate, Tortoise Enamel $19.95. (E) WHIRLWIND MKII Gold-Tone $17.50. (F) PETITE MKII Gold Plate, Hand Engraved $19.95.

Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N.J., U.S.A. All prices shown are suggested retail.

LADYLITE MK II
Bright Black Shell, Hand
Engraved "Owl"... $22.50

A few words to those people who have never had the opportunity to drink a fifteen year old Scotch.

15 YEARS
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
ESTABLISHED 1749
ROYAL AGES
FIFTEEN YEARS OLD
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISK
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
WORLD'S FINEST SCOTC
IMPORTED BY
THE PADDINGTON CORPORATI
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

There are not many who have had the luxury of tasting a fifteen year old Scotch. Because there is not much fifteen year old Scotch around. And for a very simple reason. Scotch is enormously popular in America. It has become big, big business.

And there are not many businessmen who are willing to wait fifteen years for their Scotch to reach its peak, when without too much trouble they can sell a five or eight or twelve year old Scotch.

"Why wait the extra years?" is the reasoning.

But we go back over 200 years to when making Scotch was an art, and, to risk sounding a little too sentimental, a work of love. But this attitude has not been without its reward. For nine successive reigns the House of Justerini & Brooks has been the holder of the Royal Warrant.

And so it is that in a world that continually strives for the new, the changed, the expedient, we are pleased to present a Scotch made the way Scotch was made in another day and age. Fifteen year old Royal Ages.

Royal Ages is another experience in Scotch. Unbelievably comfortable to the experienced palate.

A smooth calm tasting Scotch with not the slightest hint of a rough edge.

It is, in short, Scotch at its absolute best.

Fifteen year old Royal Ages. We are pleased to be able to present you with the opportunity to drink it.

Royal Ages

Fifteen years of breeding.

15 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof.
The Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

nuity of the thing are pleasing indeed, and the price is $10.

At Higgins Cutlers, Ltd., 575 Madison Avenue (56th), we found an excellent pair of small pruning shears, sold under the name of Greensleeves (they come from England), for $9.50. They have a good feel in the hand—and one hand is all one needs—they are powerful, and they lock. The handle is enamelled in two shades of green, and the blades are Sheffield steel. For the indoor gardener, we found an excellent quart-size plastic spray bottle whose nozzle is adjustable from a fine mist to a jet stream. The bottle is white with green ounce markings, and it is called the Spray Pal. The price is $2, and the source is the Gazebo, 14 East 57th Street.

For an inept but indefatigable photographer, we prescribe a camera called the Keystone Everflash-20, which is for sale at Willoughby-Peerless, 415 Lexington Avenue (43rd), and at all the other Willoughby-Peerless stores around town, for $44.95. The camera does everything for you. It has a fixed focus, an electric eye, and an internal battery-powered electronic flash. All you do, literally, is press the button. For a photographer who knows what he is about, we recommend a tie or a shirt. For a collector of antique photographic equipment, the Place on Second Avenue, 175 Second Avenue (11th), has a nineteenth-century French semi-automatic stereoscopic viewer in working condition, housed in a handsome walnut cabinet, along with nearly a thousand glass transparencies, most of them showing views of Nice and its environs; it costs $2,200.

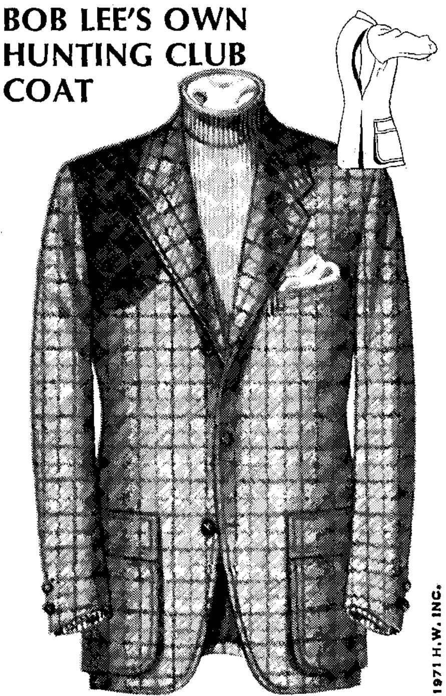
TO please a man who likes to cook, we propose a trip to the Bridge Company, 212 East 52nd Street, where every conceivable pot, pan, casserole, whisk, mixing spoon, knife, spatula, sieve, etc., exists in its most sensible and durable and gastronomy-considering manifestation. We ought perhaps to add a note on the owner of the Bridge Company, for the benefit of the embittered women who, in Craig Claiborne's words, "wouldn't visit his neighborhood if he were peddling the last soufflé dish in the world." Fred Bridge has undergone a complete change of personality since he moved up from downtown. He no longer throws women out of the store who don't know what they want, nor does he snap at those who want something he doesn't have, nor does he just stare moodily in reply to a question. Mr. Bridge has become as genial and obliging as any shopkeeper in town, and shopping at the Bridge Company is now a treat rather than a test of character. The only trace of Mr. Bridge's former self is a scrapbook of clippings—from *Life*, *Newsweek*, the *Times*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Better Homes & Gardens*, and other publications—that he keeps under the counter and likes to show to visitors. "Here's a great one," he said, drawing our attention to a notice in which he was characterized as a "tyrant." Other descriptions that delight their subject are "curmudgeon," "ogre," "martinet," "the meanest man in the world," "crusty character," "woman hater," and "controversial figure." While Mr. Bridge chuckled over the scrapbook, his clerk, a nice young man named Bob Cratchit, waited on customers. We watched Bob wrap a cast-iron skillet and hand a tidy package to a pleased, pretty woman. "Merry Christmas," he said. "Merry Christmas," she said. "Merry Christmas," Mr. Bridge said. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us Every One.

• •

THE BARRACLOUGH FOOFAROUGH

We Barracloughs are tough.
We Barracloughs are thorough.
We've shaken every bough.
We've beaten every borough.
Directories we plough
Methodically through
Are each a very trough
Of Goughs and Houghs—a slough
Of Cloughs and Bloughs. What though
We come down with the cough?
What though we squander dough
And time? It is enough
To *know* there is no -ough
That rhymes with Barraclough.

—GEORGE STARBUCK



BOB LEE'S OWN HUNTING CLUB COAT

©1971 H.W. INC.

in a new Collection
of Fine Irish & Scottish Woolens

A MODERN CLASSIC...THE INSPIRATION FOR COUNTLESS COPIES... ROBERT FAIRCHILD, IN "MEN'S WEAR" MAGAZINE, wrote: "HUNTING WORLD...A SAFARI INTO FASHION... has exerted a strong influence on some of today's top fashion trends... has become a mecca for two varieties of hunters: Sportsmen and men's wear stylists. Hunting World's attention to authenticity and tasteful innovation appeal to both varieties, and (Bob Lee's) stock has been used as models for such recent trends as the safari hat, the safari look in sportswear, men's shoulder bags, and most recently – a host of new jackets with suede hunting patches and trimmings..."

Originally designed by Bob Lee for his own use, these coats are hand-tailored to his exacting specifications, with all the refinements he insists on in his own clothing. Excellent coats to "live-in"—whether you're grouse shooting in Scotland, jetting to a distant capital or just lunching in town. Patch pockets have outside gussets of fine suede, also used to line the pockets and face the shoulder patch. Deep set-in shoulders allow complete freedom of movement, yet spring back naturally as your arms relax. Colors are those favorites of the grouse moors–muted tweed tones of predominantly gray, brown or green (Please include second color choice on mail orders).

Sizes 38-46 Regular & Long.

$195 Add $3 on Mail Orders
N.Y. Res. Add Tax.

CONTRASTING SLACKS. 100% Wool Cavalry twill. Officer's "Pink", Mist Grey-Green or Tan. Waist sizes 30-40. Bottoms long, unfinished for custom fitting by your own tailor. $65 Add $2 on Mail Orders.

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St., N.Y. 10022

N94

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

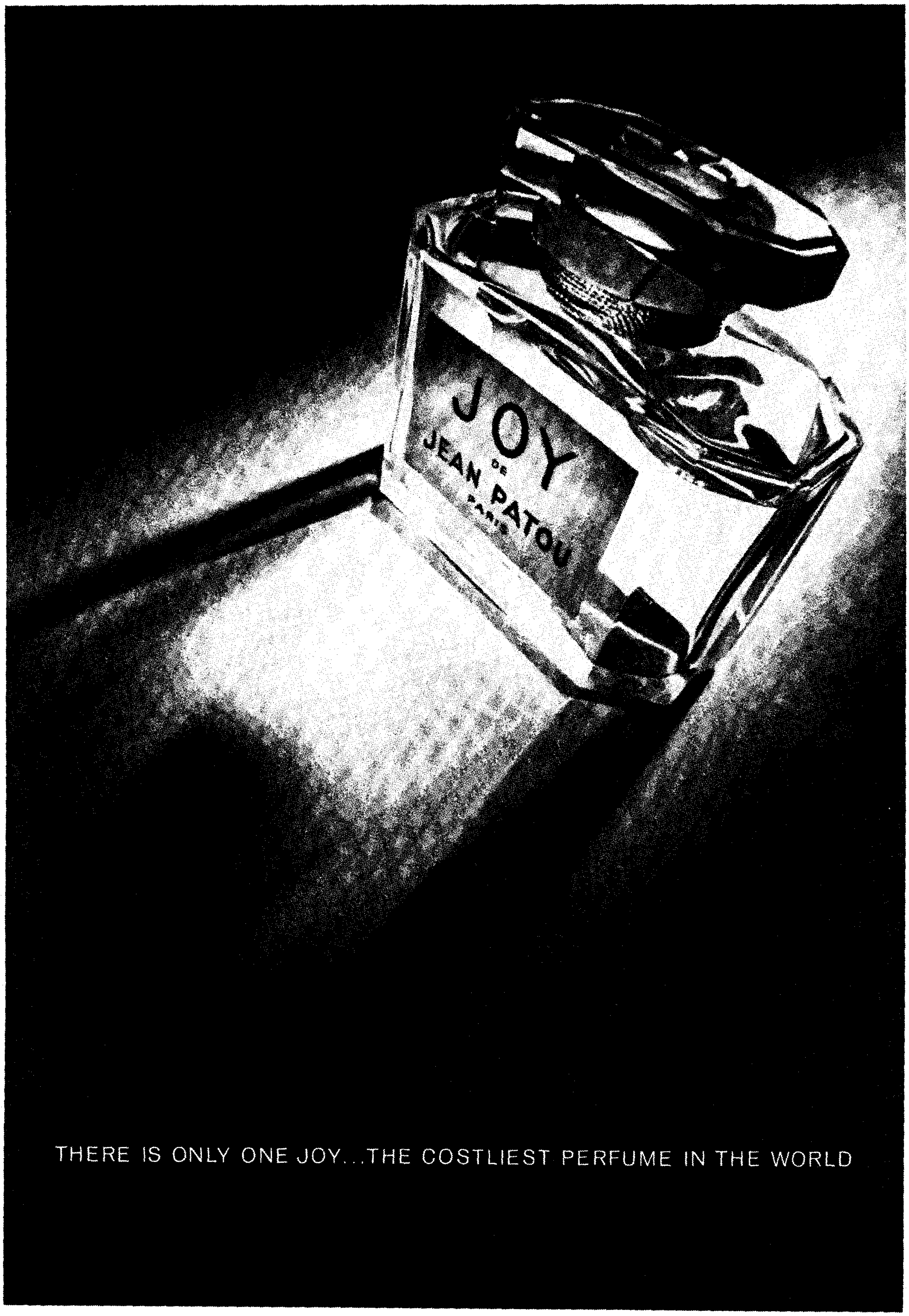
DECEMBER 10

BEFORE India and Pakistan mounted their two-front war, it looked rather as if 1971 might go down as a year in which, with exceptions here and there, reason and common sense were gaining the upper hand in world affairs. This government made a welcome contribution by conceding at last that China really isn't an island in the far Pacific but a great continental power, whose capital, Peking, will receive a state visit from the President a couple of months from now. This was shortly followed by the announcement that we had withdrawn our opposition to the seating of the real China in the Security Council and the General Assembly of the United Nations, which now comes close to realizing its own goal of universality. The war in Indo-China goes on, but at a slackened pace. The Soviet Union and the United States have been negotiating seriously and amicably about a series of problems that range from the ocean floor to outer space. Bonn and Moscow have composed some of their differences, and there may soon be turnstiles in the Berlin Wall. There have been bloody doings in Northern Ireland, but Britain at last seems to be joining Europe. There is hope for a meeting on European security in which NATO and the Warsaw Pact powers may find ways of reducing military tensions and expenditures. The situation in the Middle East looks bad, as usual, but not worse. The continuing growth of Japan as an industrial giant has been raising new problems, but they do not appear insoluble, and it may be that some of that country's energy will be of use to certain of the underdeveloped countries. In most Western capitals, there seems a good deal of confidence that the finance ministers of the great trading powers will come up with a reasonably stable currency system.

The general assumption here is that the war on the Indian subcontinent, though it may become a good deal more sanguinary than it already is, can be contained in the present theatres of combat. The Soviet Union champions and to a considerable degree equips India, with which it recently concluded a treaty of friendship, while we and our new associates in Peking hold Pakistan to be a victim of unprovoked aggression. (We wobble a bit, though, and claim "neutrality" in the present military contest.) But these are official government positions, formed mainly for purposes of Cold War diplomacy. (Somewhere, the principles of "self-determination" and "national liberation," to which all three claim to adhere in the conflict next door, have been lost, for these seem to be all that the Bengalis in the eastern province are asking, and all that the Indians say they are helping them to get.) It is doubtful whether any thoughtful statesman—here, at any rate—sees the situation in the simple terms of the U.N. debates. But, regardless of sympathies, official or otherwise, there seems to be no one here or anywhere else who wants to do anything but stand aside and render some humanitarian aid when it is possible to do so. It is generally thought that the state of Bangla Desh will, with India's help, be created, and that the war in the west will end in a standoff or something like it. From a purely democratic point of view, Bengali autonomy is probably desirable, though if it comes to pass it may lead to further Balkanization. But from the purely selfish and strategic point of view of the three great powers in one way or another involved, it matters relatively little how things work out between India and Pakistan. For some time, there has been concern here and in other capitals that India, fearing a China armed with nuclear weapons and associated with Pakistan, might take steps toward becoming a nuclear power herself, but this could as well happen if she fell short of what she hopes to gain in the present war as if she emerged at least temporarily victorious.

"And this is my mother-in-law, who disapproved of me from the start and has, I suppose, lived to see her judgment roundly confirmed."

As more and more attention is being paid to next year's Presidential politics, the tendency grows to think of every step, diplomatic or otherwise, as bearing some relation to that contest. There seems little reason to doubt that some of the summitry planned by Nixon for next year is being set up to keep him in the news as a campaigner for peace as well as the Presidency. But this probably played a small part or none at all in the formation of his China policy. Like everyone else who has given any thought whatever to foreign affairs over the past two decades, he has known that our China policy was absurd and must someday be discarded in favor of one that saw the world in its true shape. As yet, there have been no reliable accounts of how and why it was decided that this was the time for a switch, but the decision must have been made well in advance of Henry Kissinger's first flight to Peking, in July, and it is highly doubtful whether that journey commended itself on the basis of domestic politics alone. There must have been some word out of China that encouraged Dr. Kissinger to make the preliminary explorations, but there was


JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

Great with candlelight

...but then it makes any occasion great.

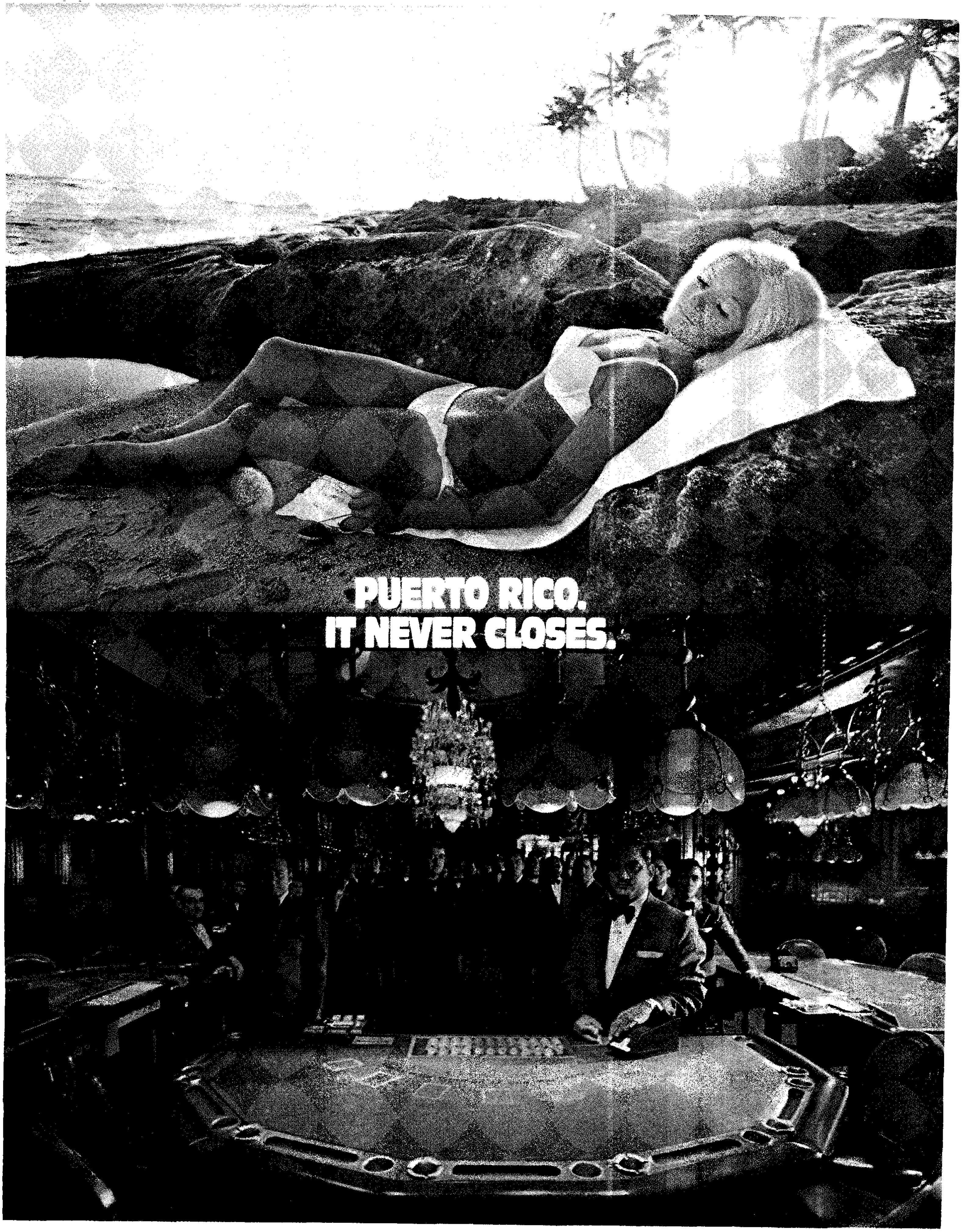
Great Western

Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, N.Y. 14840

surely no word from the Republican National Committee to the effect that smart politics demanded a "Chinese strategy" to accompany the "Southern strategy." What may have come from the Party strategists was the advice that the "China lobby" was all but dead and that this would be as safe a time as any to look into the matter, and perhaps risk a little in the interests of sanity. In any case, Nixon gave the green light to Dr. Kissinger, who had no doubt been lobbying the President on his own, to have a try at it. Although it was clear then that Nixon probably wouldn't lose many votes if he failed or gain many if he succeeded, it was nonetheless a rather daring diplomatic enterprise, and although it could hardly have been planned as a surefire political coup, it seems to have worked out that way. The almost immediate consequence was that kings and presidents and prime ministers all over the world wanted to see Nixon as soon as possible before or after, and preferably before, his visit to Peking, and it now looks as if the President in early 1972 will be the center of attraction wherever he goes and whatever he does.

It may yet turn out that the Chinese have entered the U.N. to cause mischief and to make things in general harder for the United States, but right now it appears as if their primary aim is to get what they consider theirs by right and, after that, to open up another front in the polemical war against the Soviet Union. If they wanted to join the Democrats in getting rid of Nixon, they could probably make some small contribution by way of embarrassing him, but this does not seem to be their intention. His diplomatic coup having been something of a political coup as well, for the moment he looks in pretty fair shape for next year, at least as far as foreign policy is concerned. Our bombers may still be killing Indo-Chinese and ravaging their land, but the view of most Americans seems to be that a war is over whenever there are no more of our troops in the line of fire, and that point will probably have been reached well in advance of the election. The Administration seems to have guessed right in using Vietnamization as a policy, or slogan, that will just about eliminate the war as an issue in electoral politics—no matter how widely and fiercely it is still being fought by clients of ours supplied with our ordnance. A candidate of Eugene McCarthy's or Paul McCloskey's cast of mind might still choose to keep the moral issues alive, but, except in an occasional congressional election, there is unlikely to be any such candidate, and it is doubtful whether many voters would respond if there was. There were very few doves in this country before the American casualty lists mounted, and there will be next to none once there are no American casualties—though memories of Vietnam will remain green enough to keep us out of any more such adventures for a good long time to come.

IN the polls, the President's position remains quite strong, as it has throughout the late summer and fall of this year, and most of the improvement is doubtless attributable to the way he has been handling the war and foreign policy in general. It is conceivable that he could lose some of these advantages between now and next November. If the North Vietnamese simply overran Indo-China before he could complete Vietnamization—a real possibility, in the view of some military observers—he would have to concede failure and might feel compelled to "re-Americanize." If the Chinese at the U.N. should win to their side a large number of the currently "non-aligned" countries, he could lose in 1972 much of what he had seemed to win in 1971. But even if he continues to prosper in foreign affairs, he will be a vulnerable candidate. He has come up with several innovative domestic programs, but none have been written into law, and he himself has had to say that for some of them—most recently the day-care program—the time is not propitious, which means that he doesn't know where the money is coming from. His Keynesian interventions in the national economy have been more approved than understood, but there will be neither approval nor understanding if they do not soon show results, and it does not yet appear that there will be much in the way of a measurable decline in inflation or unemployment in the next several months. His and his Attorney General's zeal for


PUERTO RICO.
IT NEVER CLOSES.

Puerto Rico is an island in the sun. With an emerald rain forest. Sandy, ivory beaches. Ancient gray fortresses. Rolling golf greens.

All of that.

It is also an island in the moon.

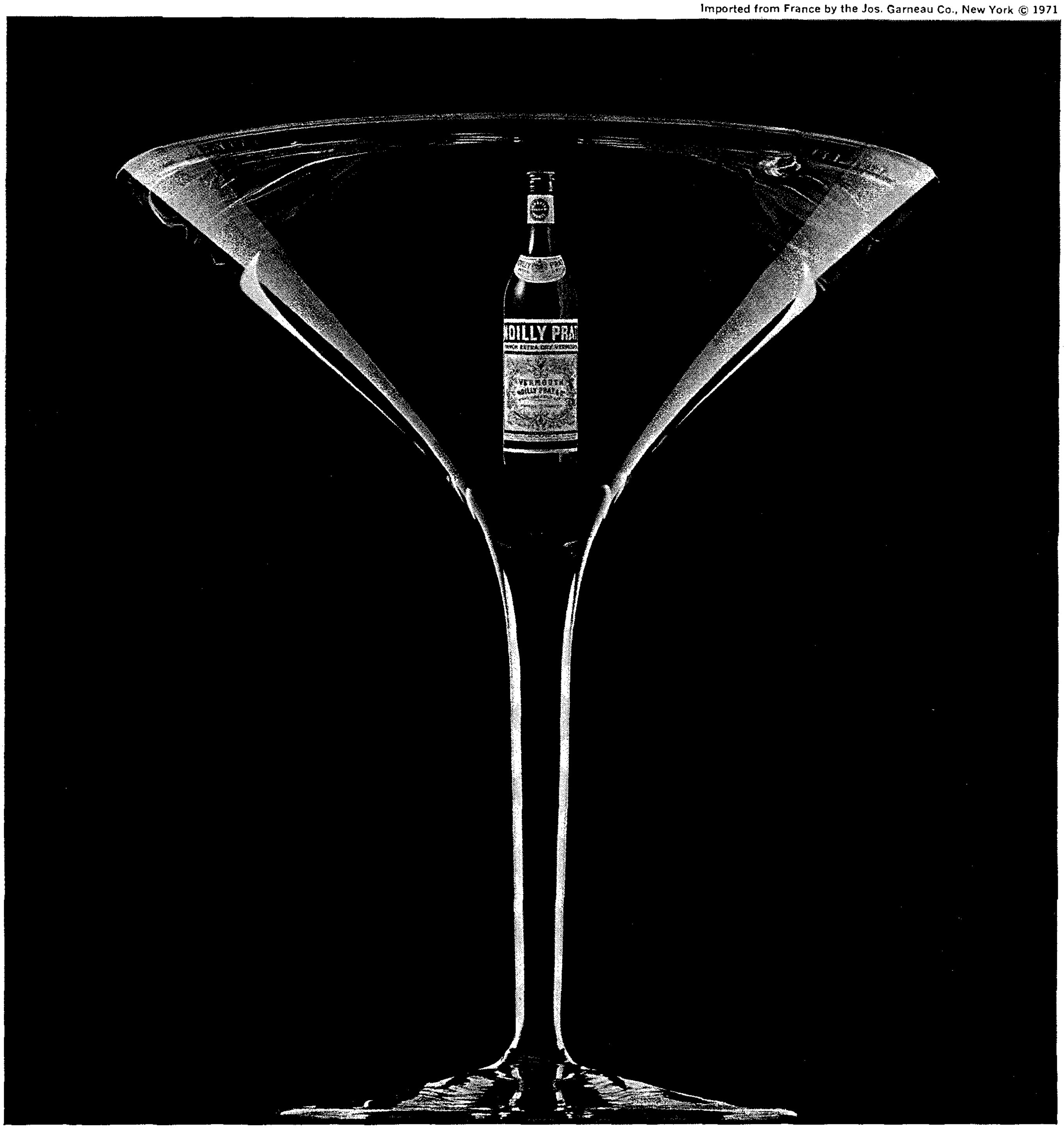
San Juan night life means dining in nineteenth-century restaurants, letting the calories rise as they may. Spending time at the casinos, letting the chips fall as they may.

Here, you live and dance and party instead of sleeping the night away. Come to Puerto Rico. Compared to the rest of the Caribbean, it's like night and day.

PUERTO RICO, USA.

©1971 COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO

Imported from France by the Jos. Garneau Co., New York © 1971



THE NOILLY PRAT MARTINI

A great martini is not made by gin alone.

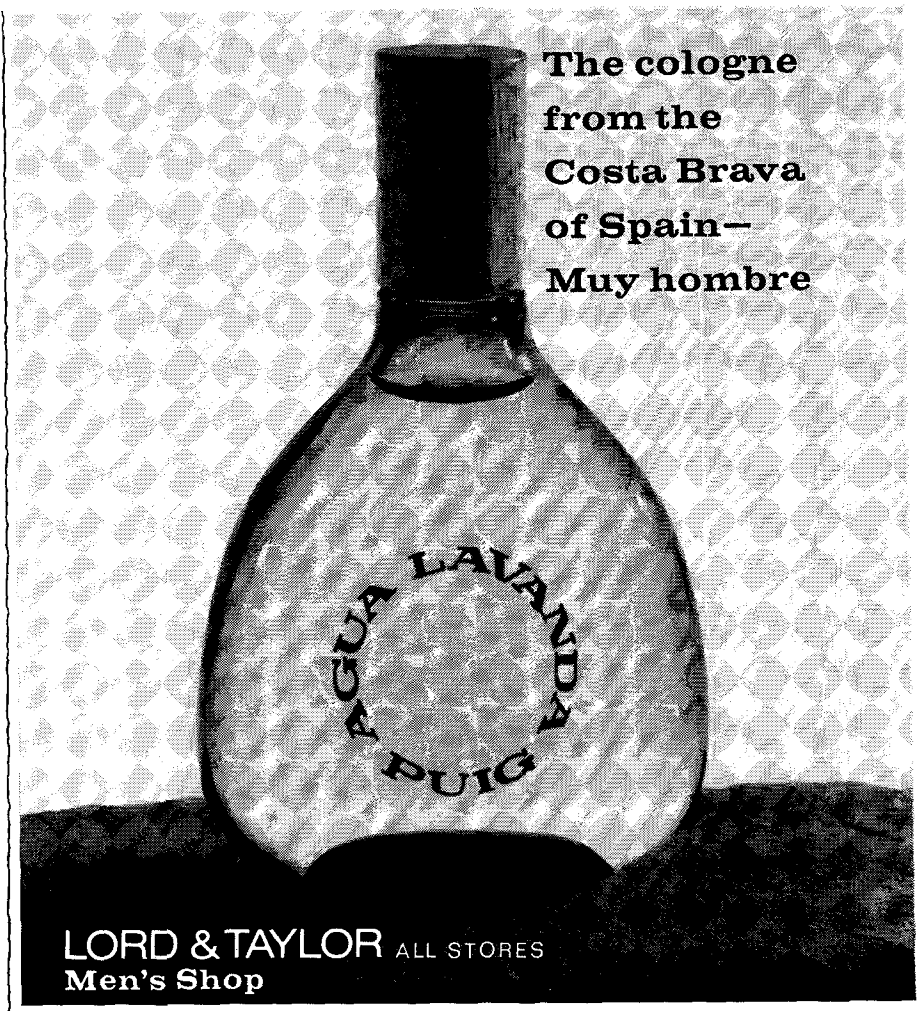
A great vermouth is the essential ingredient.
What is the secret of Noilly Prat?
The longer dry vermouth matures, the finer it becomes.
Noilly Prat is the dry vermouth that takes
the extra time to mature.
Once you've tasted a Noilly Prat Martini,
you'll know why we take so long.

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT
French Extra Dry Vermouth.

law and order has provided matter for some inspirational talks, but the statistical evidence reveals only an increase in crime. He has given us a "strict-constructionist" Supreme Court, but, in view of the time it takes the Supreme Court to move into action, it is unlikely to do much in the way of strict construing before he makes his run in 1972.

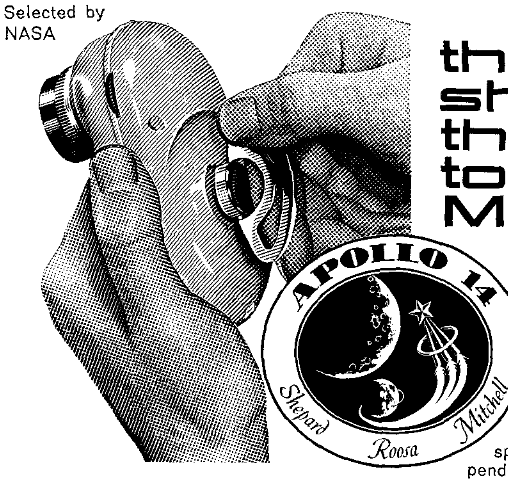
Nixon's assets at present are his incumbency, his party's bankbook, and his lowering of the American casualty figures in Vietnam. The favors he has done or tried to do for his Southern supporters may be assets, too, but they are likely to yield him little if George Wallace makes a low appraisal of them. Of such assets the Democrats have none. They are out of office and broke, can take little credit for de-escalation, and can be hurt fully as much as Nixon by George Wallace. But if, as seems most probable, the issues are mainly domestic, their position is strong. Their leading candidates are all more ingratiating than Nixon. Their economists may be no wiser than his, but there is more public confidence in them, and their record has generally been better. The Democrats are closer to being united than they have been in years, though this may last no longer than the first couple of primaries. Their labor and statehouse support is firmer than it was four years ago. The newly enfranchised voters may not be overwhelmingly Democratic, but probably the Democrats have the edge among them. If divisions arise during the fight for the nomination, it will not be over deep ideological issues but over narrow ones, and over internal tactics such as accreditation of delegates. These internal divisions could do more harm to the Democrats than similar ones might do to the Republicans, for they would probably involve a fairly large and determined left wing, rather than, as would be the case with the Republicans, a small and feeble group of rightist extremists.

If there proves to be a serious danger of left-wing defections among the Democrats—possibly leading to the formation of a fourth party—it is a fairly safe bet that the candidate will come from somewhere between left and center. Senator McGovern would almost exactly fit in that position, but his campaign for some reason seems to be faltering. Lack of charisma is the common explanation, but that appears to characterize the whole lot, with the possible exceptions of John Lindsay, who may already have gone about as far as he can go unless he is willing to settle


The cologne from the Costa Brava of Spain—Muy hombre

LORD & TAYLOR ALL STORES
Men's Shop

Selected by NASA



the shaver that went to the Moon

When Astronauts Shepard and Roosa returned from their historic Apollo-14 flight, they were as clean-shaven as when they left 9 days earlier. (Mitchell decided to grow a beard!) The reason? The Wind-Up Monaco shaver, selected by NASA to keep them comfortable and clean-shaven on their long journey. ●The first secret of the Monaco's marvelous performance lies in its shaving head. Three continuously self-sharpening blades revolve at such a fast clip that they actually give 72,000 cutting strokes per minute. And the guard is so unbelievably thin (5/100 of a mm—about the thickness of a cigarette paper) that pressure is unnecessary. Just touch the shaver to your face and guide it in circular motions for the smoothest shave ever. ●The second secret is the power plant. The palm-shaped body of the Monaco is filled with a huge mainspring, made of the same Swedish super-steel used in the most expensive watch movements. Just wind it up and the Monaco shaves and shaves. From ear to ear, from nose to neck, and maintains full speed to the end—long enough to do the complete job. We could go on about the virtues of the Monaco, but (as with so many things) you have to try it to really believe it.● Send for your Monaco today in full confidence. Put it to the test for two weeks. You'll be delighted with the comfort, speed and convenience—and the independence it will give you from water, soap, batteries, electricity, styptic pencil and all other paraphernalia of conventional shaving.● If you decide the Monaco isn't the best shaver ever, send it back to us for prompt refund. If the Monaco served the Apollo-14 astronauts so well, think what it can do for you under much less trying conditions. Once you've tried it you'll never let it go.

Please send me:
☐ Monaco Shaver-Standard Model $20.95
☐ Monaco Deluxe-Model-Anatomique $22.95
☐ Special Trimming Head (optional) $4.95
My check, plus $1 for post. & ins. is encl. (Calif. res. add tax.) Guaranteed 1 year.

Name ______
Address ______
______ Zip ______

584 Washington
San Francisco
94111
haverhill's
NY1218

If you're coming to Palm Beach, don't you really belong at the Colony Hotel

100 Rooms and a reputation

A McCONNELL, WETENHALL PRESTIGE PROPERTY
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA 33480
TELEPHONE 305/655-5430
LEDYARD D. GARDNER, Vice President

for the Vice-Presidency, and Edward Kennedy, who might not be budged by even the most powerful of drafts. Muskie has the lead in the polls now, but there are some who fear that even his brand of liberalism might be too tame for the younger militants. Yet Muskie's very tameness may be an advantage. Having made so few firm commitments as a senator from Maine, he can move onto new ground without being accused of yielding to expediency. If the man closest to the center generally has the odds in his favor, Muskie looks very strong indeed.

IT is possible that historians looking back over the past several Administrations will give the present one a somewhat higher rating than any but the most partisan of Republicans is prepared to give it now. In foreign policy, it has made its share of mistakes—the largest probably being the incursions into Cambodia and Laos—but no more than its share. Moreover, it has done much to undo some of the damage done before. Many of the problems it has had to deal with were bequeathed it by predecessors as far back as Truman. Nixon is seeking a rational China policy, a feat that required little political intelligence but a certain amount of courage—particularly from a man once so closely connected with the old policy. He began de-escalation in Vietnam and has just about destroyed simpleminded anti-Communism, which he himself exemplified almost to the hour of his nomination. He did not panic, as it might have seemed in character for him to do, when Marxists took power in Chile. He has been fairly diligent in his cultivation of good relations with Eastern Europe and has generally shown good faith in his negotiations with the Russians. He and his immediate subordinates have probably done as well as any postwar Administration as overseers of the immense federal bureaucracy. He has had to work with a Congress that not only is controlled by his opposition but contains a fair number of men antagonistic to him on personal as well as political grounds. In only one case—in April, 1970, when the Senate rejected G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court—has he failed to keep his temper.

Members of his Administration have at times played fast and loose with the Bill of Rights, and his Supreme Court appointments are men who for the most part seem less solicitous than their recent predecessors about protecting the individual against the state. Few of his appointments have been more than mediocre. No doubt there are men of

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor

The Castilian
Finest for Spanish Cuisine
LUNCH · DINNER · LATE SUPPER
OPEN 7 DAYS 12 to 1 AM
303 East 56th St., N.Y.C.
(Off 2nd Avenue)
Tel. 688-6435

VACATION, RETIREMENT, INVESTMENT

on the coast of Maine. $300 DOWN delivers the deed to 1 to 2 acres in beautiful Maine coast communities in the famous Bar Harbor area. Quiet, hospitable fishing villages near enough to all conveniences; or active resort communities with everything right at hand: shopping, theatre, recreation. One of the few remaining oceanfront areas still available for your vacation or retirement home. $300 DOWN. $3,500 total price, including roads, power, telephone, adjacent beach privileges. Only 7¼% interest on balance over 7½ years. ($47.00 monthly.) Or directly on the shore as low as $5,800 total ($580 down).

Call Whitecaps 207-667-5956 or Box 45NB, Bar Harbor, Maine

exceptional ability—scientists, lawyers, administrators, Foreign Service officers—tucked away here and there in the Nixon Administration, but the only name that comes to mind of a man of first-class ability currently holding a high position is Dr. Henry Kissinger. Nixon has done far less for the dispossessed than Lyndon Johnson did or tried to do—partly, no doubt, because he wants to hold his Southern constituency. On the other hand, he has proposed social-welfare programs that would have sounded like Bolshevism a dozen years ago. None have yet been enacted, but their prospects may be better if he becomes a lame-duck President in 1973. There is no reason to suppose that he wishes to go down in history as a third-rate President, and it is still by no means evident that this has to be the case.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

[*Editorial in the Connecticut Daily Campus, the student newspaper of the University of Connecticut*]

We got one of those letters last week that makes the blood a little warmer.

Self-righteously, an associate professor, of English, J. D. O'Hara, tried to suggest that the *Daily Campus* was doing "pimp" work for businesses who sell term papers for students.

Mr. O'Hara and other "concerned" faculty members, we'd like to respond.

First, there is nothing illegal about advertising such services. There is no statute in the State of Connecticut law book, nor in the University of Connecticut, which makes it a criminal offense for such advertising. The same cannot be said for pimping and whoring.

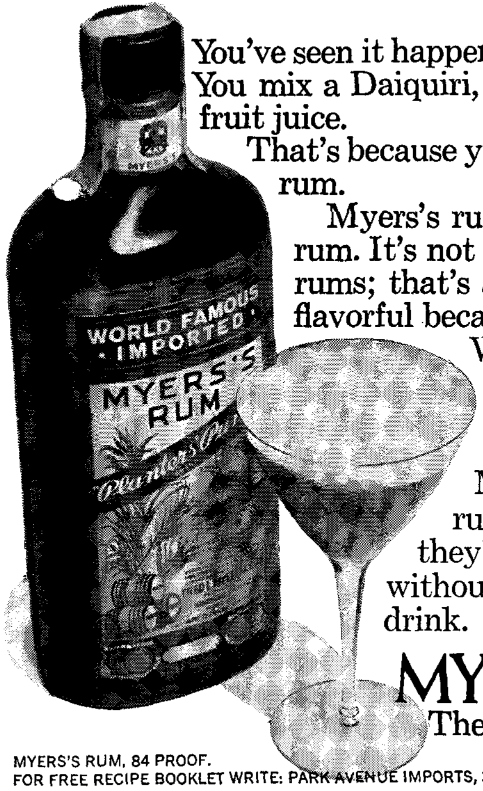
Secondly, the *Daily Campus* feels plagiarism is an individual responsibility. If students want someone else to write their term paper, they will find a way. Banning such advertising would not necessarily mean the end of plagiarism.

Thirdly, the *Daily Campus* is an independent student newspaper which operates solely from subscription and advertising revenues. Banning such advertisements from our paper because a few faculty and administrators get "upset" is economically unrealistic. (It is interesting to note that Mr. O'Hara is not a paid subscriber to the *Daily Campus*.)

Fourthly, we feel that when a person pays for something he owns it. If a student pays to have something written for him, he legally can do what he wants with it. What about faculty members who have books ghost-written for them? Isn't that whoring, Mr O'Hara?

Finally, we feel that those faculty members and administrators whose courses are so dependent on term papers and the giving of grades are simply trying to justify their existence.

Faculty who cannot make students enthusiastic enough about their course to write a paper should not teach.

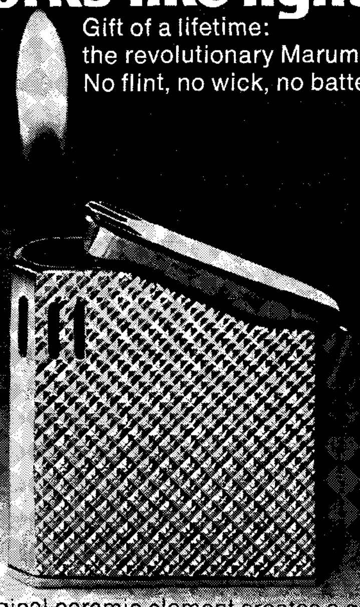


YOUR DAIQUIRIS ARE CRYING FOR RUM.

You've seen it happen.
You mix a Daiquiri, and all you taste is fruit juice.
That's because you're using the wrong rum.
Myers's rum is dark Jamaican rum. It's not any stronger than other rums; that's a myth. It's just more flavorful because it has more body.
When you use Myers's rum, the rum taste comes through the ice and mixers.
Myers's will give your rum drinks the flavor they've been crying for, without drowning them in drink.

MYERS'S RUM
The true Jamaican Rum.

MYERS'S RUM, 84 PROOF.
FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET WRITE: PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

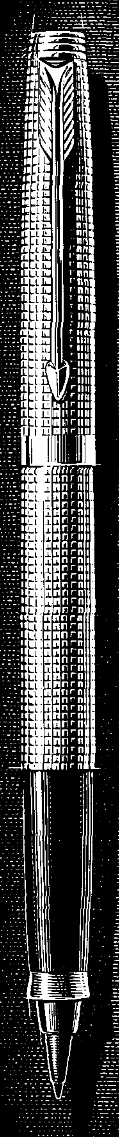


Give the lighter that works like lightning.

Gift of a lifetime:
the revolutionary Maruman.
No flint, no wick, no battery.

Its almost magical ceramic element creates a quarter-inch lightning bolt when you press the thumbpiece. This ignites clean butane fuel—so dependably, you'll get years of lights with no wick, no flint, no battery to replace...ever. Get Maruman at jewelry, tobacco and department stores. Ten handsome designs and finishes. From $15 for chrome to $27.50 for fine gold plate.

Maruman Distributed by Consolidated Cigar Corp., 1 Gulf+Western Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10023.



SUDDENLY
THE MAN
WHO HAD
EVERYTHING
DOESN'T

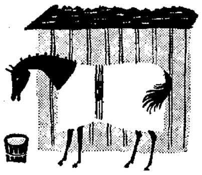
Our brand new Parker soft tip pen is that rarest of all gifts . . . unique and affordable. Crafted in precious metals to our customary hairline tolerances. Lets him write a rich, crisp script without effort. Superbly personal. Fine jewelry that writes. In 14K gold-fill, 30. Solid sterling silver, 20. Mysterious titanium, 15.

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

©1971 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

THE RACE TRACK

Innovation



THE December Handicap, the newest and last stakes race of the season at Aqueduct, was run off last Saturday afternoon, in two divisions, and it was a success all round. Jack Dreyfus, Jr., won both divisions with his Hobeau Farm horses—the first with Peace Corps and the second with Knight in Armor. The finishes were thrilling, the favorites won, the sun shone, and it was almost Indian summer in that cave of the winds near Jamaica Bay. A crowd of more than thirty-eight thousand, the largest in a month, took the rubber off the bankroll and bet $4,581,353. Not bad! Peace Corps, completely recovered from his spill in the Stuyvesant Handicap two weeks before, was much the best in the first division, giving weight to everything and going around the leaders on the stretch turn to win by four lengths from Misty Monday. Boone the Great was third. In the second division, Knight in Armor was far behind Favorecidian in the early running, but he came storming through the pack in the stretch to beat Highbinder, a brother of the famous Dr. Fager, by a length and a half. Tumble Lark was third.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, chairman of the board of trustees, who puts in a full working day, and overtime, directing the destinies of the New York Racing Association, Inc., thought up the conditions of the December Handicap: that it would be for three-year-olds and upward, at one mile, and that there would be no nomination fee—only a starting fee of $100. It may be the beginning of a trend. It certainly made a hit with horsemen, since the cost of nominating for stakes races is a big and expensive item in the operation of a stable. It's $50 or $100 for most of them, depending on the amount of money added by the track, and for a stable that has a lot of runners and wants them well engaged it can come to a lovely dollar. Another thing trainers liked about the December Handicap was that it didn't close until seventy-two hours before it was run. As you know, nominations to stakes races are usually made weeks or months in advance. (For the Suburban, to name one, it's about three weeks. Nominations for the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes close in February; for the Champagne in April; for the Garden State Stakes in August of the preceding year.) With a late-closing event, a trainer knows what horses he has who are ready to run for it. Of the twenty-seven horses named for the December Handicap, seventeen ran in it.

COLONEL MARTINGALE, an old *amicus curiae*, wonders what will happen when, or if, the Florida Board of Business Regulation, which acts as a sort of racing commission, gets an injunction restraining the Off-Track Betting Corporation from making book on the races at Tropical Park. He remembers the time, years ago, when the results of each race at Hialeah were held up for half an hour after it was run to impede the taking and the paying of bets by the boys in the cabañas around the old Roman Pool on the beach and in the horse rooms in Miami. It didn't have the slightest effect. At any rate, aficionados of light-harness racing can see the trots at Monticello Raceway on television in the evenings, and bet on them, too, through OTB, without let or hindrance. Consult your newspaper for time and station listings.

WELL, well. It won't be long until another season begins. Racing will be back at the Big A on March 1st, the New York State Racing Commission has announced. The meeting will continue through May 13th; then it's Belmont Park from May 15th through June 17th, and after that Aqueduct again. It will be at Saratoga from July 31st through August 26th, and back to Belmont for forty-two days (and I wish it were longer), the season closing at Aqueduct on December 15th. Two hundred and forty-nine days—the longest ever. Hope you won't be tracksore.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> Man will always be divided into two classes of whom the better will find the superfluous to be the most necessary. The slender thread of the fountain, sweet and tremulous. Or the rose color of the Sahara sands. Thought is the only thing in the universe whose existence cannot be denied. We close our eye lids and a room goes out of the universe. But we go on thinking.
>
> —*Adv. in Hobbies.*

Open them up. We've had it for today!

Smog.
Pollution.
To top it all off,
the laundry starched your shorts.
KAHLÚA
IMPORTED FROM SUNNY MEXICO
KAHLÚA
Licor de Café

KAHLÚA® Black Russian. Because you deserve something nice.

Such a simple pleasure, requiring only an ounce of Kahlúa to two ounces of vodka on the rocks. Enjoy, you deserve it.

If you'd like a little more help from your friends, send for the Kahlúa recipe book. It's on the house.

Coffee Liqueur
from
Sunny Mexico

53 Proof. Jules Berman & Assoc., 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

The pre-Columbian figure is from the famed Kahlúa collection.

Scotland's 139-year-old secret... Thorne's.

If there's one thing the Scots appreciate, it's Scotch. And they've been appreciating Thorne's Scotch since 1831. Quietly. Ever since Robert Thorne's artistry produced a small amount of Scotch whisky they felt too good to share with the rest of the Scotch-drinking world.

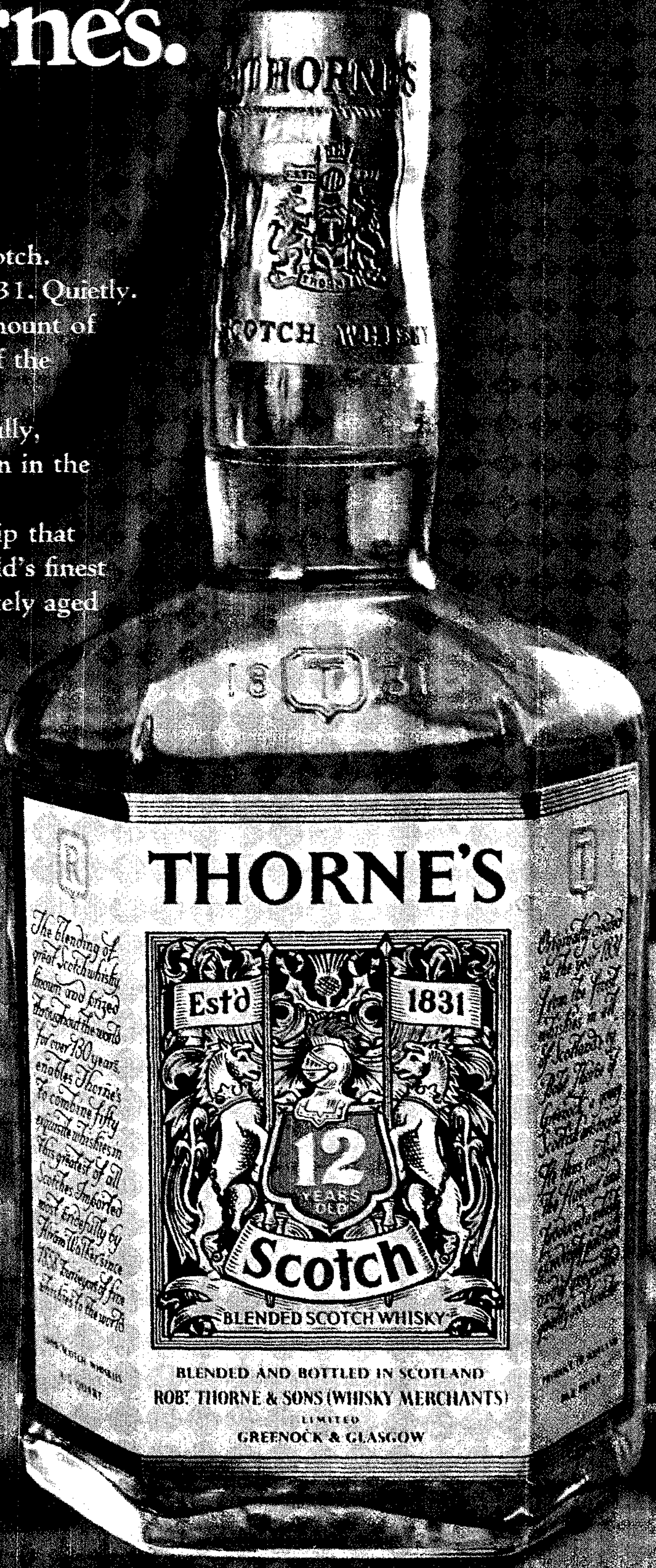
But it's not exactly a total secret anymore. Actually, Thorne's is now enjoyed all over the world, and it's been in the United States for the past five years.

Thorne's is made by hand. With a craftsmanship that almost resembles love. First of all, we put 50 of the world's finest Scotch whiskies into every bottle of Thorne's. All delicately aged for 12 years. Then carefully mellowed together.

We even label it by hand. And register it in a master log in Scotland by hand.

Try some. The secret's out.

Thorne's Scotch
12 Mellow Years Old.
50 Great Scotches in One.


THORNE'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
1831
THORNE'S
Est'd
1831
12
YEARS OLD
Scotch
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
ROBT THORNE & SONS (WHISKY MERCHANTS)
LIMITED
GREENOCK & GLASGOW

12 YEARS OLD, IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM SCOTLAND BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.

U.S. JOURNAL: TESUQUE, N.M.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE COLONIAS PROJECT, AND SEVERAL WAYS OF LOOKING AT THEM

SOME FACTS:

A FEW years ago, three Santa Fe lawyers decided to build a golf course and country club, and a housing development to go with it. Among the lawyers was Fred Standley, who is widely known in the state as a former attorney general, a campaign manager for Senator Joseph M. Montoya, and a Good Ol' Boy. As it happened, the Tesuque Indians, a Pueblo tribe of only about two hundred and sixty members, owned seventeen thousand acres of land just a few miles north of Santa Fe. It was the kind of land prized by people who like the looks of the northern New Mexico high desert—muted colors, hills covered with short piñon trees and junipers—and it offered a spectacular view of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. The surrounding area had already attracted some of the well-off Easterners who have come out to live a semi-rural life in Santa Fe in the last ten or fifteen years—the kind of people who live in elegant adobe houses surrounded by enough land for a garden and a swimming pool and some horses and maybe even a few particularly splendid-looking goats. The small Tesuque pueblo and the few hundred acres the Indians had planted in alfalfa and beans and corn left thousands of acres of Tesuque land unused. Indian land cannot be sold. But Congress just then approved an application the Tesuques had made a few years earlier for permission to lease land for periods of up to ninety-nine years. Standley and his associates entered into negotiations with the duly constituted leaders of the Tesuque tribe: the cacique, who is a religious leader; the governor, who is appointed annually by the cacique to handle administrative matters; and the tribal council. When a preliminary agreement had been reached, the Bureau of Indian Affairs was called in to advise the Tesuques. After further negotiation, a final contract was signed. Colonias de Santa Fe—described by the developers as "a Shangri-la for country-club living in a prestigious master-planned resort"—would be built on thirteen hundred acres of Tesuque land and might eventually expand to cover five thousand acres. The Tesuque tribe would receive five per cent of whatever a purchaser paid for a ninety-nine-year sublease on a Colonias lot, plus some annual rental money and a percentage of the income of the development's commercial tenants. The developers would hire members of the Tesuque tribe insofar as possible. The governor of the Tesuque pueblo would be an honorary member of the country club.

Then some non-Indians in the area began to object. They said the development would be a threat to the environment. They said there was not enough water to support thousands of new people and a golf course. They claimed that the Indians had been cheated and that most of the tribe had been kept in ignorance of the deal until it was too late. They organized what became the Santa Fe Area Defense Fund and joined forces with the Central Clearing House, an environmentalist organization led by Harvey Mudd II. A young man of fabled wealth, Mudd has tried (unsuccessfully) to get the state legislature to pass a strict land-use planning law. He has also supported the capers of the New Mexico Undevelopment Commission, whose response to ski resorts catering to the tastes of vacationing Texans was to produce bumper stickers that say "Texan Go Home" and "Ski Texas."

Under pressure from the environmentalists, city and county authorities tried to impose local planning regulations on Colonias—an attempt the developers have resisted (successfully, so far) in the state courts on the ground that states and counties and cities have no authority over Indian land. Eventually, the state filed a "friendly suit" in federal court to decide such issues as whether or not Colonias would be subject to state liquor laws and property taxes. When Colonias ran an advertisement inviting people to come on out for a tour of a prestigious resort community (and receive four thousand free Green Stamps in the bargain), the environmentalists sometimes ran a counter-ad advising potential customers to demand proof that the prestigious resort community would have enough water. Somebody produced a bumper sticker that said "Felonias Colonia$." A Tesuque girl who attends the College of Santa Fe wrote an article that said, "The land is now in the hands of the

Wm Hamilton

"Poor Flo! She didn't get invited to Lois Harwood's new little consciousness-raising group."

HAWAIIAN SURF-ing is great...try it!
AFTER SHAVE COLOGNE
HAWAIIAN SURF®
4 FL. OZ.

Splashdown!
For the action man —
Instant Cool
in natural cork...
newest, neatest
gift afloat!

EAU DE COLOGNE
AFTER SHAVE COLOGNE
SPRAY COLOGNE
SCARF ESSENCE BODY TALC
ROPE SOAP DEODORANT
in sets or singles at better stores

© HAWAIIAN SURF INDUSTRIES INTERNATIONAL CORP.
715 Grand Boulevard Deer Park, N.Y. 11729

destroyers of life." Several dozen Tesuques signed a petition supporting her. Some anti-development Indians entered a float in the Santa Fe fiesta parade; one of their signs said "99 years is forever." The environmentalists filed a suit claiming the lease was void because the Secretary of the Interior had violated the National Environmental Protection Act by approving the contract without ordering an environmental-impact study. Finally, the developers sued the environmentalists for two and a half million dollars, on the ground that they had, among other things, conspired to "malign, degrade, humiliate, and destroy the reputation of Colonias for honesty and fair dealing." (It was said in Santa Fe that the reaction of Harvey Mudd II to being sued for two and a half million dollars was to say, "They're trying to nickel and dime me to death.") Colonias de Santa Fe now consists of some temporary roads, some signs indicating where various accoutrements of resort living will be, and a new sales office. The old sales office was bombed.

A VIEW THAT QUESTIONS THE MOTIVES OF THE DEVELOPERS:

STANDLEY and his partners figured to pull off the Colonias deal by using so much political capital that financial capital would be practically unnecessary. For political capital, they had the fact that the development was on Indian land (meaning practically no front money to tie up the land and no money to fulfill some of the expensive requirements of the local planning commission, like proving the availability of water and posting bonds for proposed improvements and dividing into lots of a minimum size considerably larger than the smallest Colonias lots) and the fact that they were well connected in such relevant institutions as the state Democratic Party, the state courts, and the office of Senator Joseph Montoya. Just about everyone involved is a member of the Montoya machine, even the cacique. "Joe only got sixty-two letters," Standley said recently in discussing an environmentalist advertisement that asked citizens to inform their elected representatives if they opposed the development. "I counted them." For political reasons, the "friendly suit" to assert the state's jurisdiction may never come to court. Whether it does or not, it does not deal with the most important issue—local-planning-board authority. It should properly be referred to as the "friendly little suit," or even "the friendly little old sweetheart suit."

Colonias is just another land scheme, made more profitable by the use of Indian land. (Naturally the Indians were taken. They didn't even have their own lawyer.) No matter how much the Colonias people advertise the Robert Trent Jones golf course they're going to have, no matter how many times they induce Skitch Henderson to come out and talk about his participation in the planned condominium, they are really interested not in creating a housing development but in selling land. In fact, as overpriced as people in Santa Fe say Colonias lots are, some of the buyers are interested not in building a house but in selling land. In New Mexico developments, it is common for purchasers of lots to think of themselves as wily speculators rather than gullible customers—perhaps buying two lots and then gambling that their value will be increased by somebody nearby actually building a house. The folder full of literature the Colonias people were handing out to potential customers at one point said on it "Investor's Kit." In New Mexico, land is like the carload of sardines in the old story: After the carload was sold several times, someone finally opened it up and ate some of the sardines and complained to the man he had bought them from that they were spoiled. "Dummy!" the seller said. "Those sardines aren't for eating. They're for selling."

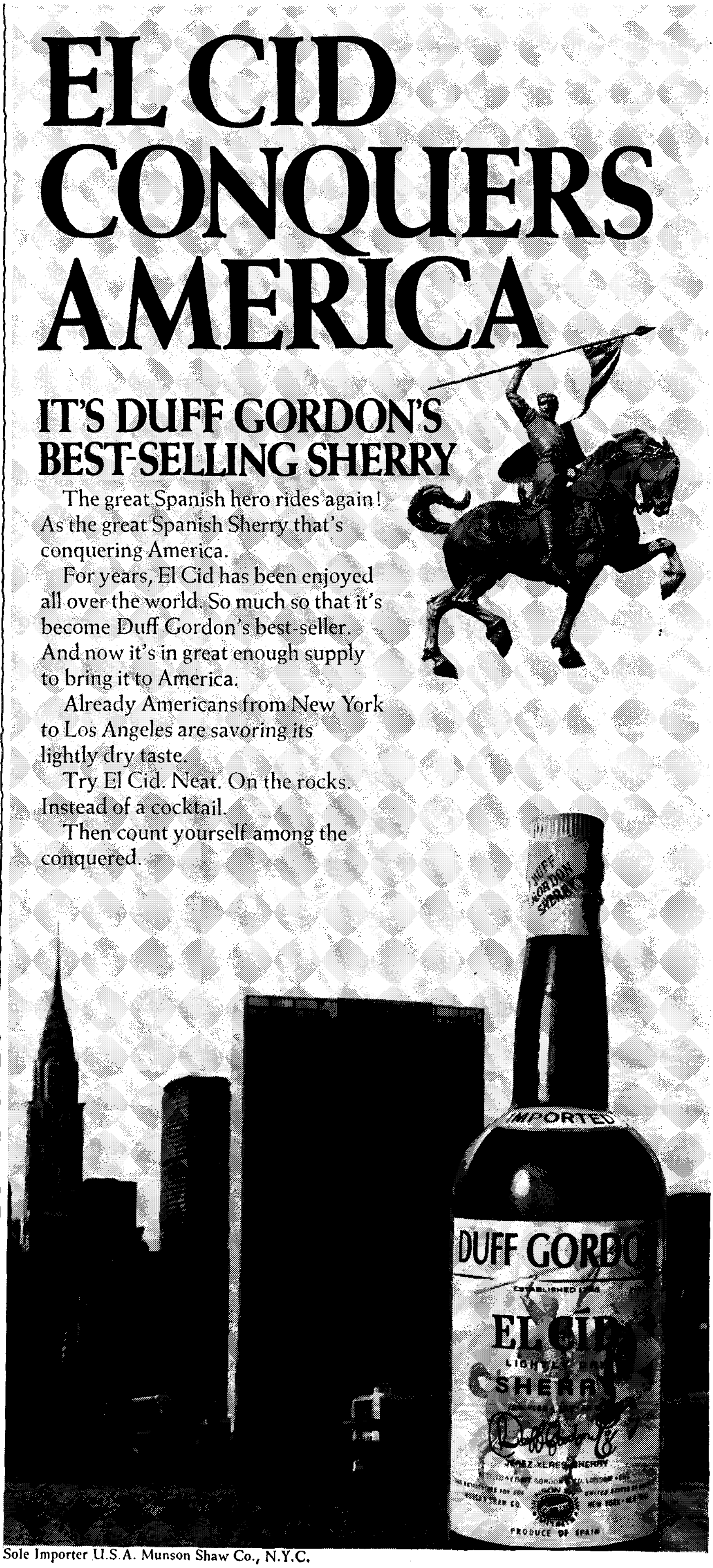
A VIEW THAT QUESTIONS THE MOTIVES OF THE ENVIRONMENTALISTS:

THE developers, who want to help the Tesuques economically, have been attacked by people who would be willing to preserve the Indians as "archeological relics." It is the development corporation that has acted in the Indians' interests. The Tesuque tribe has never had any significant source of income. Its people have long been forced to earn their living at menial jobs in Santa Fe. The development would provide good jobs right across the highway from the pueblo. The money from the lease could establish a college-scholarship fund. Before white outsiders started inciting the Indians, everybody was happy. The Tesuques danced at the lease-signing.

Although the jurisdictional issues with the state and local governments would not actually make a great deal of difference in the success of Colonias, the developers have gone to court about them partly because they feel an obligation to prevent local authorities from using the development to encroach on the treatybound sovereignty of the Tesuques. The developers are proud to be associated with the Tesuque tribe and have said so in newspaper advertisements. The Tesuques made a good business deal in signing the lease. They had the benefit of advice from the Bureau of Indian Affairs land appraiser, and even from a private consultant flown out from the East by the B.I.A. The alternatives to the deal—developing the land for a different use, not developing it at all, forming their own development company—were all presented to the tribal council by the B.I.A. It is not true that the negotiations were secret. "I'm no Indian census-taker," Standley said recently. "But we were up to our ass in Indians out there. I felt kind of like Custer."

The people who ask why the B.I.A. didn't stop the Tesuques from signing the contract are the same people who always ask why the B.I.A. tries to impose its own opinions on Indians instead of allowing them to make their own decisions. The people who ask why a referendum wasn't taken of the Tesuque tribe are the same people who always ask why the B.I.A. tries to impose the American form of majority rule on Indians instead of permitting them to rule themselves in their traditional ways. The white people who don't want the development have tried to cause dissension among the Tesuques by using the same scare phrases white people always use when it's in their interest to make Indians apprehensive—that the Indians are being cheated by white men and that the Indians are in danger of losing their culture. The Indians are not being cheated. Their culture could be endangered by a poverty that forced them to drift to the cities or to drink.

The environmentalists are truly selfish. The ones from the Tesuque area are just interested in their own property. The ones from the Central Clearing House are zealots who oppose just about anything that would permit more people in the state. What they want is not a planning commission but an immigration commission. (Echoing a phrase common in the area, Standley often says, "Everyone wants to be the last son of a bitch to move to Santa Fe.") The effect of the opposition could be to strain the resources of the developers to the point of forcing them to sell to some outside corporation that might lack their commitment to a development that was attractive and


EL CID CONQUERS AMERICA

IT'S DUFF GORDON'S BEST-SELLING SHERRY

The great Spanish hero rides again! As the great Spanish Sherry that's conquering America.

For years, El Cid has been enjoyed all over the world. So much so that it's become Duff Gordon's best-seller. And now it's in great enough supply to bring it to America.

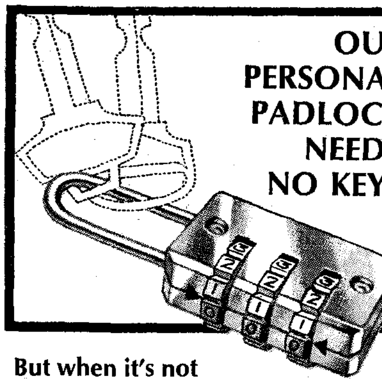
Already Americans from New York to Los Angeles are savoring its lightly dry taste.

Try El Cid. Neat. On the rocks. Instead of a cocktail.

Then count yourself among the conquered.

Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

OUR PERSONAL PADLOCK NEEDS NO KEYS



But when it's not doing its own thing, protecting your valuables, it carries a dozen or more keys and becomes your foolproof keyring!

©1971 H.W. INC.

Our 24K Gold plated personal padlock is just 2¼" high overall, weighs under 2 ounces and protects your luggage, golf bags, gun rack, tackle box, files, cash boxes from unwanted intrusion with a minimum of fuss and without keys. Just spin the three dials to the right number and it opens with ease. Set, or re-set the combination simply and quickly to any easily remembered number. Precision engineered and designed for rugged outdoor use. Gift Boxed.

#8600 – 24K Gold Plated Finish – $6
#8601 – Chrome Finish – $5

Add 75¢ on Mail Orders N.Y. Res. Add Tax

N75

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd ST. N.Y. 10022

DIRECTOIRE MASTERPIECE

RARE OLD TIME SKILL and know-how, was used in re-creating our elegant DIRECTOIRE DESK. Mellow, antiqued French Mahogany (acajou) in a warm brown color. Pullout slides at each end. Brass mouldings around all drawers, top and sides, like its famous original. Black tooled leather top. Back finished with brass, same as front. Length 48", Depth 24", Height 30". only $545

F.O.B., N.Y.C., crating $25 beyond delivery area.

There's no other shop like Lloyds in New York. For here, is one of the few places that you take your own sweet time to browse through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and estate pieces. Here, your own sense of good taste and value can lead you to the pieces that you'd like to live with.

Appraisals for Estate & Insurance Purposes

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313

might lack their sensitivity to the welfare of the Tesuque Indians.

A VIEW THAT QUESTIONS THE MOTIVES OF BOTH THE DEVELOPERS AND THE ENVIRONMENTALISTS:

THE Indians were exploited by the developers. They were betrayed by their leaders and by the B.I.A. Now they are in danger of being manipulated by the environmentalists. The environmentalists claim to be concerned about whether the deal was made in secret and whether the tribe was cheated out of its land and its water, but they would be opposed to the development even if all the Indians were for it and the entire corporation was owned by the tribe. Like the developers, the environmentalists wrap themselves in Indian blankets to further their own aims, but they do not in fact have interests identical to those of the Tesuques. They are in favor of the state having land-planning authority over developments on Indian land, which even the dissident Tesuques oppose as an imposition on tribal sovereignty. When it comes to water—a resource so precious in New Mexico that it permits no allies—the environmentalists and the Tesuques have conflicting interests. The well-off environmentalists who live in the Tesuque area would fight for irrigation water as if it meant their physical survival. Irrigation is important to them psychologically. They like to think of themselves as people who farm a few acres, and they like to talk about "the ditch." Being on the ditch is one of the things that separate them from the kind of people who buy lots in developments with names like Colonias de Santa Fe.

A VIEW THAT DEFENDS THE MOTIVES OF THE ENVIRONMENTALISTS:

OF course the environmentalists in the Tesuque area have a personal stake in stopping Colonias; nobody denies it. But that does not change the issues. The Colonias development happens to offer the clearest case environmentalists have had for fighting the destruction of New Mexico's resources—a case in which the participants refuse to follow even the minimal environmental safeguards that the state now imposes on developers. Naturally the environmentalists in the Tesuque area have met with the dissident Indians and invited them to join in legal actions and offered them advice about legal remedies. What are neighbors for? Naturally the interests of the environ-

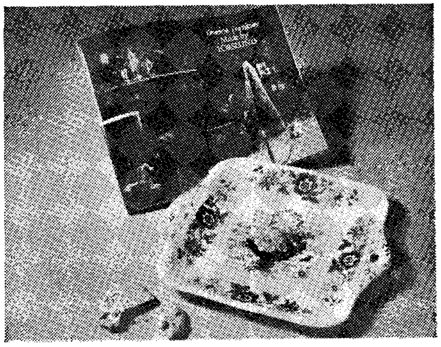
A big promotion, $4,000 more in salary, and his wife is in tears

Why? Because it means moving to a strange area and trying to find the right community and home to live in. Counseling transferring families and helping them select the right community and home in a new area is our business. We know over 6,700 key communities intimately. We can tell you all about those that best suit your family's living patterns and we'll thoroughly screen them for homes that match your particular specifications.

When we're through, we'll make arrangements for you to inspect each one, limiting your problems to selection only. And we've helped over 65,000 families do just that.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY, INC.
Write Dept. R1218
100 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 689-7111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111

THE DUTCH COOKIE PLATE
in Green Strathmore Pattern
made by famous English Pottery — Mason's of Stoke-on-Trent, England . . .
and our 100 page catalog of "Timeless Furniture Made by Forslund"
Both for $5.00 Postpaid. Plate size 9" x 11".
Carl Forslund (Father and Three Sons)
DEPT. N.Y., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. 49502



Post-Holiday Vacation

Relax and unwind near Phoenix in matchless accommodations. Play the two great Robert Trent Jones golf courses. Write for colorful brochure and golfers holiday plan! Reade Whitwell, V.P.

THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park, Arizona • 602 935-3811
Tetley / Fawcett / Warner represented

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mentalists and the Indians will not always be identical. It is true that the environmentalists favor control over all developments. ("If there's over-all land-use planning, it doesn't make sense to have places that are exempt," Mudd says. "Just because people have red skins gives them no right to misbehave, no matter how badly they've been treated in the past.") It is true that the environmentalists don't agree with all of the Indians' claims about their water rights. But that doesn't mean the Indians and the environmentalists can't coöperate when their interests coincide—as in the current stage of the Colonias dispute. Anyone who encourages the Indians to mistrust the environmentalists is doing them a disservice by costing them helpful allies. Discussing white people who argue that the Indians should be permitted to do things in the Indian way, Mudd said recently, "The Indian way has been tragically incapable of coping with the pressures of the modern world."

TWO INDIAN VIEWS:

"FOR seven hundred years, we never made a penny on that land," Martin Vigil, the cacique of the Tesuque pueblo, has said. "A lot of our other land was lost and we didn't get a penny for it. Now the white people see the Indians get a little money and they don't like it. I tell you, these non-Indians are selfish." A young Tesuque who is against the development said recently, "We don't want money." Then he paused. "Well, we do want money," he continued. "But not that way." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Q. How can I repair cigarette burns in furniture upholstery?

A. Select a yarn to match the color of the damaged upholstery, and darn the hole with close stitches. Then place it in a heavy paper bag and keep in a moderately cold section of your refrigerator.
—*Highland Park (Calif.) News-Herald.*

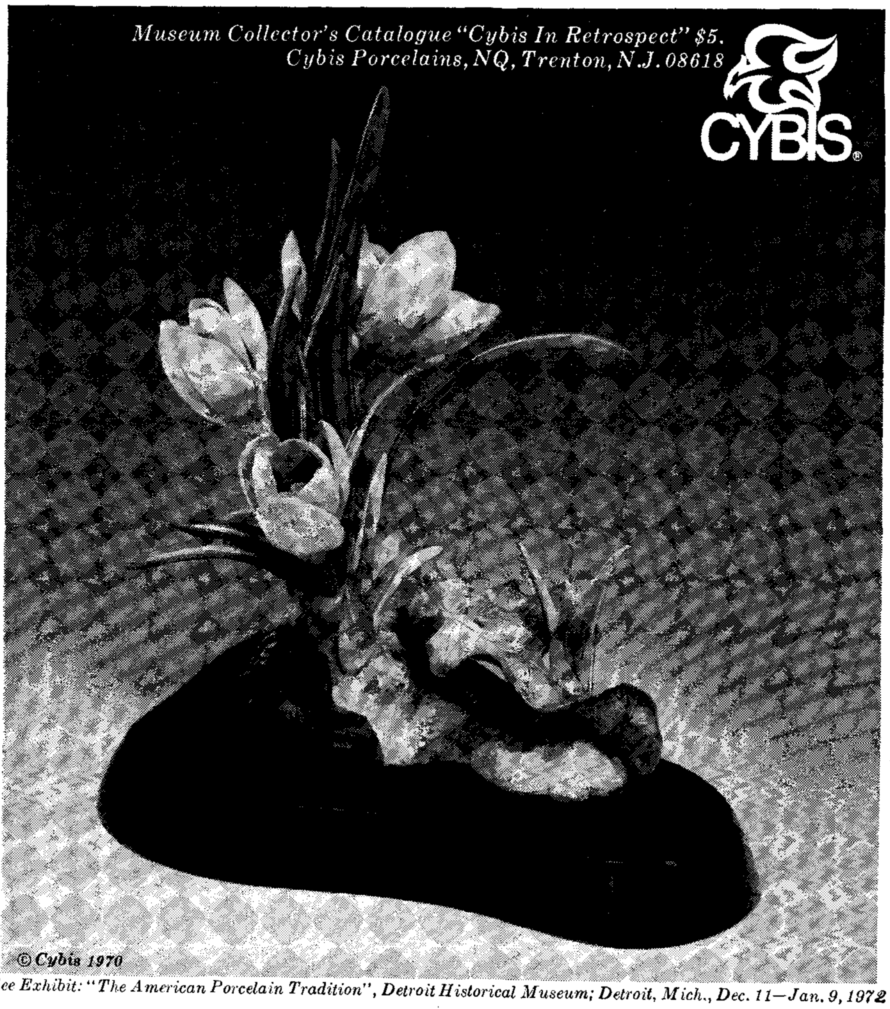
When nobody's looking.

•

He [Theodore Roosevelt] washed his own laundry, and every afternoon when we came back to camp from the hunt he got a cup of hot water from the cook and shaved and bathed.—*From "Theodore Roosevelt: The Man As I Knew Him," by Nicholas Roosevelt.*

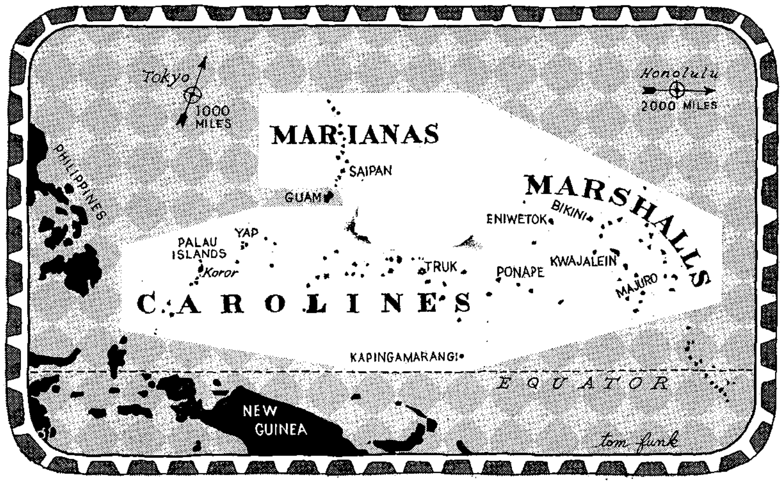
In the bush, a man mustn't let down.

FERNET-BRANCA
World Famous Italian Bitters since 1845.
In coffee, menthe or straight.
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., 12 Desbrosses Street, New York, N.Y. 10013


Museum Collector's Catalogue "Cybis In Retrospect" $5.
Cybis Porcelains, NQ, Trenton, N.J. 08618
CYBIS®
© Cybis 1970
See Exhibit: "The American Porcelain Tradition", Detroit Historical Museum; Detroit, Mich., Dec. 11—Jan. 9, 1972

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MICRONESIA REVISITED

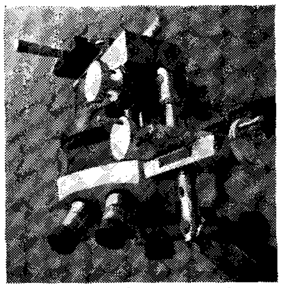


UPON my return, after an absence of more than five years, to the vast, alluring, troubling, and politically complex stretch of Pacific islands just north of the equator commonly called Micronesia, I stopped in at the high school in Koror, the principal municipality of the Administrative District of Palau, in the West Carolines. Although it was midmorning, the hands of an electric clock on a classroom wall stood at two-fifteen. "It's running, all right," the teacher said. "But in the last three months it's gone forward only three hours. Oh, well, things may still move slowly out here, but at least, for a change, they're moving." During the last quarter of a century, Micronesia has given the United States a rare opportunity to practice enlightened colonialism, but many of the region's people think that the American record has been disappointing—much promise, little performance. I had come back to get some idea of the changes since my last visit, in 1965, and I found certain aspects of Micronesia discouragingly static. On Yap, I ran into the bishop-designate of the Vicariate of the Caroline and Marshall Islands. He had just come from Majuro, the administrative hub of the Marshalls, where there had perennially been, and still was, a grievous water shortage. In order to wash at the hotel there, he told me, he and the other guests had had to form a bucket brigade. At Truk, I ran into the retiring bishop, and he said that the dirt road from the district center to his diocesan headquarters was as bad as I remembered it. "A woman drove out to visit me a few weeks ago and complained that she'd had a terribly jolting ride, and I was delighted to learn that her husband was in Public Works," he said. "Maybe that means the road will get fixed one of these years." (Several months later, I heard that some work had been done on it—a tribute, perhaps, to the efficacy of prayer.) In all the two thousand-odd islands of Micronesia, there are not much more than five hundred miles of roads of any kind, and outside Saipan, the administrative seat of the whole area, there have been very few roads paved since the Second World War. Nonetheless, one of the most visible marks of Americanization is the automobile, which, in this largely watery expanse, has proliferated as wildly as the tangantangan bush. In 1965, there were a thousand cars in Micronesia. Now the number has more than quadrupled. The tiny island of Ebeye, part of the Kwajalein Atoll, in the Marshalls, has only two miles of roads and can easily be traversed on foot, but at a recent count there were two hundred cars there, for twenty-seven hundred residents. On some of the islands, car owners, having no paved roads on which to test their vehicles, use airstrips. Micronesia, in many respects a backwater of the globe, may rank first in head-on crashes on airport runways.

UNDER the formal name of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, three million square miles of Micronesia have been the responsibility of the United States, acting on behalf of the United Nations, since 1947. The U.N. directive for the area instructs the United States to "promote the development of the inhabitants of the Trust Territory toward self-government or independence." Among the steps that the United States has taken to carry out its mission in recent years has been the injection into Micronesia of massive doses of Peace Corps volunteers. Since 1966, the hundred thousand inhabitants of the Trust Territory's six Administrative Districts have played host to almost three thousand Peace Corps volunteers, of whom nearly three hundred are there today. Nowhere else has the Peace Corps been deployed in greater concentration with relation to the host population. If over the last five years Peace Corpsmen had gone to India in the same proportion to that country's population, they would have been seventeen and a half million strong.

Not since Magellan's day has Micronesia been ruled by any of its permanent inhabitants—mostly Chamorros, Palauans, Yapese, Trukese, Ponapeans, and Marshallese. Between 1521 and 1944, the area was occupied, successively, by Spain, Germany, and Japan, which took over by force in 1914 and was evicted the same way thirty years later. Guam, which lies within the geographical bounds of Micronesia but has been a United States territory since the Spanish-American War, is in the Mariana Islands, as is Saipan, thirty minutes away by air. Just after takeoff from Saipan, one usually flies over Tinian, from which were launched the B-29s that destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The first B-52s to bomb North Vietnam were launched from Guam. Since the Second World War, our Department of Defense has looked upon Micronesia as an area that, regardless of what the United States might aspire to use it for, should under no preventable circumstances again be fortified by any other nation. In deference to that concern, the United Nations, at the outset, conferred on the Trust Territory a peculiar status: it is a Strategic Trust Territory—the only one in history. What this means, in effect, is that until the trust is terminated the United States has the right to use the islands for military purposes. Except in the Marshalls—at Kwajalein, Bikini, and Eniwetok—there has been no consequential American military presence, but still we retain our options. Some of the natives, most notably some of the fifty thousand who live on small islands outside the Territory's district centers, find it hard to grasp the strategic implications of the trusteeship. For one thing, in several of their ten or so distinctive languages there is no word for "strategic." Interpreters who try to render it into Palauan or Yapese come up with something nearly synonymous with "sly." Sophisticated Micronesians who do understand the nature of a strategic trust derive no comfort from their com-

How Norelco beat the blades. And proved it.



The machine created to measure whiskers.

Early this year we introduced the new Norelco Tripleheader III. It delivered such an improved shave, we were convinced it could even beat blades.

But how could we convince men that *any* electric shaver could perform that well?

We proposed 3 tough tests and hired an independent research organization to execute them.

The First Test

After using a new Tripleheader two weeks, 112 men—mostly blade users—shaved one side of their face with the Tripleheader, the other with a new blade—a leading chromium or platinum one. Then the men compared the shaves. Blades couldn't beat Norelco for closeness. On comfort and lack of irritation, Norelco beat the blades.

The Second Test

Next, 3 barbers inspected the faces. They touched. They scrutinized. And 7 out of 10 times the barbers judged the Norelco shave to be as close or closer than the blade shave. But as impressive as these results were, we went further.

Men's Preferences
Norelco vs. The Leading Platinum and Chromium Blades

	Closeness	Comfort	Lack of Irritation	Preferred Overall
Norelco preferred	35%	69%	64%	60%
Blade preferred	24	20	23	26
Norelco and blades equal	41	11	13	14
(Norelco equal or better)	(76)	(80)	(77)	(74)

The Machine That Had To Be Invented To Measure Whiskers After Shaving

We combined a microscope and a special lighting system cool enough not to affect the skin. We added a special rotating mirror for the lens end to see and measure the full length of each bristle. Finally, a camera to photograph each one at 210 times life size.

This machine was the basis for…

The Third Test

One by one, 24 men got under the microscope. Whisker by whisker the camera photographed the blade-shaved side and the Norelco-shaved side.

These remarkable photomicrographic measurements showed the stubble for the 24 men tested was an average of 10.8% shorter on the Norelco-shaved side than on the blade-shaved side!

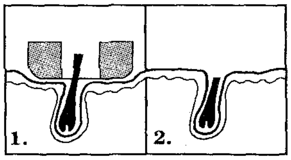
How did we deliver this shaving performance?

The Unique Norelco Principle

The genius of the Norelco idea is 18 self-sharpening blades that continuously *stroke* whiskers away without a nick or a pinch. Inside floating heads, they *nestle* into the curves of your face, cutting smoothly, more evenly *overall.* A Norelco shave feels smoother because it *is* smoother. But what's new is what we've done to the shaving heads themselves.

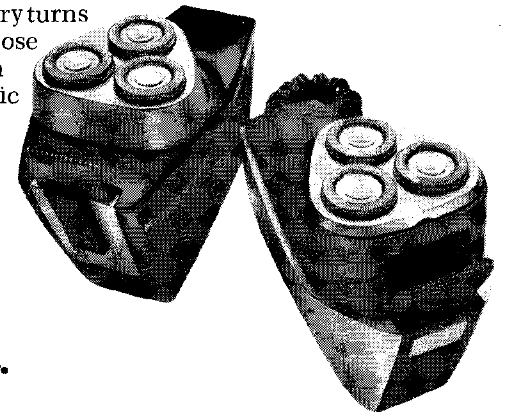
The 1971 Breakthrough—The SUPER Microgroove™ Head

Most men think you can't get a close shave with an electric shaver because of the metal screen between the blades and your skin. But in the revolutionary design of the Norelco floating head, the metal literally presses the skin down around each whisker (1) and gently lifts the hair up to the rotary blades. (2) So the whisker can actually be shaved off below skin level! Close, but still comfortable.



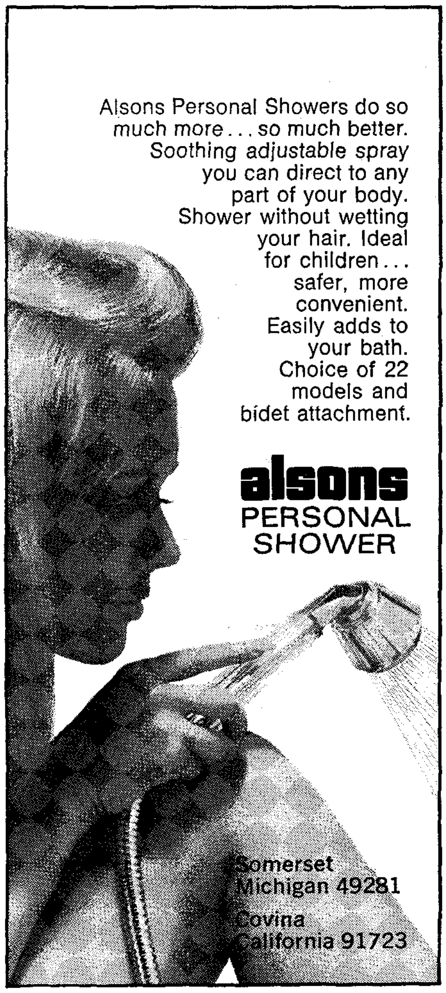
How the SUPER Microgroove head shaves below skin level.

If you haven't tried an electric shaver in a long time, you've got a surprise in store for you. Just as blades have changed a lot over the years, electric shavers have, too. No one ever disputed the fact that Norelco delivers the most comfortable shave of all. But now, when the most comfortable shave in history turns out to be as close or closer than blades, electric shaving has come of age.



Norelco®
We beat the blades.

©1971 North American Philips Corporation, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. Norelco consumer products include: Men's and Women's Electric Shavers, Rembrandt Square Lotions, Sun & Heat Lamps, Heated Styling Comb, Hand-Held Hair Dryer, Hair Dryers, Electric Hairbrush, Massager, Room Heaters, Cordless Clothes Brush, Travel Press, Coffee Mill/Coffee Maker Combinations, Car Vacuum, Hearing Aids, Tape Recorders, Cassettes, Hi-Fidelity Components, Electronic Educational Kits.


Alsons Personal Showers do so much more . . . so much better. Soothing adjustable spray you can direct to any part of your body. Shower without wetting your hair. Ideal for children . . . safer, more convenient. Easily adds to your bath. Choice of 22 models and bidet attachment.

alsons
PERSONAL SHOWER

Somerset
Michigan 49281
Covina
California 91723

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
JEWELLERS,
ANDREW GRIMA LIMITED

Exciting new modern jewellery designed by Andrew Grima.
To be seen at
Andrew Grima.
80 Jermyn Street, London SW1.
Grima Gallery
at Georg Jensen
601 Madison Avenue,
New York City
Grima Gallery
at Angus & Coote
corner of King and Pitt Street,
Sydney.
Grima Gallery
Les Ambassadeurs,
Bahnhofstrasse 64,
Zurich.

GRIMA

prehension, however. "I can see how our land might be important to your Defense people in the case of actual war," one Ponapean politician told me. "But I don't see why you should have unlimited access to it just because something might happen." In the fall of 1969, General Lewis Walt, Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps, visited Micronesia, hoping to select some acreage that, if its proprietors concurred, could be used as a training area; because United States relations with Okinawa and the Philippines, already somewhat frayed, might unravel further, the General knew such an area might be needed. A large and thinly settled Palauan island called Babelthuap looked promising, and for a while negotiations to lease a portion of it seemed to be proceeding nicely. But just as the General thought everything was almost arranged, the district legislature of Palau passed a resolution declaring that the Marines would not be welcome. The blame for the turndown was at first wrongly assigned to a Peace Corps lawyer then in residence; a colonel in Walt's entourage had heard the lawyer denounce the war in Vietnam, and that made him suspect in Marine eyes. The actual reason was that the Palauans whose land would have been taken weren't satisfied with the proposed rental terms. Above all else, Micronesians prize what little soil they have, and when it comes to the disposition of it, as one recent Trust Territory report has stated, "controversy is rife and ubiquitous." Americans in Micronesia—who are not permitted to own land, but who, in a few instances, have wangled a foothold there by adopting Micronesian children and buying property in their names—have been trying for nearly twenty-five years to determine just who has title to what. Not long ago, the administration of the Trust Territory embarked on a land survey. It was a formidable undertaking; there are, in all the Trust Territory, just four hundred and forty-eight thousand acres, and even though sixty per cent of that total has been proclaimed public land, an estimated four hundred thousand small private parcels remain, many of them belonging communally to families or clans. The whole Yap District has only twenty-nine thousand four hundred acres and seven thousand inhabitants, but its knowledgeable old chiefs have estimated that it has two hundred thousand parcels of land. Most of the claims that Micronesians have lodged against their occupiers in this century have dealt with the use, or misuse, of their land. Inas-

Get close to it all in Houston.
Stay at Houston's traditional host.

Next time you're in Houston, stay at The Rice Hotel, right in the most interesting and colorful section of Houston. The Rice is just a couple of short blocks from the new Civic Center, Jones Hall, Old Market Square. Just down Main Street from The Rice is Houston's shopping and financial district. Stay with us . . . and discover why The Rice is Houston's traditional host.

THE RICE HOTEL

Main at Texas, Houston
(713)CA7-2111

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place For Conversation During Cocktails

Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

SKI·INN
to ski for the season
to dine well
to sleep
Write for SKI·LEASE·INFORMATION
ChesTER INN
CHESTER VT. 05143 · 802/875-2444

FRENCH CULINARY ARTS IN SOUTHERN FRANCE
(PROVENÇAL COOKING SCHOOL)
JULY 23—AUGUST 12

A demonstration cooking course complemented by visits to gastronomic starred restaurants in Provence and notable vineyards for wine-tasting. Accommodation in homes or dorm. Field Trips to Aix-en-Provence, Marseille, Arles, Nîmes, Roussillon. Three-week program: $590 includes lectures, accommodation, demi-pension, gastronomic meals, Field Trips and wine-tasting.

Write airmail:—
Luberon College
27 place de l'Université
13-Aix-en-Provence, FRANCE
Tel. (91) 26.63.68

much as the United States and Japan fought each other in Micronesia on land and for land that neither nation owned, Micronesians understandably hold both countries accountable for damage to it. Only the year before last, after interminable negotiations, the two countries finally consented to make an *ex-gratia* payment—a payment, that is, involving no admission of guilt about anything—of ten million dollars. Japan seemingly had the better of the bargain: The United States promised to pay the entire sum in cash, and to collect Japan's share at some unspecified date in the vague form of goods and services. (The United States Congress authorized an additional twenty million dollars to pay Micronesians for damage done *after* the American takeover, but just how and when and to whom this money is to be paid remains uncertain.) Japan was also granted a concession: Theretofore, ships flying its flag were forbidden to put into Trust Territory ports except in emergencies; when their share has been paid they will be able to sail into the harbors of Palau and Truk for provisioning. Some Japanese had already availed themselves of other Micronesian harbors as used-ship dumps. Some months back, a decrepit Japanese fishing boat, after deftly snaking its way through the tricky channel that leads into Kolonia, the capital of Ponape, ran hard aground a short distance from the airstrip. The crew nonchalantly stepped ashore and, a few minutes later, boarded an accompanying boat and steamed away. No attempt was made to salvage the abandoned ship, and around Kolonia the guess is that while the Ponapeans are holding the broken vessel some Japanese insurance company is holding the bag.

WHEN I was first in Micronesia, people who were supposed to know told me that the islanders might be ready to exercise their right of self-determination in 1969. Now the most optimistic date one hears is 1972, but hardly anyone considers it realistic. Despite our Defense Department's interest in the Trust Territory, it comes under the legal jurisdiction of our Department of the Interior, and in the spring of 1969 Secretary Walter Hickel, in the course of a visit, proposed that Micronesia enter into "a permanent partnership" with the United States. That upset those Micronesians who favor independence, and who like to draw what they regard as meaningful parallels between two kinds of dogs—one fat and sleek but on a leash,

BISQUIT COGNAC.
THE NAPOLEON OF NAPOLEONS.

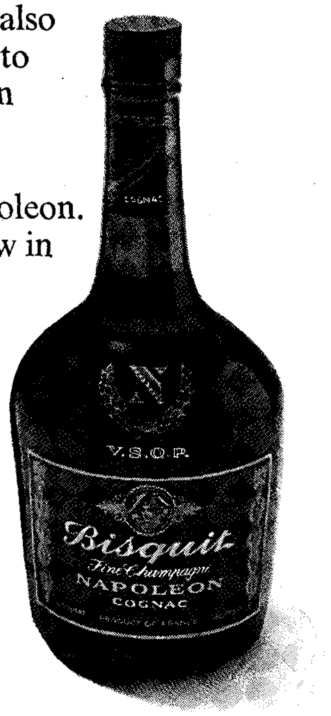
Call yourself Napoleon and a lot of people will call you crazy. We're Napoleon. But we're also cognac. One of the most elite brandies to come from the exclusive Cognac region of France.

While Bisquit makes several great cognacs, only one is called VSOP Napoleon. It is blended only from grapes that grow in the two outstanding Cognac sectors. That blend is called Fine Champagne.

Look around and see how few Napoleons carry the word cognac.

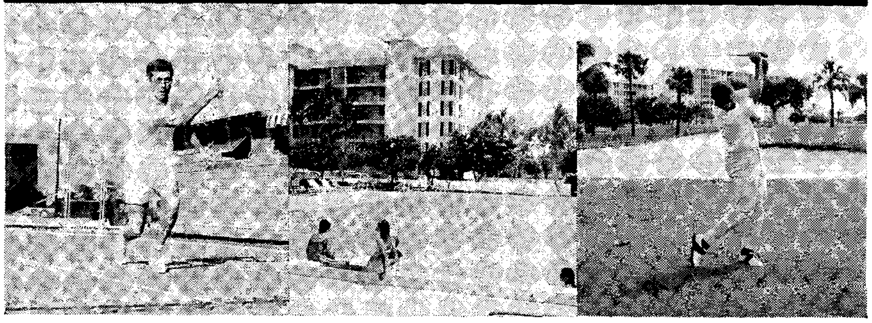
Then see how few carry the words Fine Champagne. So there are Napoleons and there are Napoleons. But there is only one Napoleon of Napoleons.

At last, the end of the Napoleonic Wars.



PRODUCT OF FRANCE. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Resort to elegance.



The World of Palm-Aire.

We've built a private world of pleasure.

An elegant, tropical resort with four private 18-hole golf courses and touring pro Bert Yancey. Six clay tennis courts and touring pro Billie Jean King. Luxurious accommodations facing lush fairways or the sea. Six warmed pools. A private beach club. Stables.

And America's newest, most complete, most unique health resort. The Spa at Palm-Aire.

Find out more. Contact your travel agent, or write for color brochures and rates. Or call for reservations. Right now.

The World of Palm-Aire

Department 202
2501 Palm-Aire Drive
Pompano Beach,
Florida 33060

Telephone (800) 327-4960 toll-free, or (305) 972-3300 collect.
A creative living project of FPA Corporation.

the other mangy and scrawny but free. Micronesians are fond of such analogies. "If we got independence in the foreseeable future," a much travelled one told me, "it would be like sending a six-year-old child to New York alone." But when it comes to the future there are complications within complications. Many Saipanese, for example, want to pull out of the Trust Territory completely so that they may join their Chamorro cousins on Guam in an expanded United States Territory. In March, 1971, the Marianas District legislature voted unanimously to secede from the Trust Territory, "by force of arms, if necessary," but nobody has yet tried to implement the resolution. Earlier, Saipan had held a referendum and voted to affiliate with Guam. The only trouble was that Guam, which cherishes its distinctiveness in the region, forthwith held a referendum of its own and voted against union. In 1969, the Congress of Micronesia, a bicameral legislature embracing the entire Trust Territory, which began functioning in 1965, chose from its ranks a Future Political Status Commission to look into the question of Micronesia's political destiny. After inspecting, among other areas, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, the commission recommended that Micronesia eventually become "a self-governing state in free association with the United States." No one spelled out exactly what that meant. There followed several lengthy meetings between the commission and representatives of the Nixon Administration, the upshot of which was that in the summer of 1970 the United States urged Micronesia to adopt the status of a commonwealth. The Congress of Micronesia rejected this as unacceptable, and there has been a stalemate ever since. The upshot of the most recent round of talks, held in Hawaii this past October, was to decide to hold more talks. The United States is certainly in no hurry to rock this particular boat, and Washington has too many other things on its mind to give a high priority to the problems of Saipan. Walter Hickel has quoted Henry Kissinger as saying, slightly inaccurately, "There are only ninety thousand people out there. Who gives a damn?" So life drifts along out there, and the dog strains at the leash.

The Congress of Micronesia normally meets every summer. It is a legislature notably different from the United States Congress in that among its members there was until this last session not a single lawyer. (There are only three Micronesian lawyers anywhere.) Made up of businessmen and tribal

Carmel's family tree is one of the finest:

the Rothschild Bordeaux vineyards

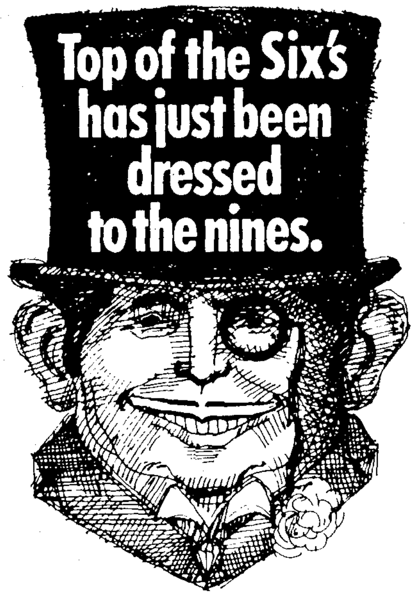
Planted in Israel.

Carmel wines. Gold medal winners since 1897. 27 great wines in all. There is Avdat Red and Avdat White. Our Rose of Carmel. Our Cabarnet Sauvignon. Our sparkling wines. All from the world famous Bordeaux vines of Baron de Rothschild. Nourished by the sun and soil of Israel.

Vines that gave birth to more than great wines. There are Carmel brandies, liqueurs and liqueurs too. Something for everyone. The very finest from Israel.

ISRAEL
CARMEL DE LUXE
Avdat
WHITE DRY WINE
ISRAEL
CARMEL DE LUXE
Avdat
RED DRY WINE

CARMEL
Enjoy the young, bright taste of Israel.
Ask your local dealer about them.
Carmel Wines Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.


Top of the Six's has just been dressed to the nines.

(Our complete dinners from $6.95 are beautiful, too!)
Inside we've lavished a whole luxurious new look on the Top of the Six's. Our exterior decor is still a sensational view. Our drinks satisfy. And complete dinners are yours from $6.95. It all adds up to an evening in seventh heaven.

Top of the Six's
39th Floor—666 Fifth Avenue 765-1666

the Super Package just $69.*
THE BEST ANY 3 DAY SKI PACKAGE
- 3 nights lodging with breakfasts and dinners
- 3 all day lift tickets at Mt. Cranmore
- 6 lessons at the Famous Hannes Schneider Ski School

For reservations call or write Dept. YM-1, The New Eastern Slope Inn. Tel.: 603-356-5533 or our toll free number 800-221-2653. Under new management. *per person
NEW Eastern Slope Inn
RT. 16, NORTH CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03860

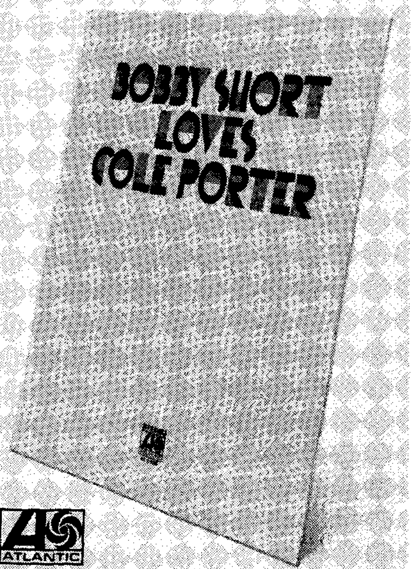
whs
Major In The Performing Arts
Unique boarding and day school opportunity for students interested in Music, Dance and Theatre as part of their secondary education. Full college preparatory curriculum provided in conjunction with arts major. Individual musical instruction by faculty provided by famed New England Conservatory of Music. Dance instruction (modern and classical) offered in conjunction with apprentice opportunities with Boston Ballet and Concert Dance Company. Suburban campus accessible to Boston's artistic resources. Grades 9-12. Grades 7 and 8 by arrangement. Write for free catalog.
25 Highland Street, Natick, Mass. 01760
Walnut Hill School

chiefs, shopkeepers and schoolteachers, the Micronesian Congress has shown itself to be a remarkably articulate and responsible body—the more so in view of the fact that until a few years ago not a single Micronesian had gone through college. (In 1971, the Trust Territory acquired its first Ph.D., a student who majored, fittingly, in entomology.) "We're moving at a breathtaking speed in the political field," one American official there told me. "The questions these congressmen can ask about a budget are as sharp and perceptive as any you'd hear in the American House of Representatives." The Congress of Micronesia has no permanent headquarters at the moment—its premises on Saipan were destroyed by a mysterious fire last February—and it has limited powers. It cannot allocate the money that the Trust Territory is granted by the Congress in Washington (for fiscal 1972, sixty million dollars); it controls merely a million or so dollars derived annually from import taxes and a few million more from export taxes and from a recently enacted income tax. The funds from the United States are doled out by the American territorial administration, whose chief is a High Commissioner appointed by the President. Every one of the last four High Commissioners has asserted that it was high time Micronesia got moving and that he meant to see to it that it did. The incumbent, Edward E. Johnston, has at least got the clocks crawling, if not yet running. Mr. Johnston is from Hawaii, where he served as lieutenant governor and as chairman of the Republican State Committee. In addition to politics, he has been in public relations and insurance. His present job requires a good deal of diplomatic finesse: he must simultaneously keep on good terms with the United Nations, the United States Congress, and, above all, his Micronesian wards. These last are by no means always on good terms with one another; the Saipan high school had to be shut down for a couple of days a while ago after some bruising scuffles between Chamorro and Palauan students. To indicate his impartiality, the High Commissioner exhibits in his Saipan residence an ecumenical work of art—a storyboard of a type indigenous to Palau but in this instance carved by a Saipanese and depicting a Yapese legend. Mr. Johnston's job is strenuous in several ways. One time, the municipality of Uh, on the island of Ponape, tendered him a feast. As is their custom, the hosts smeared the guest of honor with coconut oil, and then—while giving him repeated draughts of *sakau*, a slimy, mildly intoxicating, favorite local beverage—stuffed him with yams, taro, fruit, pork, chicken, fish, crab, and dog. Mr. Johnston, who gives every evidence of being genuinely committed to helping the Micronesians, and to helping them help themselves, has been a persistent advocate of decentralizing his government and diminishing his powers, and in that respect he has earned good will even in Palau, where much of what emanates from high executive echelons—such as a Marine Corps reconnaissance—tends to be distrusted. In April, 1970, the Palau District legislature passed a resolution commending the High Commissioner for, among other things, appointing islanders to several important posts. His second-in-command is Peter T. Coleman, a native of American Samoa. His third-in-command is Leo A. Falcam, a Ponapean. Some months ago, Johnston and Coleman both happened to be away from their bailiwick at the same time, and Falcam thus became Acting High Commissioner—the first Micronesian to preside over Micronesia in four and a half centuries.

In some fields, it has been hard to accelerate the upward movement of the Micronesians. When the Public Works Department sent four American spokesmen to a hearing held by a committee of the Congress of Micronesia, one of the legislators asked with asperity why they were all Americans. The Public Works men explained that there simply weren't any Micronesians around who had been trained in engineering. A congressman next asked one of the four, an architect, how quickly he thought he could be replaced by a Micronesian, and the American replied that he would be glad to step aside as soon as a local substitute could be found but that, as far as he knew, no Micronesian had as yet studied architecture. Some Micronesians think they are being pushed ahead too fast; a Marshallese teacher who was offered a post as a high-school principal begged off on the ground that he wasn't qualified. The High Commissioner is undismayed by such diffidence, and says he hopes that a Micronesian will take over *his* job one of these days. "The name of the game here is to phase out the American establishment," Mr. Johnston told me. Today, five of the six District Administrators serving by his appointment are Micronesians. The sixth is a Poly-

BOBBY SHORT LOVES COLE PORTER

Bobby Short, Cole Porter interpreter extraordinaire, showcased in a sparkling two record set containing twenty-two Cole Porter songs. Many of the selections haven't been recorded in years and three are recently discovered, unpublished tunes that have *never* been recorded before. A rich, rare treat for Bobby Short and Cole Porter fans.



ATLANTIC

"Bobby Short Loves Cole Porter." New, on Atlantic Records and Ampex Tapes.

Charlie Chaplin struts his stuff on our Casandra shirtdress of perfectly packable Antron® nylon. Yellow with black print, 6 to 16 sizes 115.00 in our Crest Room

LIBERTY HOUSE
Eastridge Center in San Jose, California 95122

nesian from Hawaii, on whom the native chieftains of his district have conferred an honorific Micronesian title.

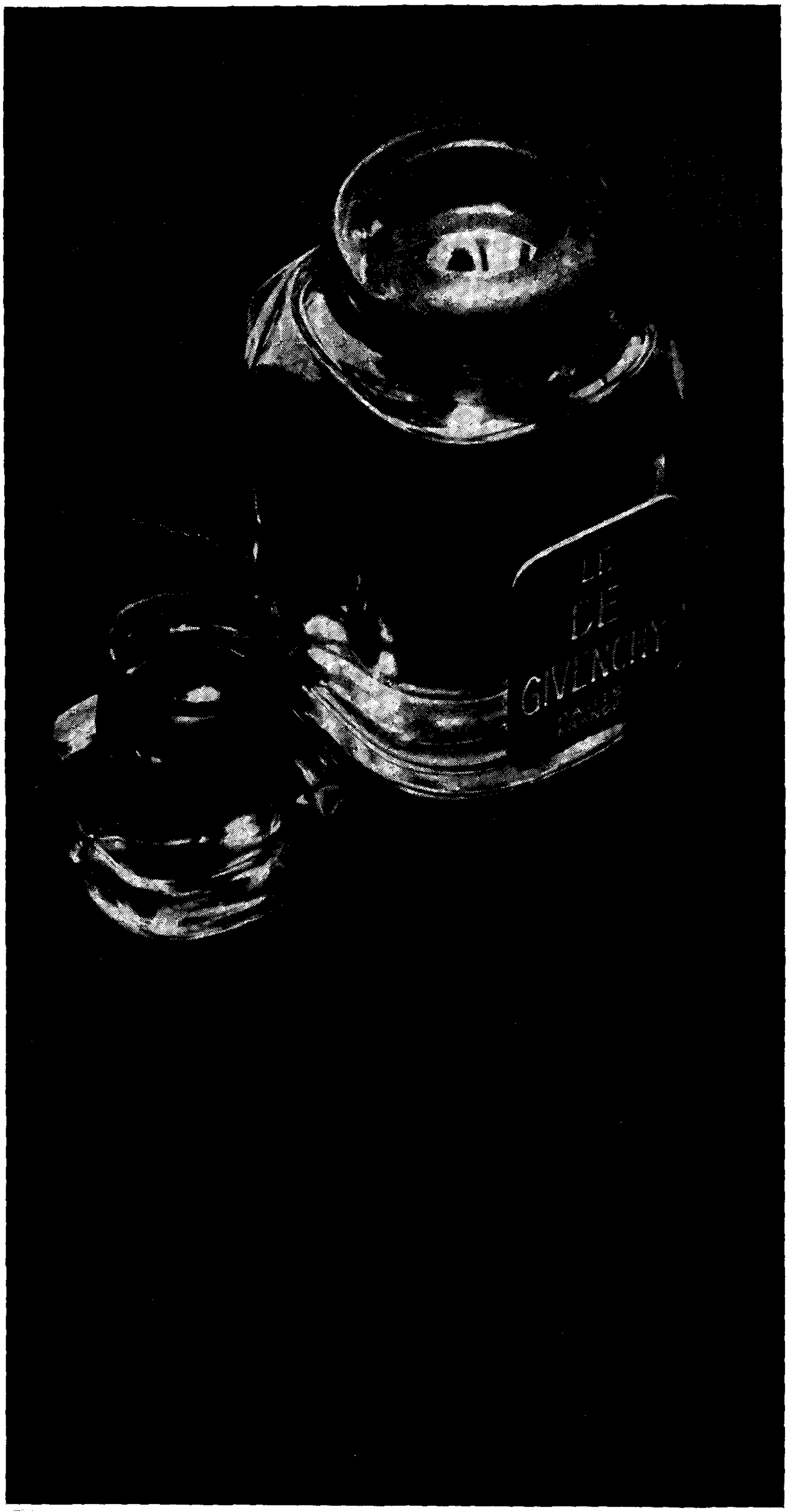
As some Micronesians are becoming more sophisticated, some others are becoming more disgruntled, and their discontent often has anti-American overtones. The Americans have taught Micronesians to drink as well as drive (sometimes, inevitably, they combine the two); Kolonia, in Ponape, has about three thousand residents, but at last count it had twenty-one bars. Recently, they were all closed down after two brawls resulting in fatalities. Americans who venture into a tavern anywhere in the Trust Territory on a Friday, which is payday, are apt to be given a rough time. (A Peace Corps volunteer told me, "The Friday night before I leave, they better watch out.") Much of the discontent is perfectly reasonable. The old, traditional, once autocratic leaders may still be respected, but they are little heeded; they seek to dispense wisdom, and their people want cash. The second language of most Micronesians over forty is Japanese; when a Trukese father admonished his son in Trukese for some dereliction of filial duty, the boy turned to a companion and said in *his* second language, English, "The old bastard doesn't know what he's talking about." Had the father understood what the son was saying, he might have killed him.

A good deal of the anti-American feeling is to be found in Palau, which, among other things, is hospitable to an arcane, nativistic religious movement that is active in politics and has the slogan "Palau for the Palauans." Palauan students in Hawaii have a publication, the *Young Micronesian*, that is quite hostile to the United States, and Palauans predominate among Micronesia's self-proclaimed revolutionaries, among whom the use of the phrase "brown brothers and sisters" has become fashionable. Late in 1969, a few Palauans organized a secular group called the Young Adult Civic Association, and it has been meeting fitfully ever since. At a get-together I attended, the principal item on the agenda had to do with the alleged suppression by the High Commissioner of a mimeographed local weekly newspaper called the *Didil a Chais*—Palauan for "bridge." In the Trust Territory, most news travels by radio. Headquarters, on Saipan, puts out a biweekly newsletter, but this has little circulation in the outlying districts. In each of these, from time to time, a new paper springs up and then, more often than not, subsides. The *Didil a Chais*, which died during my last visit but has lately been resurrected, had been outspokenly critical, if not downright contemptuous, of headquarters; it regarded itself as particularly daring for having run a few unflattering caricatures of the High Commissioner. The editors, most of whom belonged to the Young Adult Civic Association, had been using government funds to defray their modest expenses. Hoping to expand, they had put in a request to headquarters for an offset press and an operating subsidy, and this had been refused, on the not unreasonable ground that the United States Congress might frown on federal funds' being used to lambaste a federal administration. The editors, however, felt that a grave freedom-of-the-press issue had arisen; as the meeting went on, they visualized the Bill of Rights—about which their American teachers had thoroughly instructed them—as all but going up in flames. Nobody had said anything about killing, or even censoring, the paper; its editors had merely been informed that they'd have to figure out a way of supporting it themselves. Indeed, the High Commissioner had expressed a hope that the paper would continue, and had offered to subscribe to it and even to write for it. The root trouble was that the young Palauan editors had somehow got the idea that the United States was obliged to subsidize everything that Micronesians did; the journalists, who commendably wanted free rein to knock the government, were aggrieved at not being given government handouts with which to do so.

An editor of the *Didil a Chais* once wrote, "At the present, only Peace Corps volunteers are publicly challenging and questioning the powers and policies of the Trust Territory Government. They are the chief American advocates of Micronesian rights and interests. In the real sense, they are the real representatives of the American brand of democracy." Presumably, all Americans in Micronesia should represent democracy, and yet the two main groups of Americans in the Trust Territory—about five hundred in the administration and almost three hundred now in the Peace Corps—sometimes seem to be working at cross-purposes. The very presence of the Peace Corps is an anomaly. The idea behind the formation of the Corps was to send

Americans to underdeveloped areas to provide American skills and to demonstrate America's compassion for the less favored peoples of the earth. Micronesia is the only place in the world *run* by Americans to which the Peace Corps has been dispatched. The Corpsmen, then, are part of the government by background and culture, but at the same time they are detached from it and—in keeping with the present attitude of young Americans toward vested authority—often disenchanted with it. When a Micronesian high-school student wrote, "We find that the United States leads us in the right way," his Peace Corps teacher scribbled on the margin, "Are you sure?" When another student wrote, "Palau has beautiful things and big trucks and cars," *his* Peace Corps teacher queried, "Why are trucks and cars beautiful?" Before the Peace Corps arrived, most Micronesian youngsters attending a Western movie tended to root for the cowboys; Corpsmen have been trying to convince them that their sympathies should more logically belong with the Indians. The majority of the volunteers have had a decidedly beneficial effect on the region. Some of them, perhaps slightly misled by recruiting literature, thought they were going to a tranquil, palmy paradise and brought surfboards along. They have all had one indisputable edge on the other Americans in the region: it is part of their training to acquire a working knowledge of the language of the area to which they are assigned, so each of them speaks Palauan, Yapese, or whatever. More of them have been stationed on remote outer islands—where provisions and mail may arrive only every few months—than any other Americans have ever been. Wherever the volunteers have stayed, they have lived—far from idyllically, by Western standards—as the Micronesians live, often sharing native homes and subsisting largely on rice and fish; among many of the Corpsmen it is considered a badge of honor to have intestinal parasites. Several volunteers have married Micronesians and have gone native to an extent undreamed of by much of the local population. With the combined advent of the Peace Corps and the Congress of Micronesia, there has come to the area what one American who has been there a long time calls "the era of criticism and challenge." This may be the greatest recent change in Micronesia. One finds indications of it everywhere. The traditional native rulers of the Marshall Islands, for instance, are highborn chiefs called

The most unmistakable perfume in the world.
Le De Givenchy.
Created to identify his following.



WHISTLE UP YOUR TAXI... OR TROUBLE

WITH OUR GENUINE BRITISH POLICE WHISTLE!

THE ENGLISH BOBBY'S FAMOUS WHISTLE IS YOURS! We bought the REAL ONE, in England. Beautifully made of solid nickel silver, we believe it to be the finest whistle of its type. 3½" long. Obviously useful to city dwellers, equally important as signal devices for sportsmen, campers, hunters. Or just an interesting conversation piece to pocket or wear. Gift Boxed.

On a Chain–$10 On a Key Ring–$10

Add $1 on Mail Orders
N.Y. Res. Add Tax

N86

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

©1971 H.W. INC.

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St., N.Y. 10022

Make headlines with her
by giving her our very own initial bobby pins in gilt, two for 5.00 – and for gala evenings, the rhinestone star bobby pin, 5.00 and star barrette, 6.00 Specify initials, one to each bobby pin.
On the Street Floor, Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018
–and at all Lord & Taylor stores

iroij. The Trust Territory administration has always courted the good will of the *iroij*, who can be stubborn but can also serve as useful middlemen between the government and the people. The Peace Corpsmen, though, have been openly questioning whether an autocratic leadership system can coexist with democracy, and the effect of their skepticism was evident in a Majuro bar one night recently when a young Marshallese said something that would have been publicly unutterable five years ago. He said, "The hell with the *iroij!*"

Some of the most diligent Peace Corpsmen find their own success unsettling. "The trouble with our being here under an American administration is that the more we're accepted the more palatable *all* Americans become," one of them told me. "So the better a volunteer one is the more one does to lay the groundwork for a less admirable American presence." The virtual vow of poverty that the volunteers take when they sign up doesn't bother them much in most countries where the Corps has operated. In Micronesia, though, Corpsmen sometimes find themselves working alongside Americans who are doing the same jobs for comparatively princely pay. Moreover, the Trust Territory administration, which is constantly squeezed for funds, has on a few occasions simply used Peace Corps volunteers to fill job openings that were budgeted at a high salary, and spent the savings elsewhere. It is a situation that puts altruism to a severe test.

There have been Peace Corpsmen of all sorts in Micronesia: lawyers, doctors, architects, business specialists, botanists—one of the last making a survey of medicinal plants, another studying the ecology of mangrove swamps. In the Marshalls, where many of the women are stout, especially those who have had seven or eight children, women volunteers have conducted reducing classes; the shy natives insist that these be held behind drawn curtains, lest the men scoff at them while they grunt and strain in pursuit of the svelte American dream. In 1969, on the initiative of Peace Corpsmen, the first MicrOlympic Games were held, on Saipan. It was an event that did as much to bind the diffuse area together as anything since the inception of the Congress of Micronesia. The individual star was a Ponapean distance runner, who won four gold medals, including one for the 6.2-mile race, despite casual pauses between laps for puffs on spectators' cigarettes. His proud compatriots sent him to a winter marathon in

There are uncompromising travelers who have been shamelessly spoiled by the other Ritz at Place Vendome.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

Just between us two...
we've got everything.

Beautiful beaches, two pools. Three championship golf courses (including the famous new Shannon Golf Course), two dining rooms, two casual restaurants, four bars and magnificent rooms on the beach or bay. From only $15 daily per person double E.P.

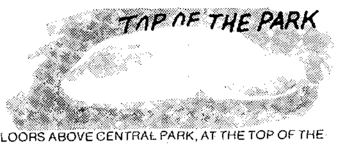
See your Travel Agent or call our representatives: LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION NEW YORK 765-5800

FREEPORT'S
OCEANUS
BEACH and BAY RESORT
Freeport/Lucaya, Grand Bahama Island

Fine Oil Paintings, Prints and Restorations

Representative of our collection: Carolyn Blish, Kipp Soldwedel, Andrew Wyeth, N. C. Wyeth, James A. Mitchell, Frank C. Wright, George Wright, George Gansworth

EDGARTOWN ART GALLERY
South Water St. Edgartown, Mass. 02539
Phone: 617 627-5991



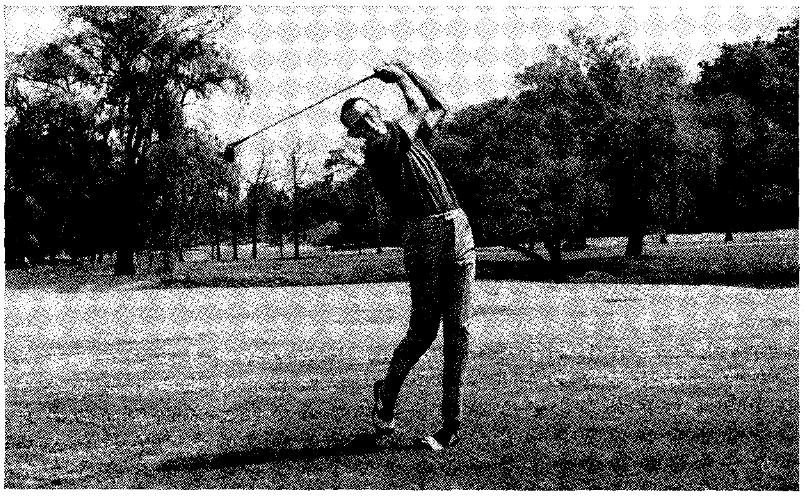
43 FLOORS ABOVE CENTRAL PARK, AT THE TOP OF THE NEW GULF & WESTERN BUILDING RIGHT ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE
COCKTAILS 5 PM. COMPLETE DINNERS 6.50 TO 8.50 (NO EXTRAS)
MONDAY THROUGH SATURDAY, RESERVATIONS 333-3800
MAYBE WE CAN SAVE NEW YORK

Japan, but his redoubtable lungs could not cope with the cold there; trying to race after a brief hospitalization for a respiratory ailment, he collapsed after two hundred yards. One of the featured competitions of the MicrOlympics was the Micronesian All-Around, a local variation on the decathlon, with contests in spearfishing, underwater swimming, and coconut-tree climbing. The cancellation of the next MicrOlympics, which had been set for the summer of 1971, on Koror, was a bitter disappointment to the prospective Palauan hosts, who had hoped to add to the roster of events blowgun-shooting and war-canoe racing.

Some of the things that the Peace Corpsmen have been doing in Micronesia are what any Americans could have done twenty-five years ago. The Japanese built a seventy-mile road all the way around Ponape, but the island gets heavy rains—there is an average annual fall of three hundred inches in the interior—and by 1945 the bridges and culverts were in such disrepair that the Ponapeans had to use boats to get from one part of the island to another. This situation continued for twenty-two years. In 1967, a handful of Corpsmen, among them a scientist named Wayne Judd, who had had some experience in construction, persuaded the Ponape District legislature to appropriate sixteen hundred and five dollars for road repairs. In three months, the Corpsmen, employing local labor, built three bridges and seven culverts. When Judd finished his Peace Corps stint, he went to Hawaii for a year, and then returned to become head of an organization called the Ponape Transportation Board. Now known simply as P.T.B., it is a contracting agency controlled by Micronesians. It has a staff of twenty-five, and half a million dollars' worth of construction projects under way or recently completed—among the latter a post office that after hours serves as a social center for young people. Most of the P.T.B.'s energies have been concentrated, however, on undertakings outside the district center, where the majority of the Americans live. "Our work is for the people, and not to support the American base of operations," Judd told me.

Most of the Peace Corps volunteers in Micronesia have been engaged in teaching, often in a program called Teaching English as a Second Language. In an area with so many different tongues, it will make sense to have a lingua franca if self-government is attained. Some of the Americans, though, have apparently tended to think

You'd drive the ball farther if you could slow down your swing.



A Minolta Autopak® with its variable filming speed feature, can show you—in excruciating slow motion — what everybody's been telling you is wrong with your swing.

But that's just the beginning. With the Autopak's unique features and system of accessories, you can create cartoons out of children's drawings, or make a rose seem to bloom in two minutes.

No matter what the scene, an Autopak gives you the correct exposure automatically, instantly.

Minolta Autopak-8 cameras start at around $160, plus case, with optical-glass Rokkor zoom lens. Accessories extra.

For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd. Montreal P.Q.

Start to see life differently with a Minolta Autopak.

AMARETTO.
A taste so elusive it cannot be described.

AMARETTO
DI SARONNO
ORIGINALE
ILLVA SARONNO ITALY

So extraordinary is this liqueur that it arrives from Italy in a velveted baroque box.

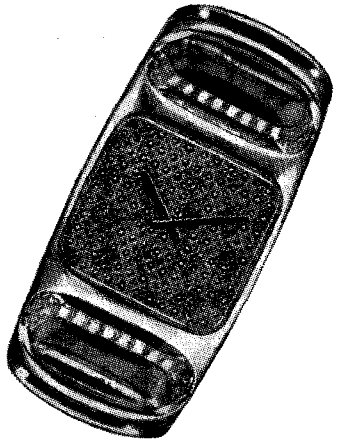
Foreign Vintages, Inc., New York City 56 proof

5th Generation
(Gübelin since 1854)

Thomas Gübelin

Thomas Gübelin, of the fifth generation, is now at the new jewelry and watch salon on Fifth Avenue, and would regard it as a privilege to show you the newest Gübelin creations.

Gübelin - distinctive watches of the world.
AUDEMARS PIGUET GÜBELIN
OMEGA Ω PATEK PHILIPPE



Truly exclusive elegance - typically Gubelin.
Gentleman's gold watch $ 10,200. (86-10A)

GÜBELIN
745
Fifth Avenue
New York

Please send me your new Gübelin watch and jewelry catalogue.
I understand there is no charge.

Name ____________
Address ____________
____
NY1218

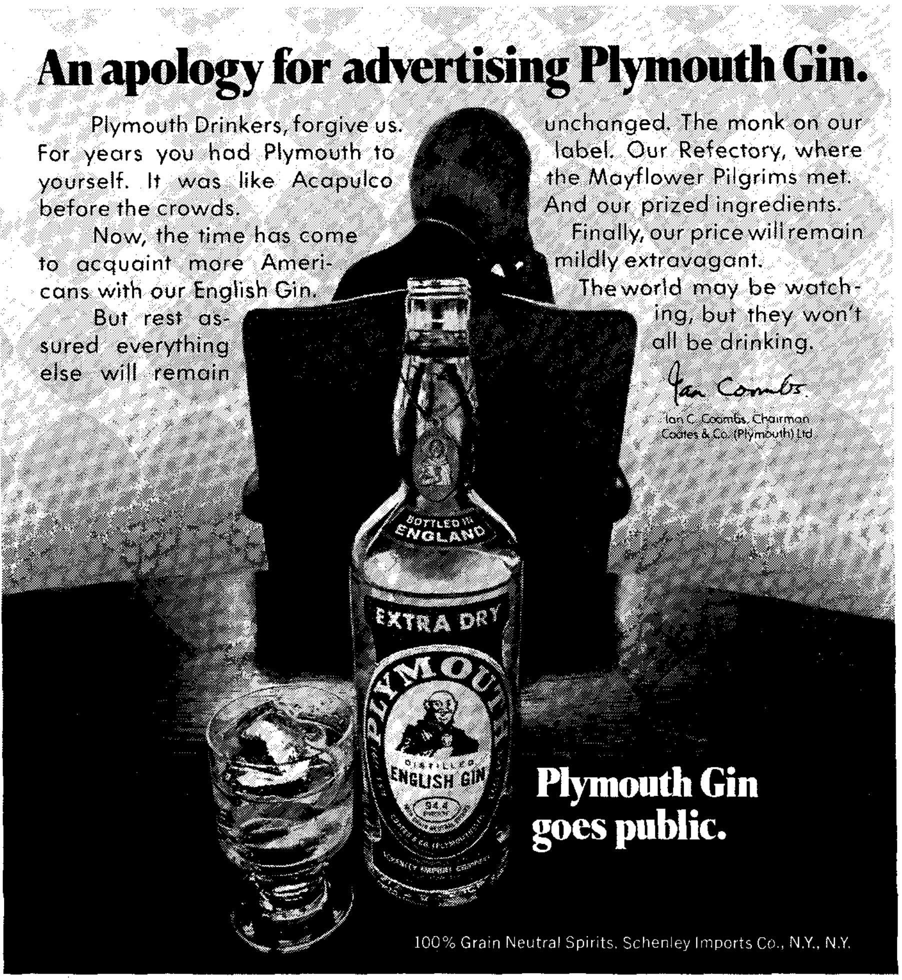
of their pupils as American. One Micronesian in his mid-twenties told me that when he was in school his American teachers made him learn the names of our states before the names of his municipalities, and the names of our Presidents before those of his chiefs. Now, often under determined prodding by Peace Corpsmen, Micronesians are paying closer attention to their own history and culture. On Koror, ninth graders are required to take Palauan Social Studies—a course given in the vernacular by a man in his sixties who hadn't been in a classroom since the Japanese occupation but who is a brimming repository of old legends. To acquaint themselves further with their past, Koror residents of all ages can now visit a painstakingly decorated *bai*, the traditional meetinghouse of their ancestors. The *bai* at Koror was built in 1969, according to time-honored specifications and procedures, including the participation of what the structure's sponsors called "a specialist in providing vocal rhythmic coaching for heavy lifting and the like." The Palauan radio station now has a regular folk-story hour, and on Saipan, where there is television, "Sesame Street" was for a while followed by "My Islands," a program that enlightened its viewers about such pertinent subjects as lagoons, reefs, and sharks.

But it may all be too late. Many younger Micronesians are bored with their culture. What they have learned in school science courses makes them doubt their fathers' myths, and more and more of them want to get closer to the wonders of the Western world to which their American mentors have tantalizingly exposed them. The ambition of many a Micronesian high-school graduate who cannot afford an automobile is to go off and study in some place where automobiles abound, become wise, and so become rich enough to buy one. Nearly six hundred Micronesians took post-secondary courses outside the Trust Territory in 1969 and 1970. Seventeen were studying to be automobile mechanics. Learning any kind of trade is doubtless a good idea, for in Micronesia lately there has been a surfeit of college graduates and a shortage of carpenters, plumbers, and electricians. The administration is currently bent on upgrading vocational education, and has opened the Micronesian Occupational Center, on Koror, which will ultimately have an enrollment of seven hundred and fifty. The school has a full-scale service station, to help teach windshield-wiping, and also offers courses in, among other subjects, air-conditioning, appliance-repairing, and food-serving. The cafeteria has a snack bar where students can learn how to prepare, and then to consume—oh, the beckoning American Dream!—milkshakes and hamburgers. It is characteristic of the dilatory pace of progress in Micronesia that this government-sponsored school got under way five years after the start of a privately run vocational academy, the Ponape Agriculture and Trade School, founded by a Jesuit priest, Father Hugh Costigan, who has been a missionary in the area since 1947. PATS, as the private school is known, has a hundred and thirty students, and, almost as if to give the lie to an often voiced assertion that Micronesians do not readily take to construction work, they have been erecting a building a year as part of their educational routine. When Father Costigan challenged them to finish a classroom structure in ninety days, they forthwith gave the lie to another belief about the region—that Micronesians are innately lazy—by finishing it in eighty-eight. He recently embarked on a program to train vocational-education teachers to serve in all the districts. PATS offers a course in auto-repairing, and when I visited the school some of the students were disassembling the engine of a Trust Territory government truck. "Somebody let it run out of oil and burned out the bearings," Father Costigan said. "We'll rebuild it and give it back to the Trust Territory, and it will run out of oil again, and we'll rebuild it again, and our students will get a lot of practice."

FATHER COSTIGAN's students, who come from all the districts, go home only once a year, because it is expensive and time-consuming to travel around the huge reaches of Micronesia. Four of the six district centers, however, are now regularly served by jet planes. Communications have also improved recently. By now, most of the islands are linked to the others and to the outside world by a radiotelephone network. (The principal exception is Palau, where the natives declined to make available the land that would be required to install the necessary equipment.) Some Micronesians wonder just how much the new communications setup will benefit them. At Majuro, a Marshallese told me, "I could fly to Honolulu on a 727 tomorrow if I had any reason to go there, which I haven't, and next year I'll be able to reach anyone in the world on the phone—not that I know anyone—but I'll still be hauling water by the bucket."

The judges in Micronesia arrange their court sittings to tie in with air schedules. The judges have to make the most of their time; in Micronesia, as on any American turf these days, crime is rampant. After assisting at his third autopsy in four weeks on a person either shot or speared to death, a Peace Corps doctor wrote to the *Didil a Chais*, "Why does the society condone these acts of violence? . . . Is there any movement afoot to change this aspect of your society, or is the free use of violence so essential to your culture that it cannot be controlled without destroying the culture?" (He also wrote that he thought it unfair to the local hospitals for Palauans to come to short-staffed emergency rooms after holidays to have hangovers treated.) The most celebrated act of violence to date was a murder committed by an American—the first ever to stand trial for a major crime in a Trust Territory court. He was a tourist of sorts, the twenty-two-year-old scapegrace owner of a powerboat, which is still roosting on a reef of the unpopulated Oroluk Atoll, in the Truk District. The young man had set off on a cruise *à trois* with an older American man and an amiable seventeen-year-old Filipino girl. After the boat ran aground and the two younger people were rescued, the body of their companion was found aboard, with a bullet in his head. The case had political significance. When word of the crime got around Truk, the natives assumed that since the alleged killer was an American, he would not be arrested, that if arrested he would not be charged, that if charged he would not be tried, if tried not convicted, and if convicted certainly not locked up in the Truk jail. (Micronesian prisons are so miserable that judges sometimes let miscreants go free just to spare them a stay behind bars.) The young American was arrested, charged, tried, found guilty of second-degree murder, and sentenced (by three judges, the two senior ones American) to twenty years in the Truk jail. His warders made one concession to his nationality: he was allowed a mattress to sleep on instead of a mat.

WHY bother, it is sometimes asked, in these days when there are so many pressing problems on earth, with people who for centuries have got along fairly well in a balmy climate with plenty of fish and taro and breadfruit and coconuts to eat—especially since there are only a hundred thousand of



An apology for advertising Plymouth Gin.

Plymouth Drinkers, forgive us. For years you had Plymouth to yourself. It was like Acapulco before the crowds.

Now, the time has come to acquaint more Americans with our English Gin.

But rest assured everything else will remain unchanged. The monk on our label. Our Refectory, where the Mayflower Pilgrims met. And our prized ingredients.

Finally, our price will remain mildly extravagant.

The world may be watching, but they won't all be drinking.

Ian Coombs

Ian C. Coombs, Chairman
Coates & Co. (Plymouth) Ltd

Plymouth Gin goes public.

100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Schenley Imports Co., N.Y., N.Y.

Your long cruise to the oldest places on our newest ship

She can take you far away to the long ago places of the Mediterranean. To the clear, clean lands of the North Cape, Scandinavia, with Russia on the side. She's the Cinderella Ship Statendam. Newly rebuilt, sporting a spectacular Promenade Deck that gives you more pleasure per square foot than any ship at sea.

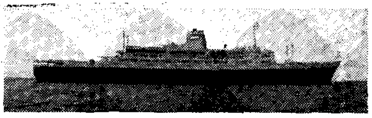
FROM NEW YORK
SPRING MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE, **April 29.** 40 days. 24 ports include Lisbon, Monte Carlo, Genoa, Istanbul, Piraeus, Casablanca. From $1520.
NORTH CAPE / SCANDINAVIA / RUSSIA CRUISES. **June 9 and July 21.** 41 days each. 21 ports include Bergen, Oslo, Leningrad. From $1910.
MEDITERRANEAN DISCOVERY CRUISE, **Sept. 1.** 33 days. 20 ports include Cadiz, Syracuse, Naples, Portofino, Barcelona. From $1120.
FALL MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE, **Oct. 6.** 40 days. 25 ports include Lisbon, Monte Carlo, Genoa, Istanbul, Delos, Casablanca. From $1440.

Clip coupon or see your travel agent. 25-LC-C-18

Holland America Cruises Pier 40, N. River, New York, N.Y., 10014
Gentlemen: Please rush me free, complete details on the Statendam cruises I've listed below.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State .... Zip ....
Statendam Cruises ....
Travel Agent ....

s.s Statendam is of Netherlands registry.



Holland America Cruises

We're Dutch and we want everything to be perfect.

Possibly the most charming aperitif

you've never tasted.

Lillet Blanc. The continental aperitif for lunch time, cocktail time, dinner time or any time.

LILLET

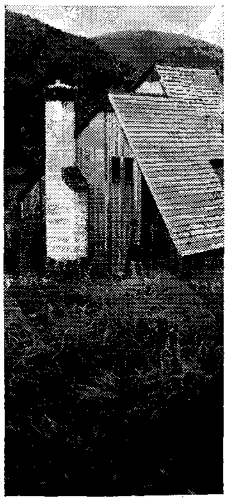
Imported by Dreyfus-Ashby Company, N.Y.

Jules Podell presents

THE GOLDDIGGERS
RICK DANIELS

COPACABANA

FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M. AND 12
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900



VERMONT HIDEAWAY

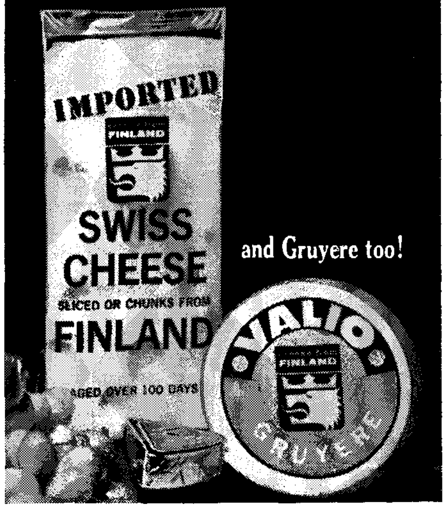
For sale or rent in central Vermont. In unspoiled setting of natural beauty preserved by protective covenants. Has magnificent view. Remote enough for privacy but just minutes from centers of life and easily accessible. Home mgmt. available. For details write, or call 802-746-5171.

Hawk, Box 5, Rt. 100, Pittsfield, Vt. 05762

them? (Until recently, there were more people in jail in Indonesia than out of jail in Micronesia.) Well, the United States has both a legal and a moral obligation to bother; one cannot treat an adopted child like a statistic. For a long time, the administrators of Micronesia had to make do with what was, by American standards, a pittance. Even the current robust appropriation of sixty million dollars (six hundred dollars per Micronesian per annum) does not tell the whole financial story, for in addition to the Peace Corps, which has its own budget, Micronesia, thanks to an avuncular interest on the part of Hawaii's congressmen in Washington, has benefitted from several federal programs set up to help the sovereign states—Head Start, for instance, and the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Library Construction and Service Act, and the Manpower Development Act. Furthermore, as a result of a personal request that Secretary Hickel made of Secretary of Defense Laird, the Trust Territory recently enjoyed a high priority in obtaining millions of dollars' worth of Defense Department goods—jeeps, typewriters, rock crushers, diapers, and so on—that had been declared surplus and were on sale, in Okinawa, for about seven and a half per cent of their value. In the last couple of years, moreover, the Defense Department (with the Trust Territory in this instance footing most of the bill) has sent small contingents of Seabees and other military construction men to Micronesia. Calling themselves "civic-action teams," they have been doing their bit to spruce up the frequently dowdy area. On the island of Rota, which is one of the Marianas, some Seabees built a slaughterhouse, a merry-go-round, a schoolyard flagpole, and a community barbecue pit. Most Micronesians have welcomed and appreciated these gestures; a few, though, have wondered whether their benefactors may not be public-relations emissaries calculated to make the natives look kindly upon any subsequent Defense Department units that show up.

Over the years, there have been repeated complaints that, no matter how much money comes into Micronesia, too little of it is used to bolster the Trust Territory's limping economy. Micronesia may never become industrialized, but it has potentialities in agriculture and in fishing that have never been tapped. The Trust Territory could easily produce all the rice that its inhabitants consume, but, as things stand, it produces only eleven thousand

It's finntastic!
SWISS CHEESE
FROM FINLAND



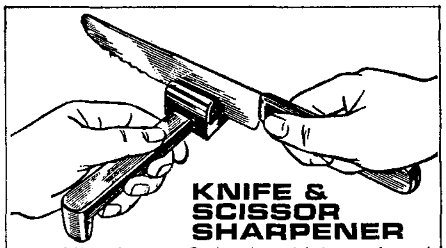
Carefully cured over 100 days
for *finntastic* flavor!
Gruyere it's Finntastic too!
Ask for Cheese from Finland
you'll be glad you did

cheese from FINLAND

Sliced and packed FRESH
in the U.S.A. under famous brands:

Hoffman BORDEN KRAFT Liberty Lion NEW YORKER Sargento

or your favorite supermarket's own brand



KNIFE & SCISSOR SHARPENER

Herr Mischke, our Swiss (wouldn't you know) friend invented this ingenious sharpener, for benefit of mankind, we think. It's an absolute wonder! Diamond dust lined "V" slot, your knife or scissor simply drawn through, is honed to a very fine edge indeed. We confidently guarantee: this is the finest sharpener you've ever owned, or Your Money back. $3.50 ea. 2 for $6.50 and 50¢ post. per order. 5% in Calif.

J. D. BROWNE Ghirardelli Square
900 Northpoint, San Francisco, CA 94109

CLUB
peace & plenty
GEORGE TOWN, EXUMA, BAHAMAS

Discover the unspoiled charm of the friendly island of Exuma in the southern Bahamas. Relaxing, casual, delightful. Direct flights daily from Miami & Nassau.
See your Travel Agent or call
I. OLIVER ENGEBRETSON, INC.
N.Y. 212-980-3810

EUROPEAN STUDIES IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

6-week Summer course. June 20–August 1. European Civilization: Contemporary Art, Literature, Theater and Politics, given in English. $525 includes tuition, room, demi-pension, field trips to Avignon, Arles, Nimes and Marseille. Charter flight extra. French conversation.

Write airmail
Director Summer Program
Institute for American Universities
27 place de l'Université 13—Aix-en-Provence, France

Studies in an ancient French University town—historic capital of Provence, and famous for its Music Festival, Theater, Cinema, Art Exhibitions and political cafés.

dollars' worth and imports two million dollars' worth. High Commissioner Johnston, who at twelve was raising vegetables and selling them to the Piggly Wiggly chain in Honolulu, has been talking about starting up gardening projects in the elementary schools. "I'm not interested in high-level economic projection curves through 1980," he told me. "I'm interested in whether Mr. Billings' store succeeds, and in whether, as more and more tourists come here, there will be adequate dry-cleaning services. We've got to start at the bottom and do the little things first." Start, start, start—that is the eternal American chant in Micronesia. The Americans in charge five years ago were talking like that, too, and they had especially high hopes of inaugurating a boom in produce by means of a Farm Institute then functioning on Ponape, where prospective agriculturists were to be indoctrinated. The Institute was shut down in 1969, because eighty per cent of its graduates had taken office jobs.

In the matter of fishing, the story has been much the same. The waters of Micronesia teem with fish and shellfish; the people of Micronesia spend much of what little cash they have on canned fish. Mr. Johnston attended a conference in Hawaii in 1970 out of which evolved a new nonprofit corporation for the development of commercial fishing in all of America's Pacific islands. But will anything come of it? In 1964, the Van Camp Sea Food Company, of California, brought to Koror a small fleet of tuna boats, manned by Okinawans. They were to be replaced by Palauans, it was said, as soon as enough of them could be trained. It is not hard to teach a man to fish for tuna, yet by late 1970 only thirty Palauans were thus employed. (A freezing plant ashore was manned by fifty-five Palauans.) Most Micronesians, when push comes to shove, would rather do anything than fish. A few years ago, a motion picture, "Hell in the Pacific," was shot on Koror. The production provided jobs for many Micronesians. That year, the value of the Trust Territory's fish exports—not counting Van Camp's catch—dropped from ninety-three thousand dollars to twenty-one thousand.

Around Micronesia today, nearly everyone, from the High Commissioner on down, looks upon tourism as the magic potion most likely to revitalize the economy. One local agent of a tiny organization grandly called Micronesia Tours, on being asked what bait he thought the area should dangle before

Helen Reddy

Helen Reddy's first hit song (and album) was "I Don't Know How To Love Him" from Jesus Christ, Superstar.

Now listen to her new album,* simply titled HELEN REDDY, and you'll realize it wasn't just the song that was great.

*it includes her current single, "No Sad Song"!

Capitol®

At John's Island's Oceanfront Condominiums, the only thing between you and Europe is 2½ miles of private beach and the blue Atlantic. That's John's Island.

Write Roy D. Chapin III, President,
john's island
2 John's Island Drive, Vero Beach, Fla. 32960.

john's island Privacy, Championship Dye-Nicklaus Eighteen, Golf Cottages, Oceanfront Condominiums, Private Residences, Club House, Beach & Tennis Club, South Village Condominiums, 2½ miles of Ocean Beach.

This offering is not available to residents of states where prohibited by law.

AD-4416

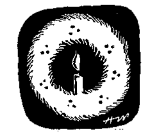
ASPOR

The finest velour in all Switzerland for a pair of resort-going tops. Pick a bouquet of enormous flowers or an awning-striped shirt, each with its own color-cued pants by Aspor At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:

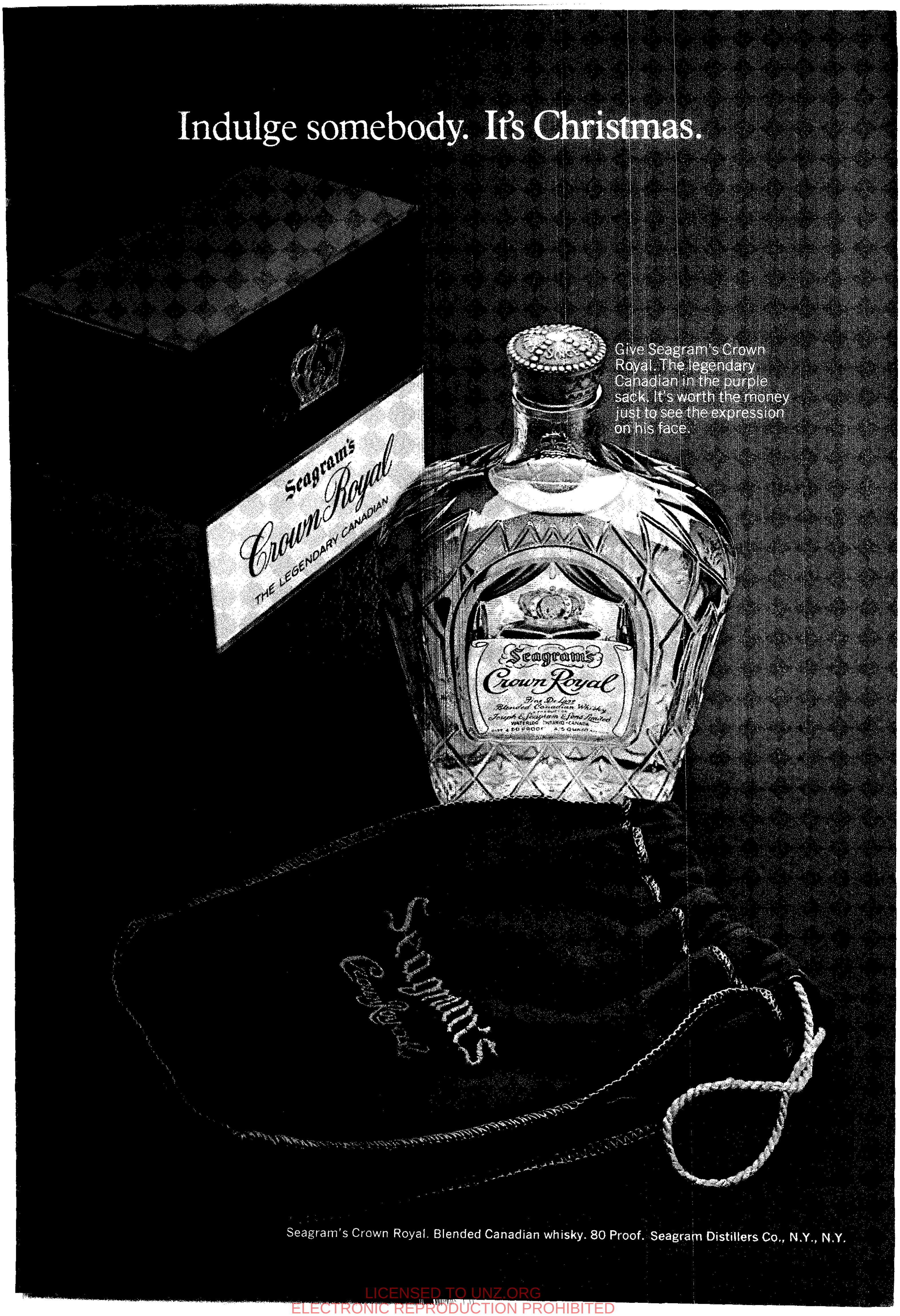
Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

tourists, gazed up and down a shabby main street and replied that since the Trust Territory already condoned *sakau* drinking and betel-nut chewing, perhaps it could most dramatically appeal to tourists if the Congress of Micronesia passed a law legalizing marijuana. The Congress has not even considered that possibility, but tourists have been drifting in, drawn by wartime memories or by a belief, not without foundation, that, despite the presence of so many Americans for so many years, parts of Micronesia remain strikingly beautiful and comparatively unspoiled. In 1968, thirteen thousand tourists visited the Trust Territory, and in 1969 twenty thousand. Currently, they are coming at the rate of three thousand a month. Many of them are Japanese, and most of these go to Saipan after taking advantage of bargain air fares between Tokyo and Guam. (The nature of the recent transformation of Guam, once a cloistered enclave of the United States Navy, may be adduced from the names of two recently built hotels: the Fujita and the Tokyu. The career of a nisei American living on Guam, who a decade ago served as interpreter for two Japanese soldier stragglers captured in the jungle, has now come full circle: on behalf of the Guam Tourist Commission, he mans an airport information counter established as a convenience for Japanese visitors.) One of Saipan's fancier hotels, the fifty-four-room Royal Taga, which boasts air-conditioning and a swimming pool, is booked months in advance by Japanese businessmen and Japanese honeymooners. (There are now four hundred and thirty hotel rooms in all of the Trust Territory, with still more under construction.) On Saipan, there are few sights for tourists to see other than crumbling remnants of the war. The souvenir postcards on sale feature photographs not of beaches or palm trees or sunsets but of a ruined Japanese hospital, a rusty tank, and the Japanese jail where Amelia Earhart was said to have been held captive before she disappeared. Within the past couple of years, Japanese delegations to Saipan have unveiled two memorials to their war dead, one of them in a mountainous area called Marpi, which wasn't declared clear of live ammunition and opened to the public until October, 1968—twenty-four years after the last of thousands of Japanese soldiers and civilians, in despair over the United States conquest of their island, leaped to death from two promontories, which the Americans later christened Suicide Cliff and Banzai Cliff. Veterans of the Twentieth Air Force, which dropped the atomic bombs, have also been coming back for nostalgic reunions.



MANY tourists are attracted to Micronesia by its coral reefs, which are of unexcelled variety and beauty. Recently, though, these have come under attack from a seaborne enemy—*Acanthaster planci*, the crown-of-thorns starfish. This predator is grisly in both looks and behavior. It can grow to two feet in diameter and can develop as many as twenty-one arms. Its back is coated with sharp, poisonous spines a couple of inches long, and to step on it is to risk infection and fever. The best first aid is to turn the creature on its back, place the affected part upon it, and let its own malign white stomach suck out the poison. With this stomach the starfish also engorges the living polyps that give coral its bright colors; where a herd of acanthasters has grazed, the devastated coral left behind is dead white. These starfish travel along the floor of the ocean, and they move almost three-quarters of a mile a month. They can stay alive for six months without eating, but when they eat they eat heartily: a big acanthaster can kill fifty years of coral growth in a night. A female can lay twenty-four million eggs at a clip. In normal times, most of these eggs are gobbled up as larvae by the very coral polyps they would consume if they lived to become adults, or they are kept in bounds by several species of shellfish—principally the triton. But something has happened, all the way from Australia to Hawaii, to upset the ecological balance—perhaps the blasting of coral in dredging operations, creating patches of dead coral, where larvae can safely settle; perhaps too much triton-hunting; perhaps the pollution by man of atoll lagoons, which has eliminated natural predators. In any event, the proliferation of acanthasters has caused one marine biologist who has studied the animal in Micronesia to say that it is "as potentially disastrous for the coral island as continuous forest fires are to a watershed," adding, "And the corals probably will require a longer time to recover than does a forest." The ugly creatures cannot be chopped to death: if you cut one into four pieces, you end up with four starfish. Short of assaulting them with hordes of shrimp or tritons—which might themselves get out of hand and cause further ecological mischief—the best method devised so far for coping with


Indulge somebody. It's Christmas.
Seagram's
Crown Royal
THE LEGENDARY CANADIAN
Seagram's
Crown Royal
Fine De Luxe
Blended Canadian Whisky
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Limited
WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
80 PROOF
Seagram's
Crown Royal

Give Seagram's Crown Royal. The legendary Canadian in the purple sack. It's worth the money just to see the expression on his face.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y., N.Y.

Do you think the gift of golden Galliano is too sentimental?

Perhaps it is.

The taste of Galliano is decidedly romantic, with overtones of baroque Old World richness.

According to the Italian legend, Galliano is distilled from the rays of the sun; so perhaps it would help to describe the taste as, simply, golden.

But the tall bottle of golden Galliano makes a splendid gift. It isn't the thought that's sentimental.

It's the gift of gold behind it.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON LIQUOR CO. 1969

them is to have underwater divers inject them, one by one, with Formalin. In the last couple of years, this laborious hypodermic war has been waged throughout Micronesia. "People scoff at our worries about the acanthaster, but who has ever seen a phenomenon of this sort before?" Peter Wilson, the Trust Territory's chief fisheries man, said to me. "We may be witnessing a unique biological catastrophe. I don't think the reefs will collapse—which, of course, would mean the end of the atolls—but as long as the starfish multiply so fantastically we've got to try to stop them, if you assume a living reef to be preferable to a dead one." The island of Tinian has offered a ten-cent bounty per starfish, and the United States Congress has appropriated four and a half million dollars to fight the battle.

Many Micronesians, disagreeable as they consider the crown-of-thorns starfish to be, have been taking this new tribulation philosophically. They have survived frightful typhoons and frightening pestilences and occupation by four foreign nations; they suspect that they can also survive whatever the acanthaster may be up to at the moment. They point out that the creature itself isn't new; it was known to be in existence before the United States was. (Linnaeus described it in 1758.) Indeed, some Micronesians even profess to know how the puzzling acanthaster first came to their area. Once upon a time, it seems, in what are now the Marshall Islands, an *iroij* of Arno agreed to swap some of his fishing secrets for some of the navigational secrets of an *iroij* of Wotje. The Wotje man was deceitful and literally gave the Arno man a bum steer; he passed along some false navigational lore. Whereupon the enraged Arno *iroij*, pretending to teach his fellow-chief how to catch edible fish by calling them into his nets, taught him instead how to summon the crown-of-thorns. Thus the Wotje reef went dead. There are some older Micronesians today who believe that if discussions between the United States government and the Future Political Status Commission remain at an impasse, the traditional chiefs can get together and, provided they forswear such duplicity, use their unique powers to work out a suitable and sensible destiny for their people.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

DIETERS SPECIAL 1.90
Broiled Filet of Rock, Zucchini Provencal.—*Menu of the Baltimore (Md.) Governors Club.*

One-ninety seems high.

Front Yard.
Back Yard.

Pick one.

Then go in search of an architect, because this is no exercise.

We have homesites available along the fairways of one of the most beautiful golf courses you have ever walked on. Egrets feed near the greens. Alligators inhabit some of the water hazards.

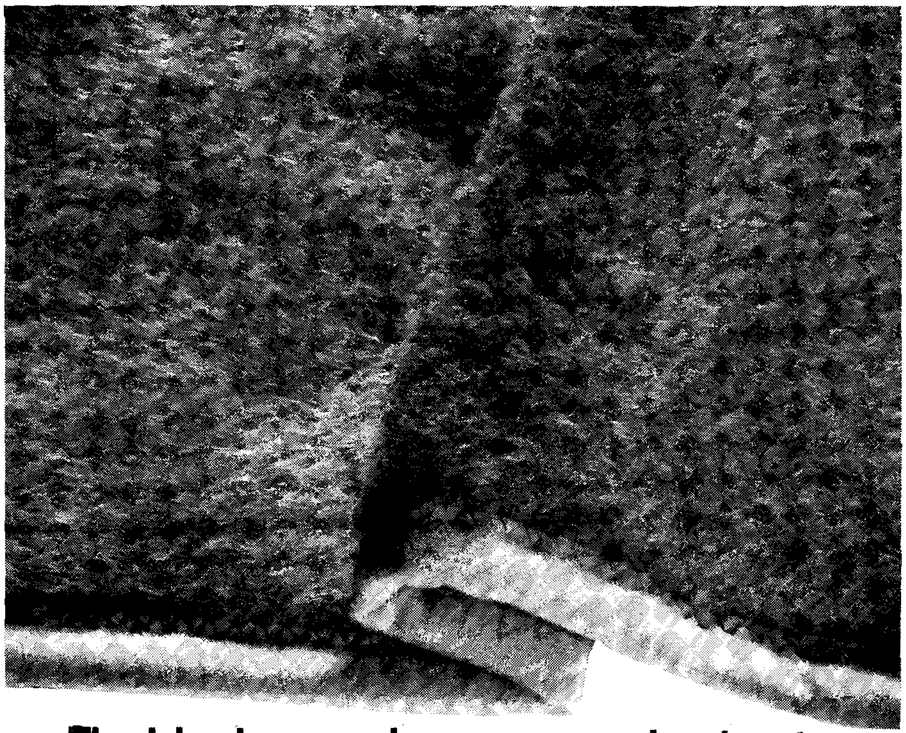
It's all part of Shipyard Plantation: 850 acres of grass and trees in the heart of Hilton Head Island. Here, just off the South Carolina coast, is everything a golfer could ask. Plus the chance to live and build in one of the most serene settings in the country.

Each homesite is heavily wooded. Building standards have been kept high to protect your investment. And should you desire to rent your home at any time, we will act as your agent.

Please write for information. We have much more to offer than we could ever go into here. Write to Mr. Charles Rousek, The Hilton Head Company, Box 1008, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928. Or call collect (803) 785-3311.

Shipyard Plantation
at Hilton Head Island.

THIS OFFERING IS NOT AVAILABLE TO RESIDENTS OF STATES WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.



The blanket you have to go to bed with.

"Zephyr"®, an experience in sensuality. A delightful gift. 100% virgin Acrilan® acrylic. Monsanto Wear Dated 3 year guarantee. In 5 sizes from $19 to $35 at better department stores.

Another masterpiece from **North Star** by Chatham
ELKIN, N.C. 28621

Available at FOWLER, DICK AND WALKER, Binghamton, New York
THE JOHN GERBER COMPANY, Memphis, Tennessee
THE BROADWAY DEPARTMENT STORES, California, Arizona and Nevada

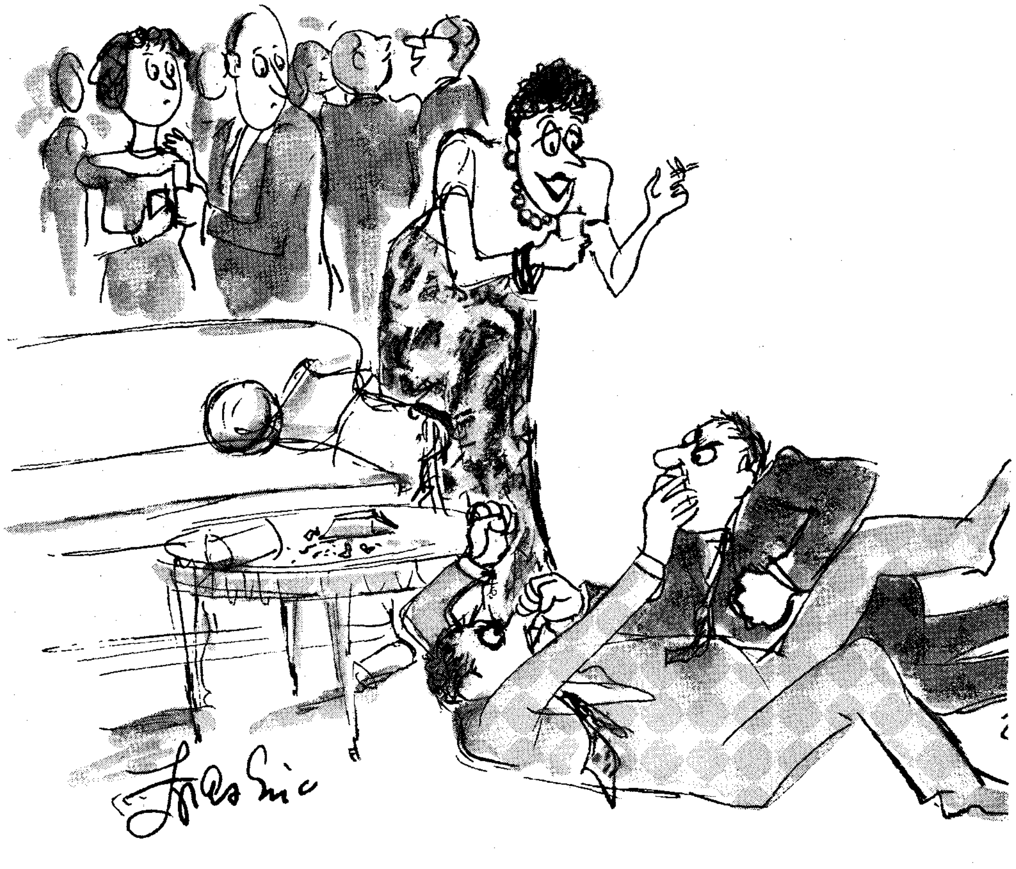
MUSICAL EVENTS

Hearing Barber Plain

FIVE years ago, when the Metropolitan opened its new house in Lincoln Center with Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra," it was obvious that the director and designer, Franco Zeffirelli, had overproduced the opera to a point at which the music was swamped by the décor. Sets that might have been appropriate for a work on the scale of "Aida" made a travesty of a comparatively modest score; the beautiful Leontyne Price, as Cleopatra, was given a costume that made her look like Aunt Jemima; and, of course, the opera was proclaimed a failure. I noticed, however, that it contained many pages of fine music, that its writing for the voice was extraordinarily expert, and that there were individual arias which, in another setting, might have made a considerable impression. My first opportunity to hear any of the music of Mr. Barber's opera since its first performance came last Thursday night, when Leonard Bernstein included a suite consisting of two scenes from the work on his program with the New York Philharmonic. Sure enough, in a concert setting, the music proved to be an altogether different experience. I am sorry that one episode, Enobarbus's soliloquy, was omitted from this suite, for it is one of the best parts of the opera. But there was present only a soprano soloist, Martina Arroyo, and the sections included were Cleopatra's "Give Me Some Music" and the scene of her death. Mr. Barber is one of the few American composers who escaped the emasculating influence of Nadia Boulanger's school in Paris. His music stems from a much more vigorous tradition, grounded in Strauss and Mahler, and these two excerpts show him at his best. I do not think that "Give Me Some Music" is quite as impressive as the long aria beginning "Give me my robe," with which the opera ends. Certainly, by present-day American standards, the latter is a masterpiece—imposing, melodious, and deeply moving. Miss Arroyo sang both excerpts with a rich voice, sensitive phrasing, and the proper air of melancholy. Mr. Bernstein conducted with care and dedication, and the reaction of the audience was, predictably, enthusiastic.

THERE had been a performance of Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Opus 56a, to open the program, and after the intermission there was Brahms' Second Symphony, which I am sure Mr. Bernstein conducted eloquently, as he has a dozen times in the past. But I did not stay for the symphony. I made my way to a piano recital by Jerome Lowenthal that was taking place in Alice Tully Hall, just around the corner, and, to my surprise, when I arrived he was only midway in his second number, Schumann's great Phantasie in C Major, Opus 17. Mr. Lowenthal is a born Romantic pianist, which is saying a great deal, for the piano is the Romantic instrument par excellence, since most of our finest piano music dates from the Romantic era. He played this long and very absorbing composition with a cultivated sense of nuance and rubato, and with technique to spare. Putting together the profundity of the composition and the understanding and digital fluency of the performer, one could call this a memorable experience. After the intermission, Mr. Lowenthal played Olivier Messiaen's "Catalogue d'Oiseaux," Volume I, expertly enough I do not doubt. Perhaps this chattering work has more ornithological than musical interest. In any case, I found it boring. The program ended with a heroic performance of Liszt's Grand Fantaisie de Bravoure sur "La Clochette" de Paganini, a splashy bit of virtuoso music all but impossible except for such prodigious pianists as the late Moriz Rosenthal, who used to glory in feats of this sort. Mr. Lowenthal missed a lot of notes in some of the rapid passages, but his octave work in particular was magnificent, and it was evident that he has the bravura temperament that such a composition requires.

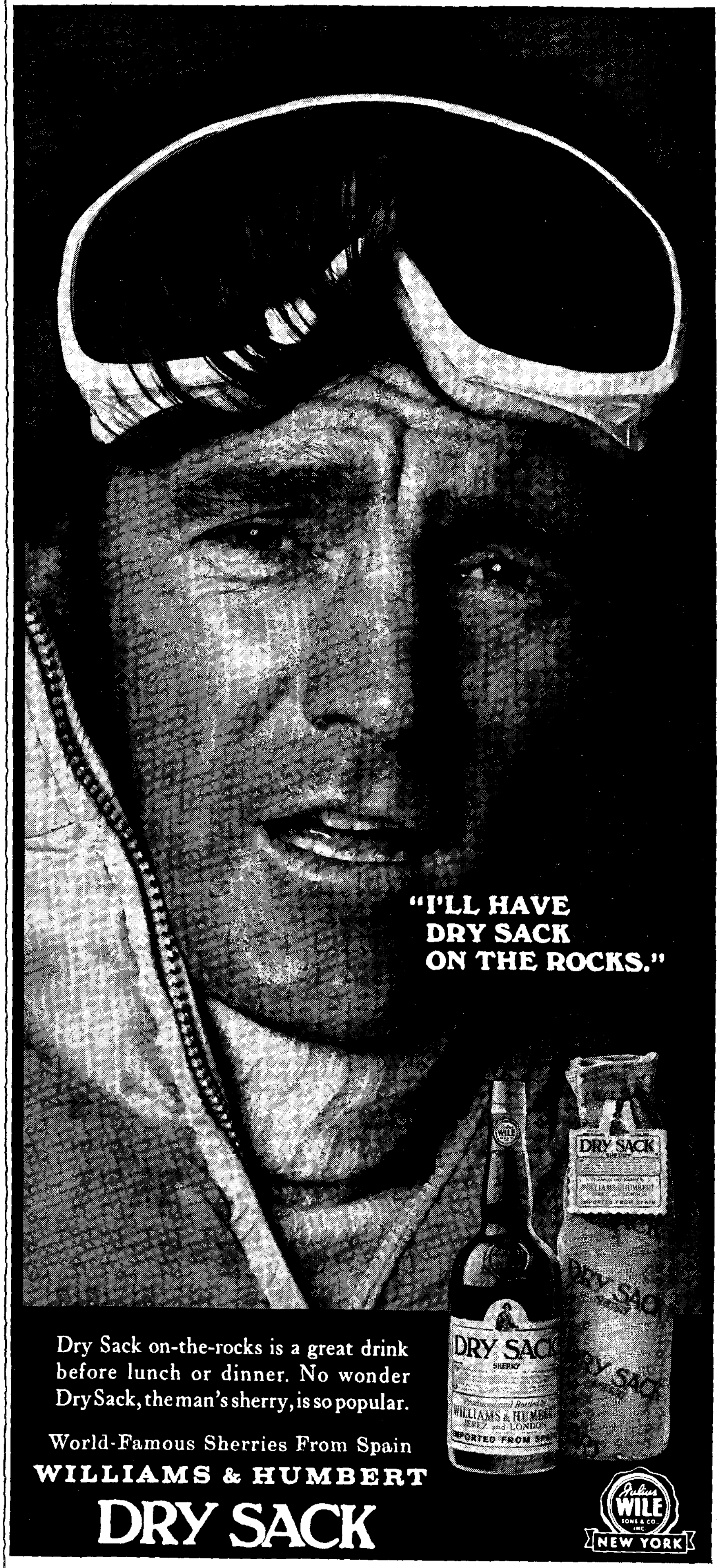
MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH returned to the concert scene here last Wednesday night in Philharmonic Hall after a long absence in Russia, where he had presumably been kept because of his hospitality toward Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Instead of the originally announced program, he played a slightly less interesting one, consisting of Beethoven's Sonata No. 3 in A Major (with Artur Balsam as his last-minute substitute accompanist), Bach's Solo



"I so hoped you two would get together. You're the least apathetic people I know."

Suite No. 3 in C Major, and Shostakovich's Sonata in D Minor for Cello and Piano, Opus 40 (again with Mr. Balsam as partner). I have been unstinting in my praise of this great Russian cellist, but at this concert I began to take a more detached view of him. He has an aggressive mastery of his instrument; he is a superb musician, and there is a stunning muscularity and masculinity about his performances. But memories of other cellists kept recurring to me during this concert—memories of Casals, Feuermann, Piatigorsky, Fournier. All of these are, or were, more refined cellists than Mr. Rostropovich. His tone is often scratchy, and sounds more like that of a trumpet than that of a cello when he is playing fortissimo in the upper registers. His attacks are like the chops of a butcher's cleaver. Yet there is no denying the complete accuracy of his intonation and fingerboard work, even in the most difficult thumb positions, or the subtlety of his musicianship or the excitement his athletic command of the instrument and his own absorption in the music bring forth. He is without doubt the most imposing of all cellists now before the public. But in *sub specie aeternitatis* he has a few flaws. The Beethoven was wonderfully tossed off, the Bach Suite magnificently done as to left-hand technique, though if you are acquainted with the Casals recording of this work, the interpretation was by comparison not profound, nor was it beautiful in the matter of tone. The Shostakovich Sonata proved to be a quite respectable composition, knowingly written for the instruments, reminiscent of a lot of composers from Rachmaninoff to Prokofieff, but nevertheless effective, and Mr. Rostropovich played it as well as anyone could.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS is one of those composers who seem destined to be remembered by only a fraction of their output—in his case a piano concerto, a violin concerto, and the opera "Samson et Dalila," which came back to the Metropolitan last Friday night. "Samson" is certainly a work worth pondering—full of well-written counterpoint in the best Conservatoire manner, rather formal, reasonably melodious, and quite dramatic. It reaches real inspired lyricism, however, only in the famous aria "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," which I suspect is the main reason for its persistence in the repertory. The cast the other night was good to excellent. Grace Bumbry made a physically lovely as well as a vocally thrilling Dalila. The veteran Richard Tucker worked



Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack, the man's sherry, is so popular.

World-Famous Sherries From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK

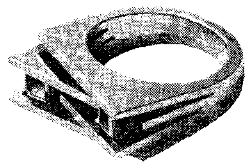
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC NEW YORK

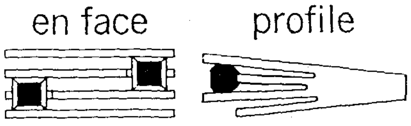
When you smile for a Danish photographer don't just say "cheese" say "Danish blue". Smiles come naturally at Garfinckel's where you might say, our furs are pretty as a picture. But they're really even prettier.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

– portrait of
Danish style in gold





From our new
selection of gold
jewelry. This handwrought
14 kt. ring has two
green Tourmalines. $135

DANISH SILVERSMITHS INC.

573 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

with experienced craftsmanship at the role of Samson, drawing out some trumpeting tones. Gabriel Bacquier, also a veteran, was the High Priest, and he, too, sang with craft rather than beauty. Among the male voices, the finest were those of Paul Plishka, the Abimelech, and John Macurdy, whose deep, resonant bass made his performance as the Old Hebrew a striking affair. The lesser roles were well taken, and the conducting of Serge Baudo was at least competent. The production, by Nathaniel Merrill and Robert O'Hearn, is still serviceable, Mr. O'Hearn's first act resembling a painting by Gustave Moreau—a provenance that was not consistently sustained throughout the opera. In the ballet in the third act, two dancers, Diana Levy and Avind Harum, who was making his début, brought down the house just before Samson brought down the temple.

I SHOULD like to append to this column a couple of notes that pertain more to the sociology and technology of music than to music itself. In a conversation with my friend the composer Nicolas Nabokov, who has recently been abroad, I learned that among the younger composers of Europe the twelve-tone system, electronic noise music, and hit-or-miss atonality are now things of the past, and that a return to simple melody has taken their place. I find this development heartening. Maybe music will be saved after all.

My second note is the technological one. I have always been skeptical about the idea of writing music by typewriter; it has seemed to me too complicated a process to be adapted to such a machine. But on a recent Sunday I made my way to Oyster Bay, where, at 69 West Main Street, a Mr. Armando Dal Molin demonstrated to me a highly efficient musical typewriter, as well as a system involving two computers that prints the results of musical typewriting at a tremendous speed. The products of both the typewriter and the system with the two computers are superior to the work of any musical copyist—superior, in fact, to anything but the old technique of laboriously engraving music on pewter plates.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

I was born Nov. 24, 1957, so I will be 14 next month. I would like to know if I can get my junior hinting license. I would also like to know where, and on what date, tests are to be given.—*Binghamton (N.Y.) Sun-Bulletin.*

There are *two* tests—one for the dropped on Monday, one for the veiled on Tuesday.

The John's Island
rental program:

John's Island is a private 1,500-acre resort community built around the Ocean, the Indian River and 18 championship golf holes designed by Pete Dye and Jack Nicklaus. Located adjacent to Vero Beach, in sub-tropical Florida, John's Island is owned and administered by the same family that created Lost Tree Village. Golf cottages and private residences bordering the fairways of the John's Island course, and Oceanfront Condominium apartments are privately owned and may be rented through the John's Island Property Owners Association while the owner is not in residence. These attractive two and three bedroom retreats are fully furnished and ready for immediate occupancy. Guests have full privileges of the John's Island Club, course and 2½ miles of private beach. Requests for rental applications and a brochure may be obtained by writing 1 John's Island Drive, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. (305) 567-7147.

john's island

Nightly
(Except Sunday)

Some of New York's best food and brightest conversation are going steady as ever. Attractive duo!

- Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
- Supper: 9:30 on...and on.

HOTEL
Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert

59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:45 p.m.-2 a.m.)

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

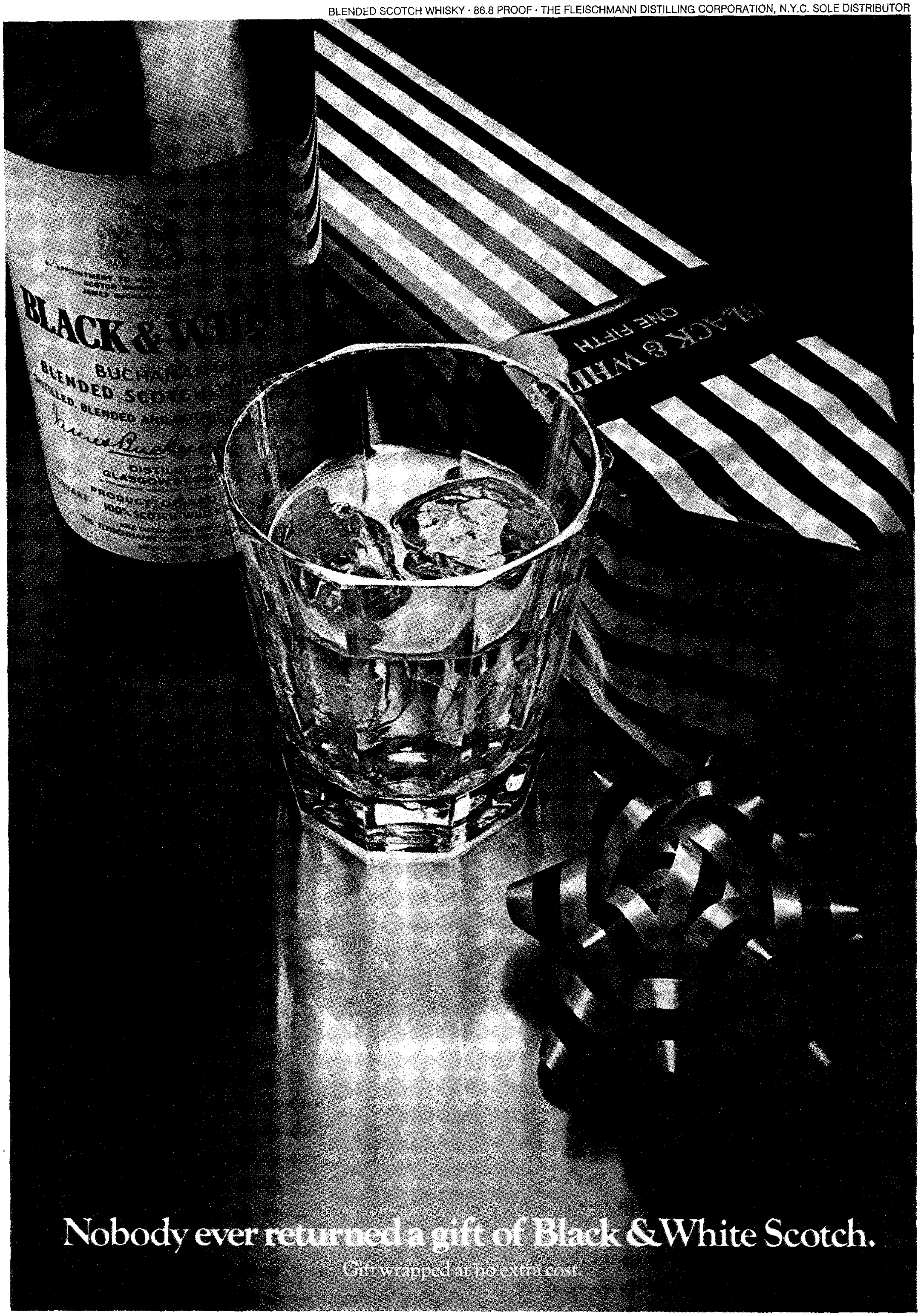
Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal tow path...and proprietors who know a *thing or two about making* you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF · THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR


BLACK & WHITE
BUCHANAN'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BLACK & WHITE
ONE FIFTH
Nobody ever returned a gift of Black & White Scotch.
Gift wrapped at no extra cost.

The optional everything system. Quadrasonic. Quadruplex.™ Stereo. And the double play.

With Panasonic's optional everything system you start simple. With the SC-8700. Then build up your sound from there. The SC-8700 is a 4-piece music center with a 4-channel amplifier. It has an FM/AM/FM stereo receiver. A 4-speed Garrard automatic turntable with a Pickering V-15 cartridge. Two air-suspension speakers with a 3-way-sound reproduction system. And 60 watts of power (IHF).

Add a pair of SB-170 or SB-270 speakers, and you get the sound of Quadruplex™ circuitry. The second set of speakers playing the music a fraction of a second later. The way you'd hear music in a concert hall. And you can even get Quadruplex from *your old stereo records and tapes.* As well as from our FM stereo.

For people who want to get right inside the music, we have something special. Quadrasonic. Just add our 8-track tape deck, the RS-847US. And now you can hear four separate channels of sound. One channel from each speaker. One speaker might be emphasizing the string section. One the woodwinds. One the brass. And one the percussion. So instead of just listening to Mahler's Third, you feel like you're the conductor.

The SC-8700 also lets you make the double play. Something that's perfect for families with different tastes in music. With the optional set of speakers, you can play Bach on FM stereo in your room. While the kids listen to a Beatles' record in their room. At the same time.

You can hear the whole works at your franchised Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer. The one man who gives you all the options on how to listen to music.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Ave., N.Y. 10017. For your nearest franchised Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer, call 800 631-1971. In N.J., 800 962-2803. We pay for the call.

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

MANHATTANVILLE COLLEGE
PURCHASE, N.Y.
DECEMBER 8, 1971

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

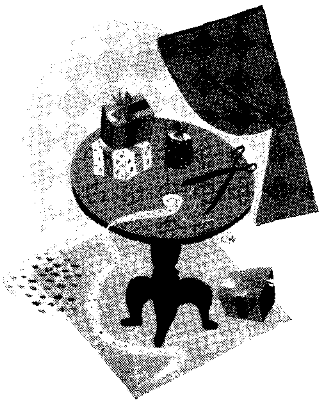
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., in his August 21st article "Cruising Speed," further obscures already muddy waters in respect to the controversial Blaine Amendment to the New York State Constitution. Social trends toward secularism, religious and moral judgments on such trends, and educational quality are indiscriminately intermingled in his discussion. Mr. Buckley does accurately report the gist of the Blaine Amendment itself: that it forbids state aid to a religious educational institution. But his statements misrepresent the successful effort of Manhattanville College to prove its eligibility for state aid. It is important to clarify his misrepresentations, not just for the sake of Manhattanville but because they confuse the public understanding of the relationship between institutions of higher education and society at large. These institutions, public and private alike, exist in the public interest. Thus, to some extent they must serve the interests and needs of all sectors of society.

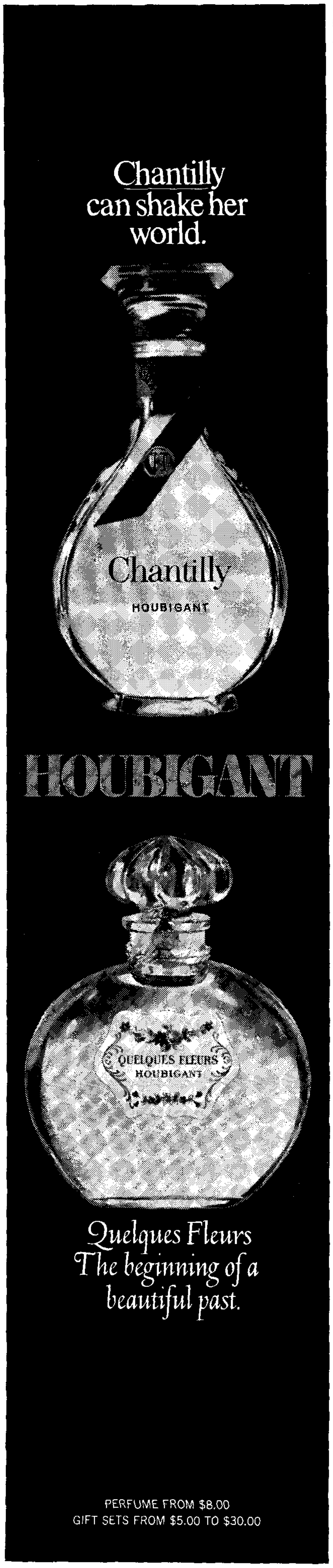
Mr. Buckley appears to believe that the repeal of the Blaine Amendment would make the church-affiliated college, of whatever denomination, eligible for public funds. In my estimation, this view is mistaken. Even were the amendment repealed, the church-affiliated college would, I think, still be denied public funds in accordance with the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. For the Blaine Amendment is essentially an underlining, on the state level, of a basic and clearly expressed principle of the federal Constitution. One can object to the Blaine Amendment on the ground that it is unnecessary law but not on the ground that it is Constitutionally illegitimate. No institution denied aid under the Blaine Amendment would find its position ultimately any more tenable without the Blaine Amendment. It might find itself presenting its case in a different court, but the final outcome, I feel certain, would be the same. The federal Constitution, in guaranteeing the separation of church and state, would equally prohibit such aid—and rightly so, in my opinion.

The real question, which Mr. Buckley avoids, is an educational one. I strongly believe that a college committed to the expansion of the mind cannot be closed. We must think of it, rather, as a vicinity. A vicinity is not a completed entity; rather, it is openness, it is a process that evolves in an environment of universality. Our colleges must be places where the deep questions of mankind are asked—the questions that will not go away. Students no longer come to the liberal-arts college for answers. They come, rather, to learn to ask the right questions; they insist on probing the meaning of meaning.

To maintain church affiliation and the universality of inquiry will probably involve inconsistency. In the "search for truth," it is an imperative that every door be opened, every road explored, no path barred. Sectarian education, by definition, does not meet this need. The church-affiliated college—Catholic, fundamentalist, or any other—however much it may succeed in teaching its students to think, will also be tempted, to a greater or lesser degree, to *instruct* its students in the particular tenets of its religious faith. To teach a student to think *about* the tenets of several religions is a very different thing from instructing him *in* the tenets of a religion.

The difference between the two approaches is seen in the answer given by a Manhattanville student, a graduate of a parochial secondary school, to a question put to her by an investigator sent by the State Education Department when the college applied for state aid under the Bundy legislation. He asked her if she could make a distinction between the kinds of teaching in respect to religion that she had received in parochial school and that she was then receiving at Manhattanville. She replied, "When I was in school, if I hadn't studied for an exam I just wrote down pious answers and always got a good grade for them. Here, though, piety will get you nowhere." I found this a very heartening answer. If you are trying to teach students to think, piety *shouldn't* get them anywhere. Indeed, if it does, then it



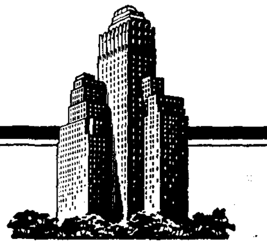

Chantilly
can shake her
world.

PERFUME FROM $8.00
GIFT SETS FROM $5.00 TO $30.00

seems clear to me that the institution involved is teaching such piety and would be ineligible for public funds. Substituting the theology of a single denomination for piety leads, in my opinion, to the same dilemma.

Manhattanville, like so many American institutions of higher learning, was associated in its origins with a particular church. Like others, it has changed. The important point—one that Mr. Buckley distorts—is *why* the college has changed. At the time we were first applying for state funds, many people urged me to forget about it, to avoid the bureaucratic difficulties involved. "Let's go back to where we were," they would say, meaning back to where Manhattanville was ten or fifteen years ago. My answer to that was (and is) "There is no 'back' to go to." The world itself has changed. One may regret the present; some will expend most of their energy upon such regret. But it seems a good deal more fruitful to try to come to terms with the need to see things as they are, not as they were, and thus to construct a realistic base from which to project a better world and seek to bring it into existence. For, if an educational institution's first duty is to teach its students to think, its second duty must be to do all it can to satisfy the needs of the society of which the institution itself is a part. Only by adequately fulfilling these interlocking duties can a college really do its part in serving the present and making the future. Change for the better in our society can be achieved only through the efforts of thinking citizens; and only through education can today's children become the thinking citizens of tomorrow. To achieve that educational and human purpose, Manhattanville has indeed changed.

Mr. Buckley errs when he implies that Manhattanville changed *in order to* become eligible for state aid. The changes in the college over the last few years have been instituted because Manhattanville had to go in new directions if it was to continue to make a significant contribution to the educational community. The changes that did take place prior to the Bundy legislation, as instruments of a larger educational purpose, made it possible in the long run for the college to apply for state aid with perfect legitimacy. Mr. Buckley cannot hold this against us. Yet from the statements in his article and from his attitude when I appeared on his television program, "Firing Line" (the latter encounter also "described" in Mr. Buckley's article), one gets the impression that Mr. Buckley



Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Deluxe Singles from $25.00.
Deluxe Doubles from $33.00.
Includes one pick-up and one delivery.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

SQUIRREL FOUNTAIN

Complete with recirculating pump. In lead 37″ high—20″ diam. shell. Pompeian Green or other finish. $375.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

Send 50¢—stamps—coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

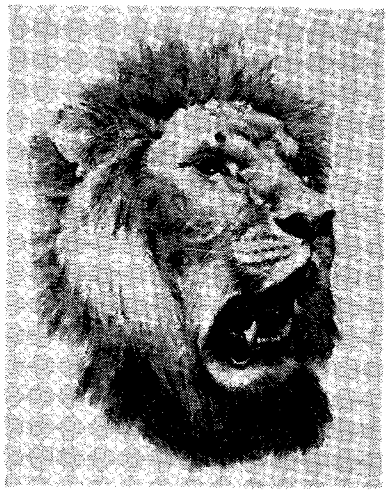
The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

PAINTING IN PROVENCE
6-week Summer course & Workshop. July 16–Aug. 26 for adults. $525 includes tuition, room, demi-pension, field trips to Avignon, Arles, Nîmes and Marseille. Special arrangements & charges for private accommodation. Charter flight extra.

Write airmail
Director, Summer Program
Institute for American Universities
27 place de l'Université, 13—Aix-en-Provence, France

All levels of painting with recognized artists in the countryside of Cézanne, Van Gogh and Picasso in an ancient French University town.

TOP CAT



Artist Guy Coheleach's years of research and study of the big cats of the world have resulted in another magnificent collectors' print ... the AFRICAN LION ... perfectly reproduced in a Frame House Gallery limited edition.

"African Lion", 20½" x 25", in full color, signed by the artist, $30.00.

Mail $1.00 for an illustrated catalog of the Frame House Gallery collection, including the works of Guy Coheleach, Anne Ophelia Dowden, Don R. Eckelberry, Ray Harm and Charles Harper.

Frame House Gallery, Inc.
Dept. N-12-1
110 East Market Street
Louisville, Kentucky 40202
Phone: (502) 587-7424

DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA
Waterfront Condominium

Overlooking Atlantic Ocean
and Intracoastal Waterway

- 2 bedroom/2 bath with spacious closets, 1,500 square feet.
- No land or recreation lease.

If you are considering Florida living, this exclusive, unspoiled area and the attractive features of Coastal House warrant your immediate inspection.

- Immediate availability for the few condominium apartments remaining.

Write or phone: Coastal House,
2200 S. Ocean Blvd. Delray Beach
Telephone (305) 278-5979.

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean
RESORT HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA — directly on our private beach. Nightly candlelight dining, dancing, entertainment, water sports, fishing, tennis and golf nearby. No conventions. Adults only. A staff of 350 provides gracious service. Privately owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul.
Reservations are made by your Travel Agent thru the Leonard Hicks Organization. NEW YORK 765-5800.

If the line's too long
at The Silent Woman, try
The Far Horizons
in Sarasota!

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

would really be happier to see us trying to "put one over" on the state than he would be to recognize the educational imperatives for change that are in reality at the root of the matter. On "Firing Line," Mr. Buckley seemed chiefly bent upon getting me to say that I thought the Blaine Amendment should be repealed. It was evident that in his view such an admission would indicate that we were providing, after all, a "palpably Catholic Catholic higher education," and that we were simply doing our best, by being as impalpable as possible, to get what financial help we could. In such a case, Mr. Buckley would no doubt be willing to forgive us our trespasses.

However, as I have tried to show, the Blaine Amendment is really a false issue. The real issue is education: How can we best teach young people to think, so that they may grow into citizens capable of dealing with the realities of their world? Manhattanville is dedicated to finding the best answer to that question, and in so doing we must ourselves face the realities. Mr. Buckley, unfortunately, does not seem equally willing to do so.

Cordially,
ELIZABETH McCORMACK R.S.C.J.
President

MR. BUCKLEY REPLIES:

"*Radix omnium malorum cupiditas est.*"

•

The Department of Agriculture will propose today the use of yet another coloring additive in the preparation of that great old American institution, the hot dog, whose ingredients have yielded steadily to commercial pressures.

According to an agency proposal to be published today in the Federal Register, sodium acid pyrophosphate—SAP, for short—would be included in the processing of frankfurters and other cooked sausage products to help speed the development of a rosy red color. . . .

If approved by the Secretary of Agriculture following receipt of public comments . . . SAP would join the following chemicals that help fix the natural color of sausage meat: sodium erythorbate, sodium nitrite, citric acid, ascorbic acid and glucono delta lactone.

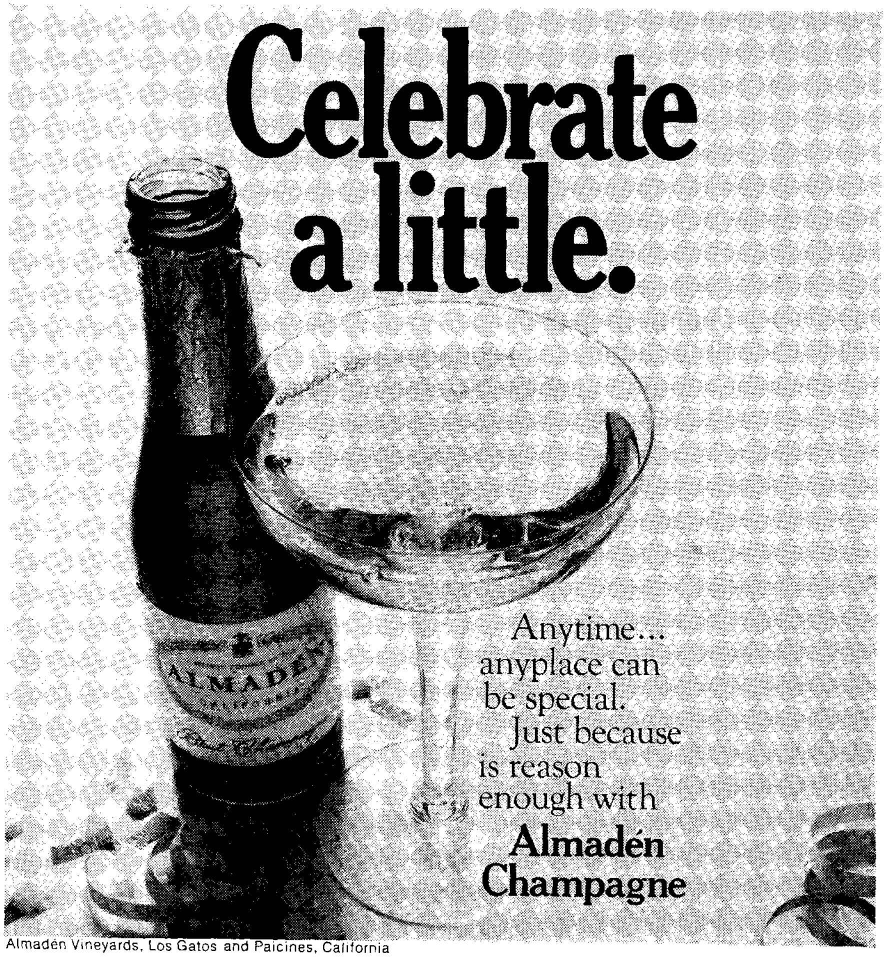
Without these coloring agents, which are used in varying combinations in different products . . . the frankfurter would turn an "unappetizing grey" during processing, the Agriculture Department maintains.—*Jane E. Brody in the Times.*

Unappetizing particularly to those who just *love* the yummy rosy red of sodium acid pyrophosphate, sodium erythorbate, sodium nitrite, citric acid, ascorbic acid, and glucono delta lactone.

SLIPPED HIM "SOMETHING ELSE" IN PLACE OF ROQUEFORT?
Hmmmmmm? Thought he wouldn't know, just pay up and go —leaving a fat tip behind him. HAH!

In Salad Dressings as elsewhere, Roquefort means Roquefort Cheese. Made of sheep's milk. Ripened in the Roquefort Caverns. Not "something like it." Definitely not bovine blue cheese. Better restaurants are proud to show they serve the real thing. Ask to see Roquefort on the label of the portion or loaf. Like the label on a vintage wine.

Roquefort Association, Inc., 41 E. 42 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017


Celebrate a little.
Anytime... anyplace can be special.
Just because is reason enough with
Almadén Champagne
ALMADÉN

Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

BOOKS

One Hundred Years of Proust

THAT a giant can be done in by flies is an old story, but that he could be mistaken for one is not. Marcel Proust was often just so mistaken in his lifetime, and he often still is. His life—at least, a good part of it—lent credence to the error. Though he worked much harder than is generally supposed—the seven-hundred-and-forty-four-page "Jean Santeuil," an earlier version of "Remembrance of Things Past," was abandoned as early as 1900—there is enough first-hand evidence to support the stereotype of the hothouse neurotic, snob, and social climber. But the mistake gets its strongest support from another source. Blurring the distinction between reality and fiction, Proust named the narrator and hero of "Remembrance of Things Past" Marcel, and from that moment on the confusion between his life and his work was fixed. The choice of name was deliberate—Proust had thirteen years in which to change his mind—but he might just as well have hung a sign saying "Reflections Inside" in front of a house of mirrors.

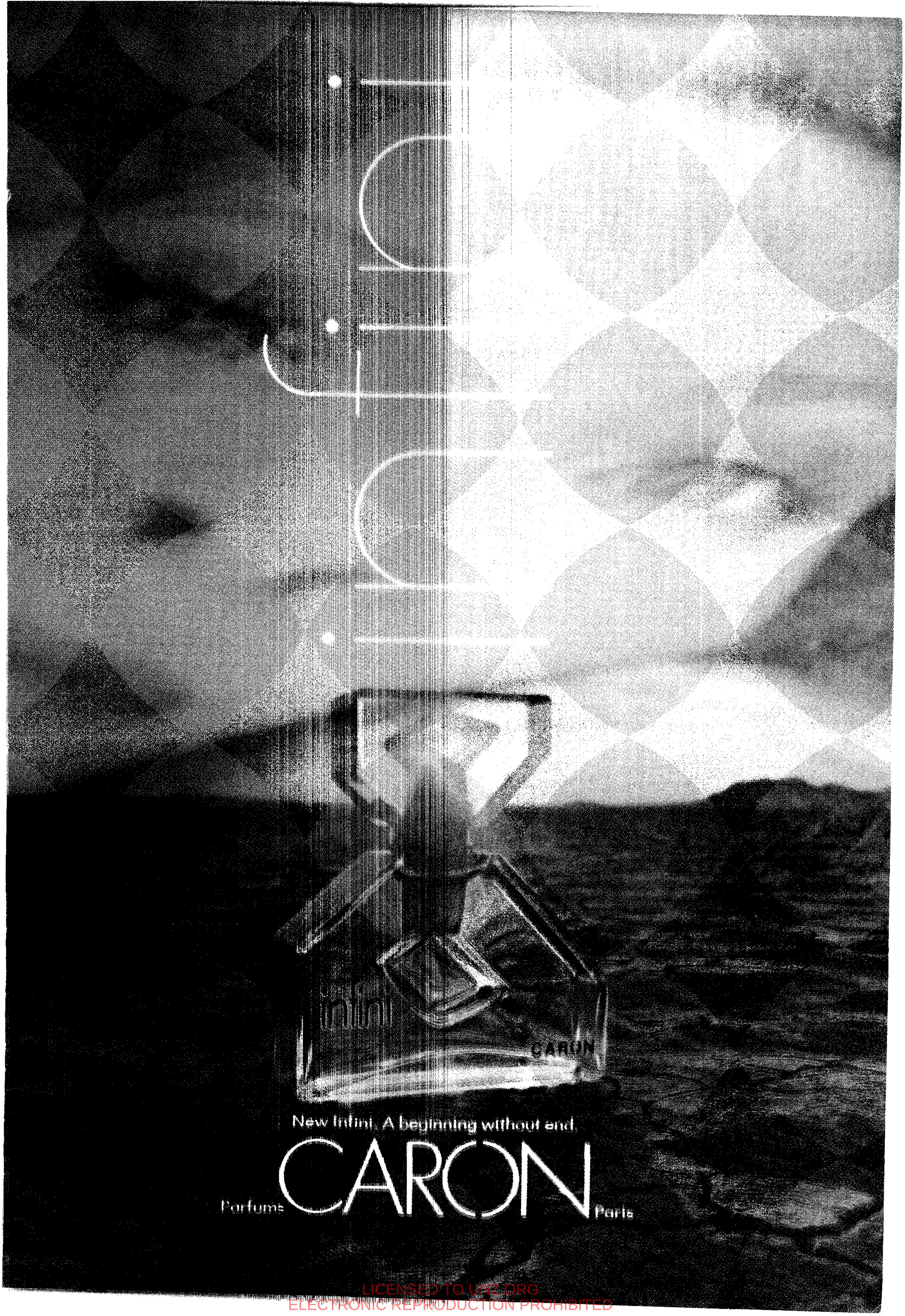
He once could have been considered a snob (though he dissected snobbery down to its ultimate fishbone) and a social climber (though he wrote the most devastating attack on society in literature), and this, added to the mix-up of the two Marcels, has resulted in a cloudy critical muddle. Over three thousand works in many languages (one of the two or three largest bibliographies of this century) trail after "Remembrance of Things Past" like a gigantic smoke screen, yet it is odd to note the peculiar condescension that often accompanies what appear to be salutes to his genius.

A recent one appeared on the front page of the *Times Book Review*, and I quote it because it represents a persistent view of Proust that survives all the adulation. Bearing the marks of time and study devoted to Proust as an act of homage, the article ended with "And perhaps one day soon we shall find ourselves pleasantly immobilized, comfortably hammocked or mildly ill; one day when the guns are gone and the looters are out of the suburbs; when all the threats have been withdrawn, and time lies as empty in our hands as an office present, then perhaps—I won't say we shall read Proust again—but then, perhaps, we may make a start."

This notion of Proust as irrelevant or frivolous, as a kind of dessert, is not supported by "Remembrance of Things Past." For Proust was a moral and political writer, and the widely held view that he was some sort of society columnist who watched over the disintegration of France's aristocracy as court chronicler is at best simplistic and at worst a distortion. In "Remembrance of Things Past," the great political and social scandal is the Dreyfus trial, with its stench of anti-Semitism and military duplicity. Because of both, the Dreyfus trial sheds light on every modern political crisis of the Western world, from the burning of the Reichstag to the publication of the Pentagon Papers. Proust examines the Dreyfus case with a thoroughness and an objectivity in regard to the stupidity displayed on both sides that are all the more remarkable in view of his personal commitment to Dreyfus. Proust's ability to examine men and issues with the dispassion of true judgment is not a fashionable ability at *any* time, but he performed a task that time makes necessary in the long run.

Without the benefit of years of hindsight, Proust understood the human and social forces that led to the First World War, and his portrait of the cravenness, vulgarity, and pettiness, the inner corruption of people who held power in their hands is icily cold and crystal-clear. His depiction of Norpois, the diplomat, is cruelly instructive. Where else could one turn in fiction to find so damning a picture of self-interest, lack of political principle, and their consequences? Just as it was only one step from Neville Chamberlain and the Munich Pact to the invasion of Poland, it is only one step from Norpois to the aerial bombardment of Paris. It is a step Proust explicitly takes. Proust's skill in dealing with every class and type of character would stamp him as a first-rate social novelist in the old-fashioned, nineteenth-century sense even if "Remembrance of Things Past" made none of the other claims it makes—

"All those in favor of moving our hideout to Greenwich say aye."



infini
infini
CARON
New Infini. A beginning without end.
Parfums CARON Paris

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II WHISKY DISTILLERS
IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAND
VAT 69
U.S. PAT.
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
IN SCOTLAND · FOUR
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED BY

Light up someone's Christmas...

with the Golden Light Scotch
with the Golden Light Taste
—Vat 69 Gold.
(Golden Light Price, too.)

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES. 86 PROOF.
SOLE DISTR. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.

to literary experiment, profundity of thought, psychological originality, and philosophical speculation. And it contains in its first two volumes the most accurate and evocative re-creations of childhood and adolescence I know. If one substituted Mann or Joyce in the sentence I quote from the *Times*, there would be letters of outrage. In short, though Proust is rarely under direct attack, he always needs to be defended.

And not only from the charge of preciousness. Another view flourishes right alongside the first: that of the task to be got through, the labor constantly postponed because its demands are too formidable. These twin, conflicting misconceptions—that Proust is not worth reading because he is effete, that it is one's duty to read him because he is major—have kept more than one reader from picking up "Swann's Way." Every other important writer of this century is read for pleasure or has been made into a movie; there are even those once so unimaginable screenwriters Lawrence, Mann, and Joyce. (Perhaps Mr. Visconti will change that.) Only Proust still bears the stigma of the unapproachable, even though "Swann's Way" is read in modern-novel courses as if it *were* "Remembrance of Things Past."

Proust presents a unique problem. The original French edition was not published in its entirety until 1927, five years after its author's death. Many readers who enjoyed "Swann's Way" in 1913 weren't around to attend the terrifying party the Princesse de Guermantes throws in "The Past Recaptured." How could they have ever dreamed that the Princesse, in this final volume, is none other than hideous Mme. Verdurin, twice remarried? Were those readers interviewed on their deathbeds, their notion of Proust would be similar to that of the many readers who are under the misapprehension that one volume of the novel is the novel itself or who have stopped somewhere along the line. The impossibility of containing what is a single work between the covers of a single book tends to obscure not only various views of it but even various memories of it.

ONLY one thing is worse than getting the wrong attention, and that is to be ignored. On the occasion of Proust's centennial, the one book the American publishing community could muster that attempts an over-all evaluation is imported from England—"Marcel Proust 1871-1922: A Centennial Volume" (Simon & Schuster),

Looking for a no-load growth fund offering Keogh and corporate master plans?

We might have one to match your specific investment goals.

1. The Edie Special Growth Fund seeks capital appreciation through investment in small companies which it considers attractive.

2. The Edie Special Institutional Fund has similar objectives but is offered only to institutions and investors exempt from Federal income taxation. Keogh and corporate master pension and profit sharing plans available.

For a copy of either prospectus, mail the coupon or call (212) 697-8900.

To: Mr. Frank C. McLaughlin, Edie Fund Sales, Inc.
P.O. Box 333, Wall Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10005

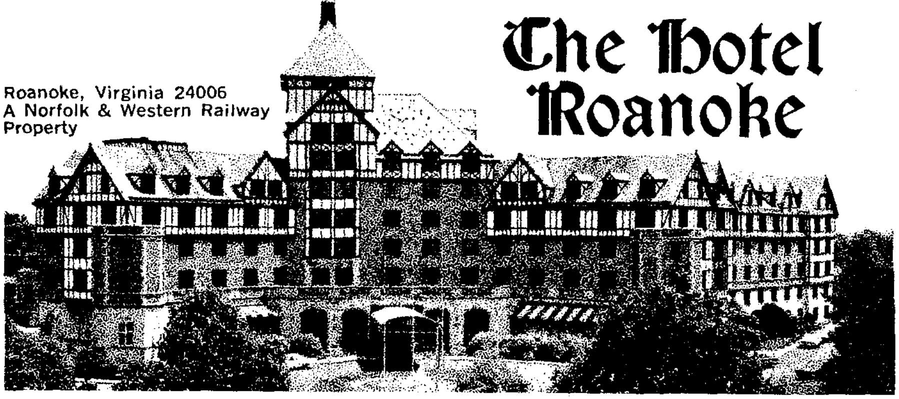
Please send a copy of the prospectus for:
☐ Edie Special Growth Fund, Inc. ☐ Edie Special Institutional Fund, Inc.
Also, please send information on:
☐ Keogh ☐ Master Pension ☐ Master Profit Sharing NY-12

Name ________________
(Please Print)
Address ________________
City ________________ State ________ Zip ________

Sponsored by
Lionel D. Edie & Company, Inc.
Investment Counselors • Economic Consultants

KC

One of the last great hotels



The Hotel Roanoke

Roanoke, Virginia 24006
A Norfolk & Western Railway Property

Represented nationally by:Robert F.Warner/New York/Chicago/Toronto/Washington/Boston/Miami.

HUNTINGTON, L.I., (DIX HILLS)—FOR SALE
Charming, very well-built, 4 bedroom center hall garrison colonial on ¾ acre within easy commuting distance to N.Y.C. Central air conditioning, 2½ baths, parquet floors, eat-in kitchen, deluxe appliances including self-cleaning oven, fireplace in panelled family room, fireplace in living room, formal dining room, custom laundry room, fully landscaped with patio. Outstanding school system! Tel. owner for details: 516-643-6213. Or write:
Box JLH c/o The New Yorker Magazine Inc.
25 W. 43rd St., N.Y.C. 10036

THE UNUSUAL FOR CHRISTMAS
Unique Sculptures in tin!
Fine Silk flowers!
The Finest Chocolates in
creative presentations!
Christmas Gifts as one
has never seen!
THE WORLD OF DIFFERENTS
308 East 53 Street
New York 10022 593-3068

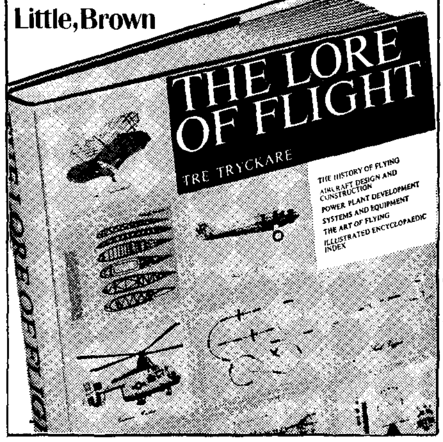
This Christmas give a gift as big and beautiful as the sky itself...

Igor Sikorsky calls this magnificent volume "one of the finest books ever produced in the aviation field, and one that should serve as an invaluable guide to both the interested layman and the expert."

With its 430 pages brimming with full color illustrations and photographs, THE LORE OF FLIGHT covers the fascinating history of aviation from Hot Air Balloons and the Wright Brothers to Supersonic Jets. *Edited by John W. R. Taylor.*

11½" x 11½"
$29.95 at all bookstores

Little, Brown



Virginia Dare Cooking Wines

RED COOKING WINE
SHERRY COOKING WINE
WHITE COOKING WINE

make simple meals smashing!

Go gourmet the easy way with Virginia Dare Red, White or Sherry—the seasoned wines. For steaks, chops, fish, fowl. Make every meal guest-worthy. At supermarkets. *Send for free gourmet recipes:*
VIRGINIA DARE
882 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11232

Fine Foods Cocktails
The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.

ten essays on facets of Proust, with photographs and reproductions, and an introduction by its editor, Peter Quennell. A strange combination of gift book and serious critical study, it oddly misfires on both counts. Anyone interested in Proust would want it, anyone interested in literary gifts would have to consider it, but there are other gift books, even literary ones, less limited in scope and more lavish. And the essays have a tendency to stop just when they are developing their themes, as if the writers were afraid of going too far or had just become aware of how far there was to go. The result is that they often seem too detailed and specific for the general reader and not thoroughgoing enough for the specialist.

As far as I can make out, there are four kinds of Proust criticism:

(1) *The guessing game:* Questions like "Was the Duchesse de Guermantes really the Comtesse Greffulhe or was she really Mme. de Chevigné?" are posed and answered, but not definitively, for they are asked over and over again. A good deal of what passes for Proust criticism consists of pretending that "Remembrance of Things Past" is a *roman à clef.*

(2) *The counting house:* (a) How many laundry images did Proust use? (b) How many times does the word "disappear" appear?

(3) *The construction gang:* Though Proust wrote the beginning and the end of his novel first, the ever-expanding accordion of what came between has led to three differing views: (a) "Remembrance of Things Past" is a perfectly formed work, and all the additions Proust made to it serve only to prove how tightly shipshape it was right from the start. (b) It's a mess, but a beautiful one, and its very messiness allows for all those wonderful digressions by which we define the word "Proustian;" that is, when it isn't being confused with the word "reminiscent." (c) It is a compromise. It was superbly conceived, architecturally, as a three-volume novel, but two unforeseen events threw it wildly out of gear: Proust's relationship with his chauffeur, Alfred Agostinelli, and the First World War.

(4) *The real thing:* "Remembrance of Things Past" is the story of a man in search of a vocation. Primarily concerned with memory, and particularly involuntary memory, it is a book in which the idealizations of youth are destroyed by time, only to be triumphantly resurrected in art. Critics who write about it as a work of art, and of its connection to life, past and present, in-

Time to spare? Love to share?

"Adopt" a pupil two mornings a week. Serve as a volunteer in one of 108 public schools where individual pupils are receiving help in reading and English as a second language.

SCHOOL VOLUNTEER PROGRAM • 563-5620
20 West 40 Street, N.Y.C. 10018

Country Inns & Back Roads

"The Only Book Of Its Kind" 2.95 ppd.

Portentous mornings, the aroma of country breakfasts, sunlight on fresh snow, deep woods, bluejays and friendly chickadees, crackling fireplaces, hearty dinners, new friends, good conversation, snug beds. With this book, you can plan a real or imaginary trip to 75 warm, inviting country inns. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

Tarry In Our Book Stall
The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
Box 634

Outstanding Forest Hideaway

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

clude Samuel Beckett, Roger Shattuck, Leo Bersani, Germaine Brée, and Georges Piroué. None of them are represented in Mr. Quennell's collection.

It *does* include such first-rate writers as Elizabeth Bowen and Anthony Powell, two very different masters of style. Miss Bowen tackles the character of Bergotte, Proust's novelist—one of the trio of artists who provide continuing motifs in the novel. Her essay is meticulously organized and wonderful to read, but it throws the collection out of kilter because the two other members of the trio—Elstir, the painter, and Vinteuil, the composer—are not treated in separate essays. A general and informative piece by I. H. E. Dunlop, "Proust and Painting," good as it is, doesn't plug up the gaping holes. The lack of a chapter on Proust and music is particularly damaging. Vinteuil—as a character, as the composer of the Sonata, as the father of a lesbian daughter whose friend, the very cause of his early death, pieces together his Septet, assuring his immortality—is so obviously one of the cornerstones of the book that the omission of an essay on him is inexplicable.

In "Proust as a Soldier," Mr. Powell repeats an anecdote. Asked "What event in military history do you most admire?," Proust wrote, "My own enlistment as a volunteer." The idea of Proust as a soldier is as alien to his "legend" as the notion of Ronald Firbank as a Marine sergeant, yet the facts are there, and Mr. Powell traces the effects of Proust's one year in the ranks on the military events, characters, and scenes in "Remembrance of Things Past." Mr. Powell plays a version of *the guessing game,* but he plays it with authority and style, going after facts rather than surmises:

> Captain de Borodino . . . is one of the characters in the novel drawn from life. His prototype was Captain Walewski, a Company Commander in the 76th, a grandson of Bonaparte by a Polish lady, an affair well known to history. As it happened, the Captain's mother, in addition to his grandmother's imperial connections, had been mistress to Napoléon III. That such a figure, with origins, appearance, and behaviour all crying out for chronicling, should turn up in Proust's regiment illustrates one of those peculiar pieces of literary luck which sometimes attend novelists. Borodino represents the most extreme example of "putting in"—that is to say, no doubt whatever exists as to his identity, owing to the exceptional nature of his background.

An essay on the Faubourg Saint-Germain quotes an illuminating remark of Proust to the Duc de Guiche: "The Duchesse de Guermantes resembles a

AN ORDINARY DOG IN AMERICA EATS BETTER THAN SHE DOES.

Cristina eats whatever she can find in the garbage. And that is far less than some prowling dog would find in your garbage can.

For just $12 a month, you can save such a child.

Through our Children, Inc. "Adoption" program you can help provide a child with a better diet, new clothes and medical attention. Even an education.

But there's not a moment to lose. Every 60 seconds, five or six more children will die from starvation.

Write direct to Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, Box 5381, Dept.YO-12,Richmond, Va. 23220.

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ in____________.
Name of Country

I will pay $12 a month ($144 a year). Enclosed is my gift for ☐ a full year ☐ the first month. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.

I understand that I can correspond with my child, and continue the "adoption" longer than one year if I wish. Also, I may discontinue the "adoption" at any time.

☐ I cannot "adopt" a child, but want to help $________.
☐ Or, I will pledge $________per month.
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify____________.
Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc.

Name____________
Address____________
City________State________Zip________

You can "adopt" a child from any of the following countries: Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Hong Kong, India, Iran, Japan, Korea, Lebanon, Mexico, Nigeria, Paraguay, Peru, Syria, Thailand, U.S.A.—Appalachian children or American Indians. (Or a child of greatest need.) All gifts are fully tax deductible.

CHILDREN, INCORPORATED

AT $2.25 A CAN, POPPYCOCK ISN'T PEANUTS.

Au contraire!

Poppycock is an ambrosial agglomeration of toothsome pecans, toasted whole meaty almonds and fluffy puffs of popcorn—all enveloped in a wicked buttery crunch derived from scads of Grade AA 93 score butter.

Of course, Poppycock isn't exactly peanuts. But then, if it were, it wouldn't be Poppycock.

THE ORIGINAL
POPPYCOCK
PECANS
ALMONDS · POPCORN
in a truly delicious Butter Crunch

From Villa Park, Illinois, to gourmet food sections, to you.

tough barnyard fowl whom I formerly took to be a bird of paradise—by transforming her into a puissant vulture, I have at least prevented the public assuming that she was just a commonplace old magpie." A valuable study, by Sherban Sidéry, of Proust's "Jewishness" brings up a simple point not often made: unlike his creator, the Marcel of the book is neither Jewish nor homosexual, those attributes being assigned to other characters. In a discussion of the influence of other writers on Proust, Baudelaire and Balzac are seen as his opposing magnets, but only brief mention is made of the "Arabian Nights" and none of Saint-Simon, two well-established influences on Proust. After "The World of Fashion," and a note by Francis Steegmuller on "Proust and Cocteau," it is left to Pamela Hansford Johnson to explore the larger themes of the novel: memory as the only preserver of time, art as the only preserver of memory. In ten pages, she does a fine if understandably breathless job, and redresses the notion of Proust as merely the portraitist of a vanished world.

WHEN Illiers—the town Proust transformed into the fictional Combray—was officially renamed Illiers-Combray this past spring, more than the interests of poetic justice were served. In a very particular way, the gesture, blending nature and art, echoed the work in whose honor it was made. In "The Past Recaptured," passages from the Goncourt brothers (it seems) confront the reader, who at first thinks they're genuine. It takes some time to realize they are a made-up pastiche—as much time, I'd say, as it takes to realize that the final Guermantes party is not a masquerade. Marcel, who has been away from Paris for years, is under the impression that it is. It slowly dawns on the reader, as it does on Marcel, that he is not attending a costume party: the partygoers have simply grown old; they are transformed, all right, but only by time. Just as nothing could be farther from Marcel's mind when he talks about time than the little world of it represented by the French aristocracy, nothing could be less like his idea of literature than the inspired reportage of "The Goncourt Journal"—so like, so *unlike* what he plans to do. That "Remembrance of Things Past" should be judged in the same light is profoundly ironic, for Proust, as a warning against the judgment, included a species of what he was *not* writing in the very book he wrote.

In "Remembrance of Things Past," characters who actually lived—the Princesse Mathilde, Céleste Albaret—are minor and dwarfed by the reality of the created ones. Though Françoise is primarily based on Céleste Albaret, both are included. In Proust, the reporter and the fabulist are entwined. He was one of the first writers to see the relation between the document and fiction, and the psychological truth implicit in the relation. Most people's lives are questionable documents in which illusion and fact are interchangeable, in which love and status, say, as in the case of Swann, may be real personal and social powers but—from a viewpoint only one turn of the screw away—also ridiculous shams and pretension.

And Proust had something else in mind. One of the profundities of art is the form working itself out, in the same way a musical theme is sounded, developed, and concluded. In Proust, it is not the content of the motif but its function that is the point. He explicitly makes a distinction between Swann's experience of Vinteuil's Sonata as remembered emotion and Marcel's experience of Vinteuil's Septet as form itself. That distinction ultimately separates the non-artist from the artist. Human interest and philosophical drama aside, "Remembrance of Things Past" can be conceived as an aesthetic object, in which certain colors, tones, notions are planted, allowed to grow, expand, be altered, and resounded. It uniquely combines some of the characteristics of painting and music, and propounds—and is an example of—the notion that the function of the artist is to add forms to nature as well as to hold a mirror up to it. It is the peculiar quality (and difficulty) of "Remembrance of Things Past" to have met the conditions of the novel in the way, say, a masterpiece like "War and Peace" meets them, and yet to be something else again, more like a gigantic poem or a cabalistic exercise whose characters become phantoms of ideality. Because they do, they must at some point appear solidly real. Proust is a realistic writer, but for a purpose that has little to do with realism. He is like a magician who makes a live rabbit disappear. It is all too easy to forget that the reason the rabbit is there in the first place is to prove not that rabbits are real but that magic is powerful.

Since viewpoint is of the essence in Proust, a viewer—Marcel—is included along with the view. And Proust had a

The Julius Kayser Guide to German Wines

(Lesson No. 38: Foods and Feasts)

Brunch and Moselbluemchen

(mo-zel-bloom'-shen). The Kaysers never got to know about brunch. Mrs. Kayser always sets out the big meal before noon. The nearest thing they have to brunch is *flinch.*

Every morning while Julius and his father sleep, Mrs. Kayser is baking (after cleaning the house). About 4, she yells "Papa—Julius—you must be up getting!" Papa and Julius *flinch*—and enjoy a bottle of Moselbluemchen each (at bedroom temperature).

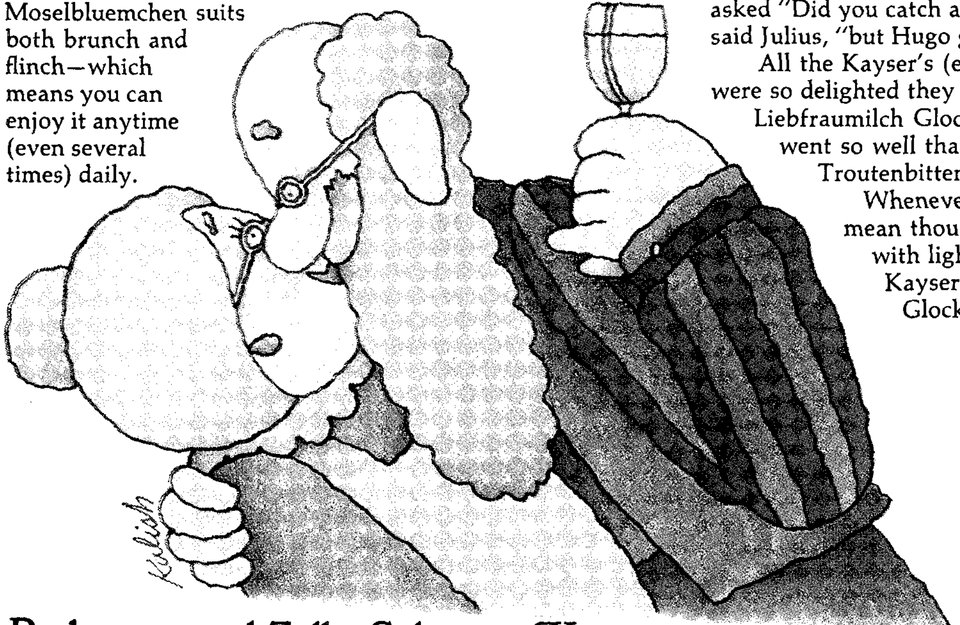
With its light fragrance of blossoms, Julius Kayser Moselbluemchen suits both brunch and flinch—which means you can enjoy it anytime (even several times) daily.

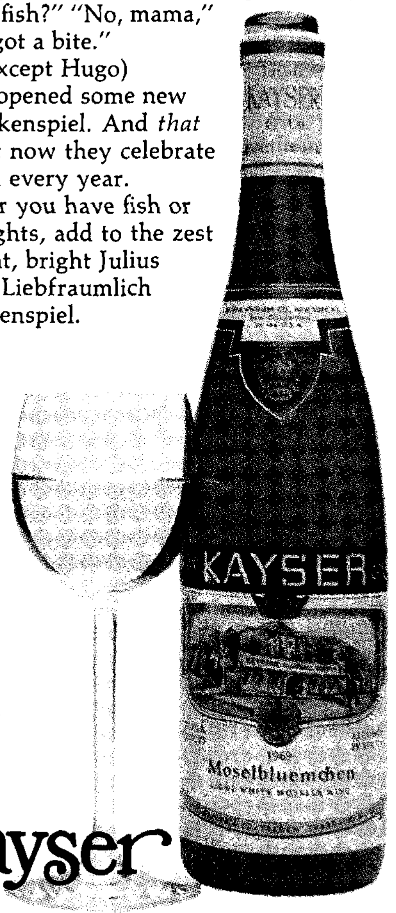
Fish and Liebfraumilch Glockenspiel

(leeb'-frow-milsh-glok'-n-speel). A feature of the Kayser family festival *Troutenbitten* (named after Julius Kayser's unpleasant uncle Hugo). One day the two went fishing and a fish bit Hugo's finger. That evening Mrs. Kayser asked "Did you catch a fish?" "No, mama," said Julius, "but Hugo got a bite."

All the Kayser's (except Hugo) were so delighted they opened some new Liebfraumilch Glockenspiel. And *that* went so well that now they celebrate Troutenbitten every year.

Whenever you have fish or mean thoughts, add to the zest with light, bright Julius Kayser Liebfraumlich Glockenspiel.





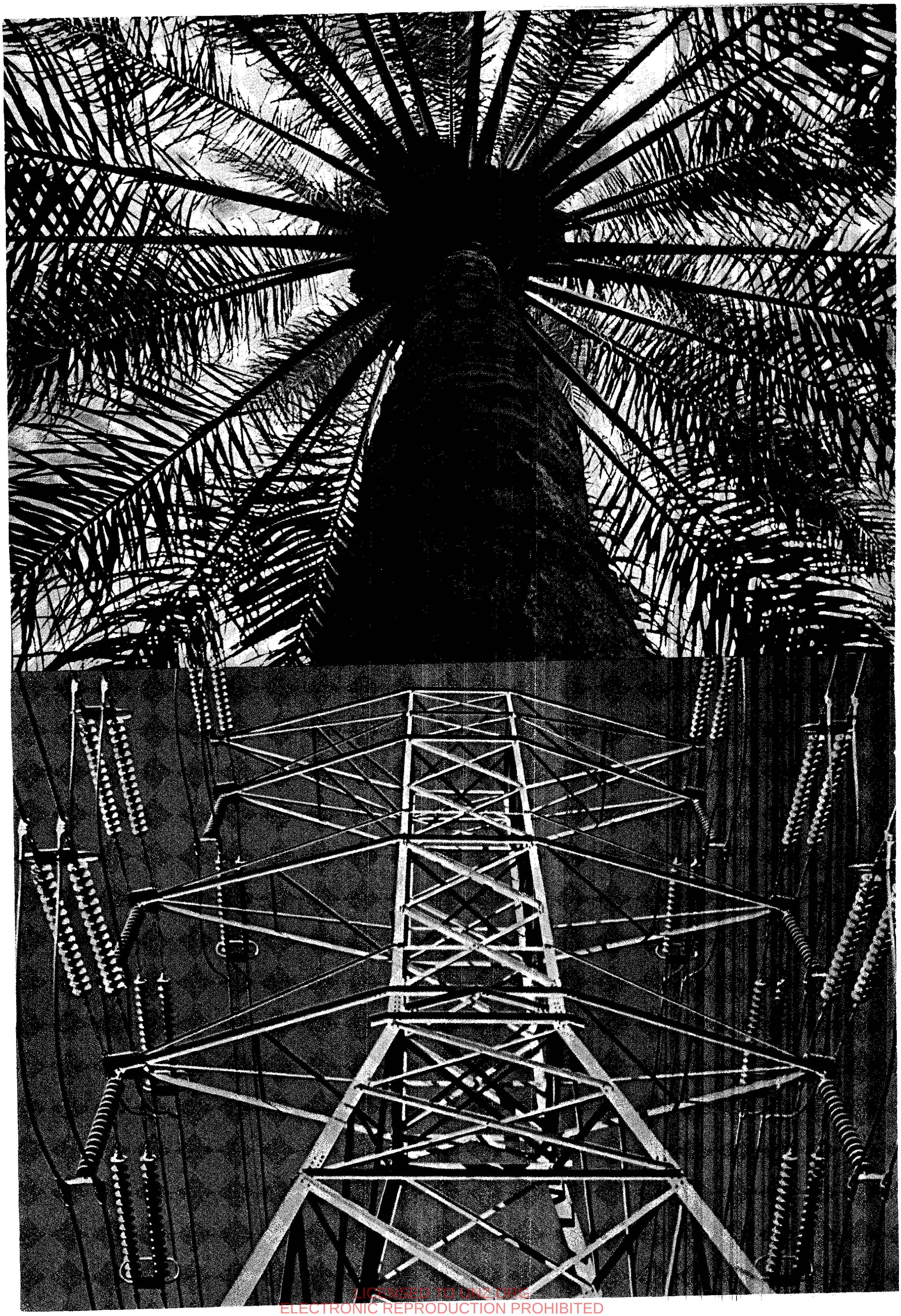
Barbecues and Zeller Schwarze Katz

(tsel'-ler-swartse-kats). This unusual wine-food pairing started one day at breakfast. Mrs. Kayser had burned the toast again and (she could never admit being wrong) was urging papa to eat it. "This toast is black!" roared Mr. Kayser.

Julius, deep in the Traben Trarbach *Gazette,* heard "black" and absently passed his father a bottle of *black-cat-in-the-cellar* or Zeller Schwarze Katz. Papa drank it, gave Mrs. Kayser a smooch (usually they kissed only at Easter) and left to play pinochle. You'll find light, fruity Julius Kayser Zeller Schwarze Katz refreshing with any backyard barbecue and most burned food.

Meet Julius Kayser Wines Germany's bright lights

IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. AND SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



How Bankers Trust, palm oil, and 82 million kilowatts of electricity changed the Eurodollar market.

Our Congo loan didn't turn the international money market topsy-turvy.

Neither did our loan to a European national electrical energy agency.

But a lot of eyebrows were raised.

That's not a new experience for Bankers Trust.

We make loans to customers who've never had Euro-loans before. And we invent unusual forms for Euro-loans. But don't get the idea that we're a bunch of wild-eyed, far-out bankers—we're not. We're stable and cautious and careful—bankers have to be.

But we think the most important qualification for a good banker (and a good bank) is the quality of imagination.

Especially in the international money market.

And we've got a lot of international bankers with a lot of imagination.

Ergo, the Congo.

The Democratic Republic of the Congo has a stable government and a steadily developing economy.

But they needed money to keep growing. They needed new roads, to get their major exports—coffee, tea, cotton, and you guessed it—palm oil—from the interior to the coast.

No one had made a Euro-loan to the Congo before.

So we filled the gap with 25 million dollars.

Precedent breaking? Certainly.

But a very sound business decision on our part. Ten other banks subsequently joined us in this loan.

Which goes to prove one thing—someone has to be first.

We're glad it was us.

The story behind the 82 million kilowatts of electricity?

A European country needed more electricity. Its national electrical energy agency wanted to expand in a big way—to more than 82 million kilowatts.

The result? The largest financing package to date in the Eurodollar market. $425 million.

Our wholly owned English merchant bank, Bankers Trust International Ltd., helped arrange the loan.

$300 million as a seven-year loan, provided by a group of 30 commercial banks. Led by the London office of Bankers Trust.

And the other $125 million?

Enter the first 10-year "Floating Rate."

The other $125 million was raised by a 10-year issue of notes at "floating rate," the holder gets an interest rate that fluctuates with the prevailing market, rather than a fixed yield.

Again, a sound business decision. (After all, why pull your hair each time there's a fluctuation when you can do something about it?)

Which again proves one thing—someone has to be first.

Of course, we're not always first.

Sometimes we're second.

After the first 10-year "floating rate" issue, we managed the second one—$75 million to Pepsico.

And we didn't make "firsts" with our syndicated loan to the Congo.

The first Euro-loan to a Black African Nation was made in 1968 to the Ivory Coast—by us.

Sometimes we just make loans.

Or put together syndicates with other leading international banks. And our Merchant Bank in London is capable of doing abroad what American commercial banks are not allowed to do—namely, underwriting corporate securities.

We don't believe in being first just for the thrill of it all. We innovate when it's been the most logical way to serve our customer's best interest.

And speaking of customers, have we scared you?

We've been tossing some pretty big names around.

Maybe you don't have as much glamour as a developing African Nation.

Or you're not as big as Pepsico.

But if you're involved in the international money market, and you're beginning to wonder if we're interested in a company your size, please don't wonder.

Find out.

You'll find an international banker at Bankers Trust.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES

$12.00 for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

$8.00 for each additional one-year subscription

(ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.)

Your Name ______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter The Following Christmas Gift Subscriptions:

To______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From______________________"

To______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From______________________"

To______________________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From______________________"

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club
☐ American Express

☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.______________________________

Your signature______________________________

I enclose $__________to cover__________subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

4 51 1

good reason for naming his viewer Marcel. As the fictional Marcel discovers his vocation and becomes a writer—a discovery that, after thousands of pages, takes place at the last minute—we realize we have just read the work he is about to undertake. At that point, Marcel becomes Marcel Proust.

—Howard Moss

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Winds of War, by Herman Wouk (Little, Brown). In this novel, an American naval officer and his two sons manage to witness nearly every great event between 1939 and 1941. Either on assignment for the Navy, or on a personal mission for F.D.R., or in pursuit of some girl, one or another of them travels to Berlin, London, Moscow, Warsaw, Washington, Honolulu, and Manila. They always arrive at the right time, and one of them—the father—meets Hitler, Churchill, and Stalin. The chronicle of their travels amounts to four hundred and fifty thousand words of chitchat. While people die on every side, our heroes go on and on, unscathed and unsilent. A Literary Guild selection.

Because It Is Absurd, by Pierre Boulle, translated from the French by Elisabeth Abbott (Vanguard). As the title would indicate, absurdity is M. Boulle's premise, not his conclusion; the seven short stories in this book are wry, witty, and amusing, rather than sombre or profound. Each of them is told with skill and economy, and each relies on a supernatural or highly improbable event to bring about a surprising revelation. In one story, Hitler is living in South America and trying to clear his conscience on the Jewish question. In another, a man arranges to have himself murdered. In a third, the narrator remembers a ritual of his boyhood: he and his father would return year after year to a duckblind on the Rhone and wait in the chill for ducks that never appeared. A fourth speculates on the awful mess that would have resulted if Eve had *not* eaten that apple. The translation is excellent.

GENERAL

The Medvedev Papers, by Zhores A. Medvedev (St. Martin's). In 1969, Medvedev's remarkable book "The Rise and Fall of T. D. Lysenko" was published in the United States. That book ended on a hopeful

There are 116 Centers in the country helping the 5 million children with Lung Diseases.

You can help, too.

Your help is urgently needed to support these Cystic Fibrosis Centers. The Centers are not just concerned with children suffering from cystic fibrosis, but with youngsters with other lung-damaging diseases as well, such as: childhood emphysema, chronic bronchitis and severe asthma.

Centers provide early diagnosis, and the expert treatment that makes breathing easier for the stricken children and adds years to their young lives.

So give to your local Chapter of the National Cystic Fibrosis Research Foundation. Thank you from the 5 million children who need your help.

NATIONAL CYSTIC FIBROSIS RESEARCH FOUNDATION
202 EAST 44th STREET • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS

The Midnight Raymond Chandler

Introduction by JOAN KAHN

Ross Macdonald calls it: "a treasure house of his work . . . two of his latest and biggest novels, several of his best short stories, the poignant introduction to *The Simple Art of Murder*, and a novelette which has never before been published in book form."

746 pages • $10 • At your bookstore HMCo

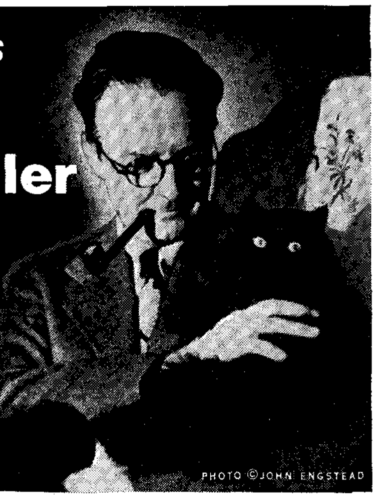
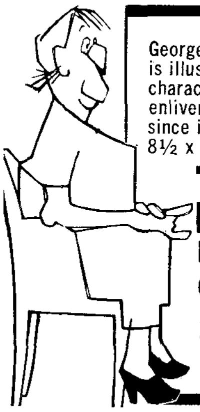


PHOTO ©JOHN ENGSTEAD



George Price's satirical fable is illustrated with the characters who have enlivened The New Yorker since its inception. 32 pages. 8½ x 11". $4.95

The People Zoo by GEORGE PRICE

Windmill Books, Inc.
An Intext Publisher

BAHAMA OUT ISLANDS
The "in" islands that are out-of-this-world!

For information about where to go for superb resort accommodations, wonderful water sports, golf, tennis and deep sea fishing in the Out Islands write today. Free Brochures:

BAHAMA OUT ISLANDS ASSOCIATION, Dept. NY
P.O. Box 4325, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304
NAME..........
ADDRESS..........
CITY..........
STATE..........ZIP..........

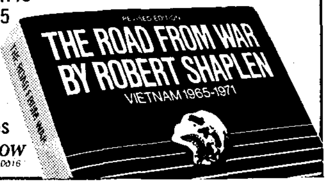
Recording for the Blind, Inc.
GOES TO
GREAT LENGTHS
TO HELP
BLIND STUDENTS
LEARN BY LISTENING

*
by furnishing their recorded educational books *free of charge* anywhere in the United States

Won't you give to:
RECORDING FOR THE BLIND, INC.
215 East 58th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

A NEW HARPER PAPERBACK

THE ROAD FROM WAR
Vietnam 1965-1971 *Revised Edition*
by Robert Shaplen "With heroic legwork Shaplen has managed time out of mind to get the story of Diem, of Nhu, of Khanh, of Big Minh, of Thao, of Ky, of Thieu . . . of pacification and Vietnamization and Tet and Tonkin. He filters and *weighs and clarifies and writes precisely* enough to sort out most of the tangled ends."—GEOFFREY WOLFF, Newsweek
CN/180 $4.45
Cloth $7.95
At bookstores
Harper & Row
49 E. 33rd St. New York 10016



Most of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-71B.
BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 PM daily Phone GR 5-8686
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM or BR 3-3344
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

note, with the defeat of Lysenko and the fraudulent biological theories that he fostered and that were forced on Russian science. The present book is in some sense (at least chronologically) a sequel, and presumably for having written it Medvedev was forcibly detained for several weeks in June, 1970, in a mental hospital, where he was diagnosed as a schizophrenic. His schizophrenia consisted of engaging in the unrelated activities of gerontology and "publicism." What Medvedev was and is publicizing is the terrible waste of the human spirit and creativity resulting from the loss of simple human freedoms—the right to travel, the right of private communication, the right of the free publication of ideas. It is clear from this book and the previous one that Medvedev has a profound love of his country. He is driven to write—at the greatest risk to himself—by a vision of what his country might and should be. Rarely has the case for intellectual freedom been put better, and in a time when our own free institutions are under great stress Medvedev offers a graphic warning of what is at stake.

NAPOLEON, by André Castelot, translated from the French by Guy Daniels (Harper & Row). This work is a rarity among biographies of Napoleon, because its author restrains himself from immoderate admiration or execration, and does not vicariously exult in the "glory" of the Emperor or become maudlin over the prisoner of St. Helena. Thus the reader is able to envision for himself the bright, poor, pushy young officer, far abler than most of the men the Revolution had brought to power but, as it turned out, less able—particularly as a politician—than he himself ever recognized or than his legend maintains. M. Castelot's minute, absorbing record moves us now this way, now that: we respect Napoleon's administrative efficiency, and we sympathize with a man who could command thousands of soldiers but not the fidelity of either of his wives; we regret that no one could restrain his ambitions, yet we resent the duplicities and betrayals he suffered. In short, we respond as perhaps we might have responded if we had known this meteoric, bloody hero, this cruel and charming personality, sometimes thrilling and sometimes banal, who modernized France and murdered Frenchmen. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

ALBERGO EMPEDOCLE AND OTHER WRITINGS, by E. M. Forster, edited and with an introduction and notes by George H. Thomson (Liveright). A posthumous mishmash consisting of a short story, humorous sketches and parodies contributed to a student magazine during Forster's third and fourth years at Cambridge, book reviews, essays, and four papers written for the *Working Men's College Journal*—in short, everything that came out in periodicals between 1900 and 1915 (by which time he had published the four novels that preceded "A Passage to India") and has not previously been collected. Apart from the student writing, it is all readable and has the mark of his mind, but there was nothing anybody could do for E. M. Forster, including assembling his scattered work, that he could not do better for himself. The essays and reviews reprinted here do not have the dense, timeless literary virtuosity that is on every page of "Abinger Harvest." "Albergo Empedocle" is the only one of his short stories that he excluded from the two volumes of short fiction, and it is hard to see why, since it is both witty and moving. Perhaps in 1911 it seemed better not to republish a story so openly homosexual in its sympathies.

OUT OF MY TIME, by Marya Mannes (Doubleday). The author, a woman of many talents and accomplishments, has elected to tell the story of her life at one remove—by maintaining a more or less conscious detachment from the person she is describing, and by interlarding an already disjointed narrative with poems, playlets, fragments of unfinished novels, and other literary atticware saved for a rainy day. This turns out to have been not a very good idea; in an autobiography one wants particulars.

•

MOST FASCINATING LETTER OF THE WEEK

[*The following letter to the editor, reprinted in its entirety, is from The Field, London*]

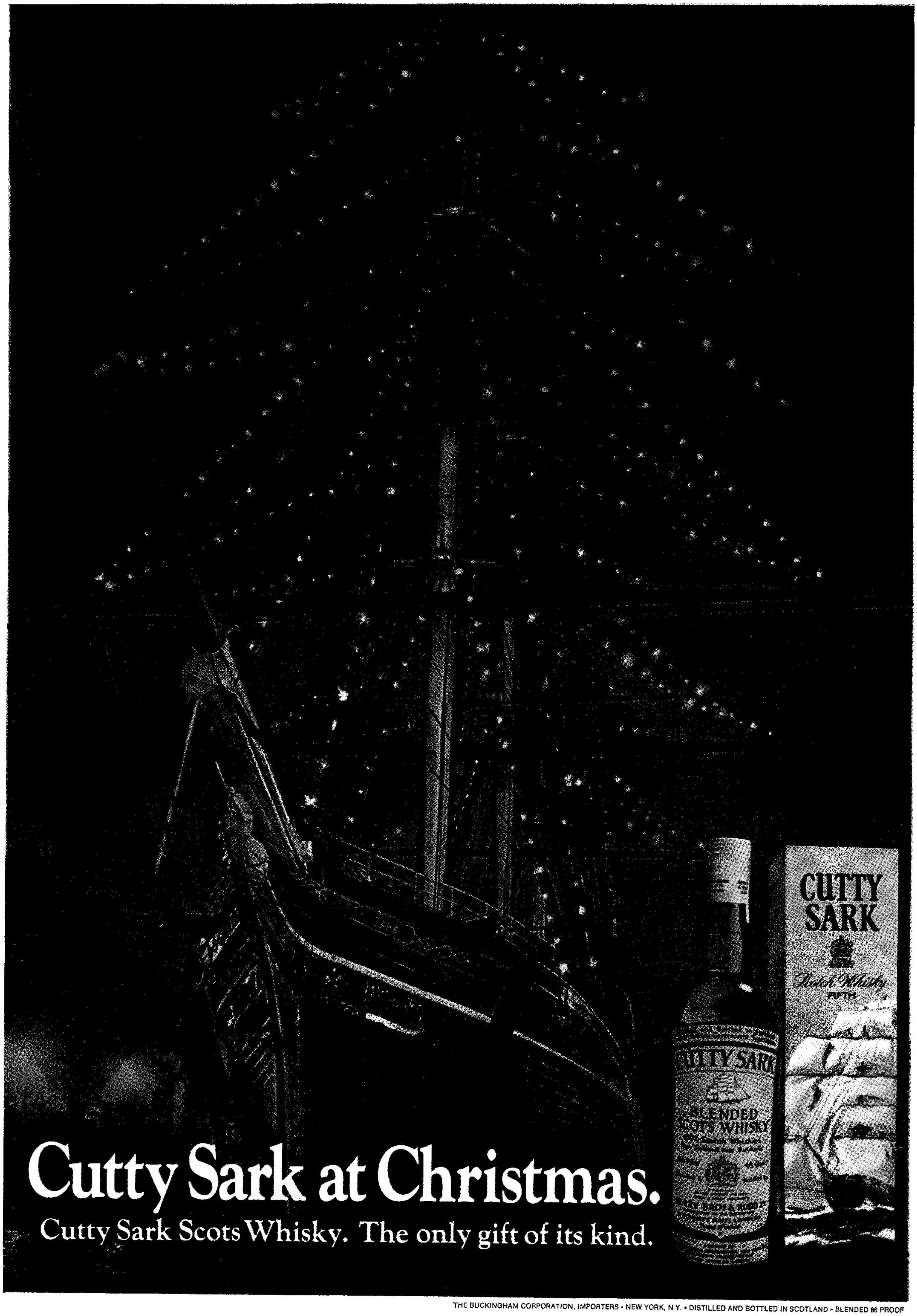
ANIMALS MATING
From Major G R Mott

SIR, I find Dr Robin Baker's letter [7 October] most interesting. In over 93 years I have seen bumble bees mating on only two occasions.

I once sighted a pair of foxes mating within 60 yards of a fairly busy road.

Perhaps the most interesting case of mating took place when I was birdwatching some 20 years ago, when living at Lustleigh, Devon. This took place on the top of a tall tree above my house.

G R MOTT
Bovey Tracey, Devon.


Cutty Sark at Christmas.
Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. The only gift of its kind.
CUTTY SARK
Scotch Whisky
FIFTH
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
BERRY BROS & RUDD

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

ROYAL STREET in the Old NEW ORLEANS French Quarter
—and at 407 Royal Street is located RAYMOND H. WEILL Co.
Roger G. Weill · Raymond H. Weill
Universally Recognized Buyers and Builders of Great Stamp Collections